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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

CHICAGO—Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A CHORUS LINE—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COTILLION—A comedy by John Oliver Killens. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 10. Free.)

DANCE WITH ME—A comedy with music, written by Greg Antonacci. A pleasant account of the daydreams of a young man of Manhattan, well acted by the gifted La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—A production interesting for what George C. Scott, as director and star, has found in the character of the befuddled and suicidal Willy Loman. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24.)

THE RITZ—A very funny vaudeville about life in a homosexual bathhouse. Written by Terrence McNally, and starring Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Mike Kellin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RODGERS & HART—A veritable cataract of R. & H. standards, which, oddly, has the force of a trickle. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

RUBBERS and YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin are the cast, and they are wonderful. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHENANDOAH—A musical about the Civil War, but really about showbiz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES—The great detective is played by John Neville, and Clive Revill is his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival

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of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE WIZ—A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ABSDUR PERSON SINGULAR: A marvelous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CANDIDE**: Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that

any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, and Marian Seldes. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,361 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.) ... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) ... **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Samuel E. Wright, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Aug. 6: "Giselle." ... Thursday evening, Aug. 7: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort." ... Friday evening, Aug. 8: "Swan Lake." ... Saturday matinee, Aug. 9: "Raymonda." ... Saturday evening, Aug. 9: "La Bayadère," "Gemini," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Shadowplay." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—With Rudolf Nureyev, in the final performances of a three-week engagement. Wednesday evening, Aug. 6, and Saturday matinee and evening, Aug. 9: "La Sylphide" and "Don Juan." ... Thursday and Friday evenings, Aug. 7-8, and Sunday matinee and evening, Aug. 10: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Aug. 12-13: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." ... Thursday evening, Aug. 14: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "After Eden," and "The Mooche." ... Friday evening, Aug. 15: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche." ... Saturday matinee, Aug. 16: "Dance for Six," "Love Songs," "After Eden," and "Revelations." ... Saturday evening, Aug. 16: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Show," and "The Mooche." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—The Monday-night home for five or six part-time Dixieland musicians—known very locally as the Grove Street Stompers. After they've put eight nonmusical hours into other pursuits (such as earning a living), these energetic traditionalists set about resuscitating "Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Jubilee," "Fidgety Feet," and the like; from nine-fifteen to one. The rest of the week, singer and pianist Mabel Godwin is at her post from nine to three, flanked on three sides by a makeshift bar. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A variety of mainstream and out-there jazzmen occupy the bandstand most



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nights from nine-forty-five. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This four-hundred-seat club is a very good place to see those performers who, in the recessionless past, might have played concerts exclusively. Folksinger Eric Andersen trades sets with comic Bob Shaw on Wednesday, Aug. 6. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 7-9, has been set aside for guitarist George Benson and MICHAEL URBANIAK and their respective jazz-rock bands. On Sunday, Aug. 10, SUN RA and his Humanitarian Arkestra, a thirteen-piece collective, will travel through time, space, and, perhaps, the audience. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, a highly regarded young rock musician whose onstage demeanor shifts abruptly from mania to depression, brings in his band on Wednesday, Aug. 13. All his performances are already sold out, and ticketholders should note the recommended dress: ducktails and a white T-shirt with rolled-up sleeves. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—JIMMY ROWLES remains at his post behind the piano, aided by bassist Bill Takas, through Saturday, Aug. 9. On Monday, Aug. 11, guitarist JIMMY RANEY begins working with bassist MICHAEL MOORE. Music week-nights from about ten until two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, JAKI BYARD, a mansion with many rooms, is present, with Major Holley. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—Buddy Rich's sleek new club seems to attract a larger share of tourists than his previous, uptown one did. It has also attracted silken tenorman STAN GETZ and the long-established but youthful-looking singing duo JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL. Through Saturday, Aug. 9, Baritone crooner ARTHUR PRYSOCK, who has retained much of the finesse that used to cause women to swoon when he played the Apollo and numerous ballrooms twenty or so years ago, starts singing standards with saxophonist and brother Red's trio on Monday, Aug. 11. Singer Natalie Cole shares the bill with the Prysocks. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight; dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—HELEN HUMES is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. ... On Sundays, Stella Marrs, an easy-going soul singer and a WRVR-FM radio personality, claims the center of the room for herself and her two backup musicians—bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Harold Mobern. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which is a low-keyed and controlled assemblage, is made up of Wild Bill Davison (through Saturday, Aug. 9, after which Ed Polcer returns), Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. On Tuesday, Aug. 12, Maxine Sullivan will sit in with the regulars and contribute some of her polished vocals. Pianist

Red Richards plays into the night, starting at seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Drummer Charlie Persip and tenor saxophonist Frank Foster co-pilot a quintet here through Sunday, Aug. 10. Trumpeter Red Rodney, who spent much of his post-Charlie Parker career playing Las Vegas lounges, is, presumably, seeking to re-establish his jazz credentials by choosing to perform in this nuts-and-bolts, no-frills setting. He arrives on Tuesday, Aug. 12, with a quintet that includes pianist John Bunch and saxophonist Cecil Payne. Music from nine-thirty to two. Chinese and American food. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alto saxophonist LEE KONITZ, who worked out his apprenticeship with two different megaliths—the pianist Lennie Tristano and the bandleader Stan Kenton—and since then has gone his original, catch-me-if-you-can way, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three, with bassist John Beal and pianist Dick Katz. His playing has not diminished. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three, Gregory's balloons with the Odd Trio—pianist BROOKS KERR, who at twenty-three knows more Ellington tunes than Himself ever did, and two Ellington alumni: reedman RUSSELL PROCOPE and drummer SONNY GREER. The trio is not to be missed. AL HAIG, one of the first and best bop pianists, performs alone from six to nine every night but Sunday, when he is joined by Sam Brown, an interesting guitar soloist, and bassist Jamil Nasser from four-thirty to nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—ROY ELDRIDGE is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Nat Jones, who is there through Tuesday, Aug. 12. Lance Hayward, whose piano style is peppered with tremolos, returns to this, his home base, on Thursday, Aug. 14. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—TEDDY WILSON, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does quite well with tenorman Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Moseley Alexander. Tuesdays through Saturdays, nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist Gordon Edwards and his little rhythm-and-blues group are as much of a hit in Woodstock—they have appeared at Joyous Lake, a nightspot in the heart of the counterculture belt of the Catskills—as they are on the upper West Side, where they perform Sundays through Thursdays from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—It's comedy week here, through Sunday, Aug. 10, as two standups, Bill Crystal and Mike Preminger, and two troupes, Travis Shook & the Club Wow and Divided We Stand, take over the stage. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 13, comic Chris Rush will alternate with Barnaby Bye, a rock group. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Those who have never heard Bach or Gershwin played on the harmonica are in luck. Harmonica virtuoso LARRY ADLER has forsaken his usual symphony-orchestra accompaniment in favor of a quartet, which he per-

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RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The **SY OLIVER** orchestra plays for dancing, listening, or just gawking out the window. From seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Marilyn Sokol, a singer and occasionally effective comedian (she is a former member of the Ace Trucking Company comedy troupe), goes on at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Alternating with her is singer and guitarist John Shine (through Saturday, Aug. 9) and singer Keith Green (beginning Tuesday, Aug. 12). Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Live music makes this attractive neighborhood bar a full-fledged jazz spot. Wednesdays are given over to the **LEE KONITZ** nonet. Amaury Tristão, a young Brazilian guitarist and vocalist, brings in his quartet on Thursday, Aug. 7. Saxophonist Bob Citron's quartet holds forth on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, and vibraharpist Vera Auer performs with her trio on the following Friday and Saturday (Aug. 15-16). **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** exchange some lyrically exciting guitar solos on Sundays. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine. Snacks. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Last fall, this restaurant was an unusually spacious and subdued music oasis, but since then extra tables have been jammed in to accommodate more customers, and some of the newer patrons are overly talkative. Rosalinda DeLeon is at the keyboard, receiving first-rate assistance from Fender bassist Herb Bushler, through Thursday, Aug. 7. Mike Longo, a fine pianist and longtime member of the Dizzy Gillespie quintet, works with a bassist Friday through Sunday, Aug. 8-10. On Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14, pianist Mike Wolff and bassist Walter Booker play duets; and, beginning Friday, Aug. 15, John Abercrombie, an up-and-coming young jazz guitarist, leads a trio. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejeweled Art Tatum ruminations on an intune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—Pianist Dom Salvador and a Brazilian-flavored quartet inhabit this pleasant, hassle-free Bowery restaurant on Sundays and Thursdays. A blues quintet called Cake-walk walks in on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, **CECIL MCBEE**, one of the best bassists around, has charge of a rousing sextet. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Drummer **NORMAN CONNORS** and his lively sextet, which features the wonderful Carlos Garnett on soprano saxophone, finish up on

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Sunday, Aug. 10. On Tuesday, Aug. 12, **CHARLES MINGUS** sets about inspiring his quintet. Music Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Pianist **BILL EVANS** plays heady games with his trio through Sunday, Aug. 10. On Tuesday, Aug. 12, flutist and saxophonist **YUSEF LATEEF** and his quartet begin playing some fine straight-ahead hard jazz, and, for relief and fun, some frolicsome rhythm-and-blues. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** seventeen-piece aggregation blasts off. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Closer to the docks than to the boonies, this dark, sawdusted café is still cashing in on the late-sixties soul-food bonanza. Pianist David Lahm and his bassist are here Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursdays through Sundays, Patti Wicks, a lively singer and pianist, works with bass accompaniment. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFE, 2011 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist Eddie Durham, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Garv. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-9, and Friday, Aug. 15, a bop quintet takes the stand. Four-string tenor guitarist **TINY GRIMES**, once an important component of the Art Tatum trio, heads his own bluesy, bebopping threesome on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 13-14. On Sunday, Aug. 10, and Saturday, Aug. 16, Buddy Tate, Sammy Price, and Paul Quinichette get together for some swing sessions. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

PETER ALLEN—Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.

WAR—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER CALDER—A new series of Aubusson tapestries woven from his rollicking designs. Through Aug. 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

LLOYD HAMROL, ANNE HEALY, AND ATHENA TACHA—Site sculptures constructed for a campus arcade. Hamrol's is made of a plywood blackboard with colored chalk dangling on strings, and quickly provoked a lot of graffiti by passersby ("Mean Jimmy Green Is a String Bean," for instance); Healy's consists of

colored sheets of fabric; and Tacha's is built up of tiers of Styrofoam slabs. Through Aug. 20. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

BEVERLY PEPPER—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

DAVID SMYTH—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through Aug. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Rembrandt, Dürer, Callot, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Realist paintings and drawings devoted to views of buildings by fifteen gallery artists. Through Aug. 29. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Karel Appel, Paul Jenkins, and others, plus sculptures by Barbara Hepworth. Through Aug. 29. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by American artists, among them Eakins, Burchfield, and de Creeft. Through Friday, Aug. 15. . . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A selection of graphics, paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Mexican artists, including Rufino Tamayo, José Luis Cuevas, and Francisco Zuniga. Through Friday, Aug. 8. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30. . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **LARCADE**, 23 E. 67th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser waves to create a three-dimensional image on a photographic plate. . . . ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Another exhibit of holography. Through Aug. 29. . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: A show of Kodak advertisements that ran in the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications between 1900 and 1924. Through Aug. 27. (Tuesdays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 7.) . . . **NIKON HOUSE**, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.: Travel photographs (all of them in color) that have appeared in *Travel & Leisure*, by thirteen photographers, among them Burt Glinn, Slim Aarons, and John Lewis Stage. Through Aug. 29. . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Julia Margaret Cameron along with the works of gallery photographers. Through Aug. 26. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"The Whitney Studio Club and Ameri-



can Art 1900-1932" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and documents that traces the Whitney to its source—the enlightened patronage of Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney—and forms a survey of advanced art in America during the first three decades of the century. Work (most of it from the museum's collections) by Robert Henri, William Glackens, John Sloan, William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, John Marin, Max Weber, Charles Demuth, Charles Sheeler, Edward Hopper, and other "radicals" of their time is shown by group (the Eight, Post-Impressionists and Expressionists, Precisionists, Futurists, etc.), along with historical materials illustrating Mrs. Whitney's activities as a champion of the new, and writings by Lloyd Goodrich that stress the backward state of art in America before her intervention. ("For us today it is hard to realize the condition of American art in those days. The art world was almost completely academic. The artistic establishment was blissfully unaware of the new modern movements abroad, and equally out of touch with the realities of the contemporary United States: industry, labor, the modern city, the Midwest and West, the life of the masses.") Unfortunately no examples of the academic art of the period were included in the show to let us see what was upsetting about the new art and daring about Mrs. Whitney. A 1916 portrait of her by Robert Henri hangs at the entrance of the exhibition—a lanky, assured woman stretched out on a sofa in an attitude of elegant indolence, dressed in lounging pajamas. According to a label, the picture cost twenty-five hundred dollars, plus a hundred dollars for the frame. One also learns that Mrs. Whitney formed the museum that bears her name only after the Metropolitan Museum had refused her collection of five hundred works of American art. There is a twenty-four-page, inexplicably free, catalogue. Through Sept. 3.

Also at the Whitney: A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser, design director of *New York* and leading exemplar of a graphic style that emerged in the sixties and has become as pervasive in, and expressive of, our time as the Art Nouveau and Art Deco styles were of theirs. Art Glaser is marked by its bright, dainty colors, precise edges, prettiness, childishness, whimsy, campiness, and occasional strength of design; it reflects, among other influences, Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Victorian graphics, Fauve paintings, Pop Art, hard-edge abstract art, comics, and the drug culture. An outstanding Matisse-like poster of a white nude on a brown background greets the viewer at the entrance but isn't typical. Through Sept. 14.

Also at the Museum of Modern Art: "Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse" is an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for in-

stance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen-seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14.

Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45, and Thursday evenings until 8:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs, primarily abstract images, selected for their emphasis on texture, by such ranking artists as Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and Imogen Cunningham. Through Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Sunday, Aug. 10. More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and Lila and Barry Bishop. Through Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime." An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—"Illusion in Nature and Art" is a show that examines, through such techniques as three-dimensional models and push-button toys, the way we see things. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Menus from across the United States, some simple, some fancy, that demonstrate the prices (three cents bought a hard-boiled egg aboard a Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore dining car in 1864) as well as the fare for eating out during the past two hundred years. Through Sept. 28. A small loan exhibit of Shaker products, including the familiar oval boxes, along with photographs of Shaker interiors. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. (Mondays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Nov. 1.)
... A small showing of prints and drawings, including maps and cartoons, detailing the public and private life of George Washington. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9. Through Nov. 1.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of paintings, sculptures, and prints (the earliest work is dated 1765 and the latest 1975) by black American artists, among them Joshua Johnson, Jacob Lawrence, Henry O. Tanner, Charles White, and Romare Bearden. Through Aug. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs (devoted also to the music of Beethoven and Haydn)—Wednesday, Aug. 6: Eduardo Mata conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Adolph Herseth, trumpet. An hour before the concert, Mr. Istomin will give a half-hour recital. ... Thursday, Aug. 7: The Mozart Festival Winds, with Mr. Istomin. ... Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Lorna Haywood, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and the Westminster Choir. ... Sunday, Aug. 10: Antonia Brico conducting the orchestra in the second of two concerts; no soloists. Preceding the concert, there will be a showing of the film "Antonia," a documentary on the conductor. ... Monday, Aug. 11, and Wednesday, Aug. 13: George Cleve conducting the orchestra, with John Browning, piano, and Hermann Baumann, horn. An hour before the concert on Monday, Mr. Browning will give a half-hour recital; an hour before the concert on Wednesday, Mr. Baumann and Philippe Entremont, piano, will give a half-hour recital. ... Tuesday, Aug. 12: The Beaux Arts Trio, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. An hour before the concert, the Trio will give a half-hour recital. ... Thursday, Aug. 14: The Cleveland Quartet, with the Messrs. Browning and Baumann, plus James Buffington, horn. An hour before the concert, the Quartet and Mr. Baumann will give a half-hour recital. ... Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15-16: Mr. Entremont conducting the orchestra and acting as soloist. (Avery Fisher Hall, TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 8, at 7: A recital by Phyllis Curtin, soprano. ... Friday, Aug. 8, at 9: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Symphony, with Emanuel Borok, violin. ... Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano. ... Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Mr. Rostropovich as cello soloist. ... Friday, Aug. 15, at 7: A recital by Olivier Messiaen and Yvonne Loriod, pianos. ... Friday, Aug. 15, at 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Gary Graffman, piano. ... Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Messiaen's "Turangalila-Symphonie," with Miss Loriod and Jeanne Loriod, Ondes Martenot. ... Sunday, Aug. 17, at 2:30: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Miss Curtin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 23. Wednesday, Aug. 6: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Beverly Sills, soprano. ... Thursday, Aug. 7: Andrew Davis conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Tedd Joselson, piano. ... Friday, Aug. 8: Franz Allers directing a performance of Franz Lehár's "The Merry Widow" in concert form, with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; David Kuebler, tenor; Thomas Stewart, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. ... Saturday, Aug. 9: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski

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conducting, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. ... [NOTE: Special concerts will be given by B. B. King and Bobby Blue Bland on Sunday, Aug. 10, and by Mary Travers, with Glenn Yarbrough and the Limelights, on Monday, Aug. 11.] ... Wednesday, Aug. 13: Leonard Slatkin conducting, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. ... Thursday, Aug. 14: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Eugene Fodor, violin. ... Friday, Aug. 15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. ... Saturday, Aug. 16: Andre Kostelanetz conducting, with John Browning, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15; through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Sunday, Aug. 10, at 5:30: Ruth Laredo, piano. ... Sunday, Aug. 17, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 9: The Boston Ballet Company. ... Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 12-16: Margaret Beals, plus soloists from the American Ballet Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

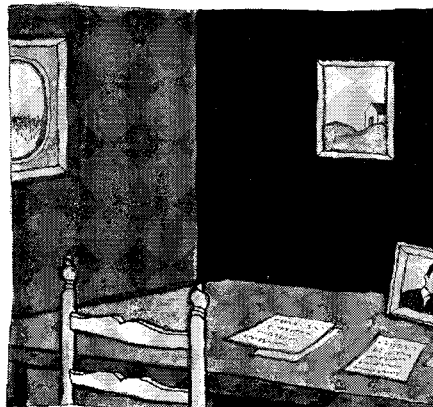
BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Montreal, Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 7, at 2:05. ... Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 8, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 9, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 10, at 2:05. ... Mets vs. San Diego, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 11-13, at 8:05. ... Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, Aug. 15, at 5:35 (two-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 16, at 2:15.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 9, and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 16. ... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 9, and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 16.

SOCCER—New York Cosmos vs. Boston. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Hawaii, Wednesday, Aug. 6. ... New York Sets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Aug. 8. ... New York Sets vs. Golden Gate, Monday, Aug. 11, and Wednesday, Aug. 13. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury:



Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, and Tuesday afternoons at 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of the COMEDY OF ERRORS, directed by John Pasquin. The second of two plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Lorin Maazel is conducting the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: CROCHERON PARK, Bayside, Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30. ... MARINE PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 7, at 8:30. ... BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 9, at 8:30. ... Pierre Boulez will conduct the third program: CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW, Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8:30. ... CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 8:30. ... VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx, Saturday, Aug. 16, at 8:30. ... Andre Kostelanetz will conduct a repeat of the first program in PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8:30.

DAMOSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesday, Aug. 6; Friday, Aug. 8; and Sunday, Aug. 10, all at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Thursday, Aug. 14, at 8; rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 19.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Newell Jenkins conducting the Festival Orchestra in a program called "Musical Influences in Europe and America on the Eve of the Revolution." The fourth in a series of six concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St.)

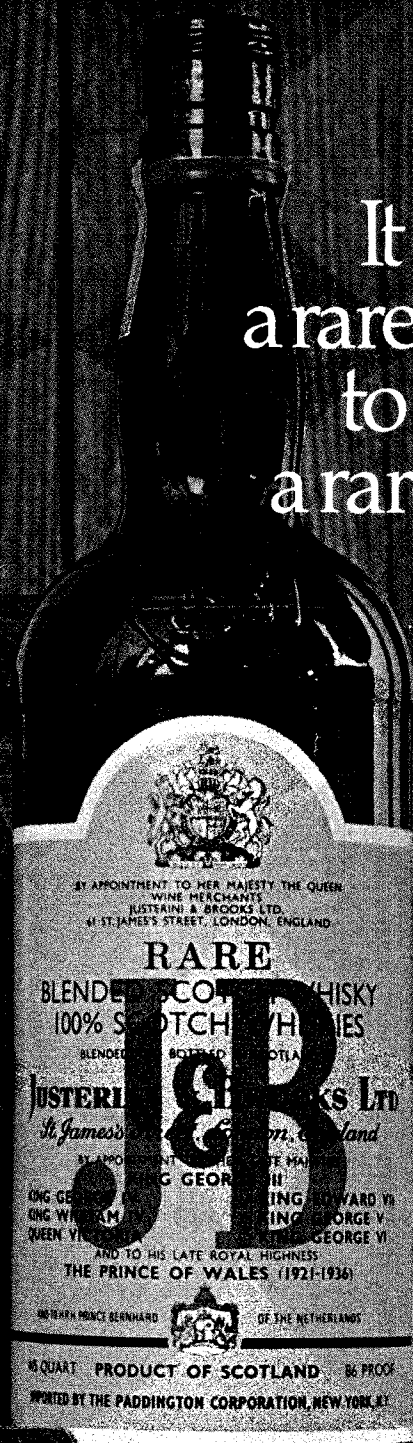
WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 6, at 7: Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds, and Jon Lucien. ... Friday and Saturday, Aug. 8-9, at 7: Judy Collins. ... Monday, Aug. 11, at 6:30: B. B. King. Atlanta Rhythm Section, and Mayson. ... Wednesday, Aug. 13, at 7: J. Geils Band and Roomful of Blues. ... Friday, Aug. 15, at 6:30: Sha Na Na and Bob Altman. ... Saturday, Aug. 16, at 7: Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, the Charlie Daniels Band, and Joe Droukas. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—Opening performances in Lincoln Center Plaza of a three-week festival of musical comedy, opera, dance, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country, gospel, and Latin music), and street theatre. Tuesday, Aug. 12, a preview by a number of the participating companies at noon, plus performances by the Free Street Theatre Company at 1 and by Friends of Country Music at 8. ... Wednesday, Aug. 13, Jimmy Owens Quartet Plus One at 12:30, Free Street Theatre Company at 5, and pianist John Browning and the Cleveland Quartet at 6:30. ... Friday, Aug. 15, David Amram conducting the New Chamber String Orchestra at 12:30, and Leonard Raver in an electronic organ recital with percussion at 8.

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of OKLAHOMA!, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

PERSEID METEOR SHOWERS—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 11-12, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all cooperative, as many as fifty meteors an hour may be visible.

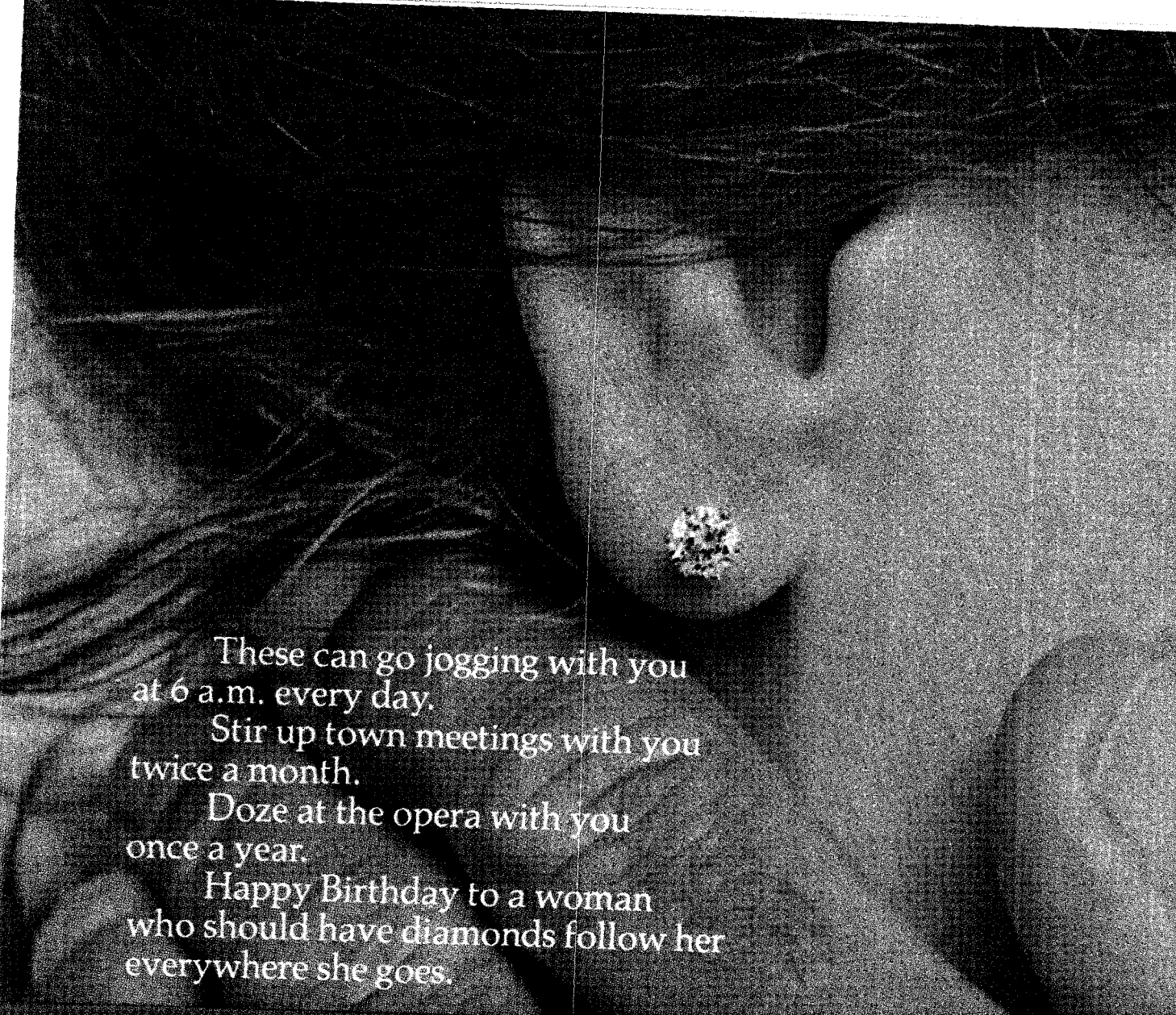
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 9: "The Women" and "Dinner at Eight."
Aug. 10: "Parisian Belle" and "New Moon."
Aug. 11-12: "The Picture of Dorian Gray" and "Sunset Boulevard."
From Aug. 13: "Born to Dance" and "Rosalie."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 12: "The Eiger Sanction" and "Little Big Man."
From Aug. 13: "The Great Waldo Pepper" and "The Front Page."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Gone with the Wind."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 12: "Animal Crackers" and "The Cocoanuts."
From Aug. 13: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Singin' in the Rain."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 7: "The Return of the Pink Panther."
From Aug. 8: "Supervixens."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Beyond the Door."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Aug. 12: "One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing" and "Pinocchio."
From Aug. 13: "Mary Poppins" and "Lady and the Tramp."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Once Is Not Enough."

R.K.O. 59TH ST. TWIN 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Wind and the Lion."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Bite the Bullet."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 9: "Kamouraska."
From Aug. 10: "A Pain in the A."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Aug. 12: "The Devil's Rain."
From Aug. 13: "Farewell, My Lovely."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 12: "The Towering Inferno."
From Aug. 13: "The Great Waldo Pepper."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 12: "Shampoo."
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 12: "The Towering Inferno."
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

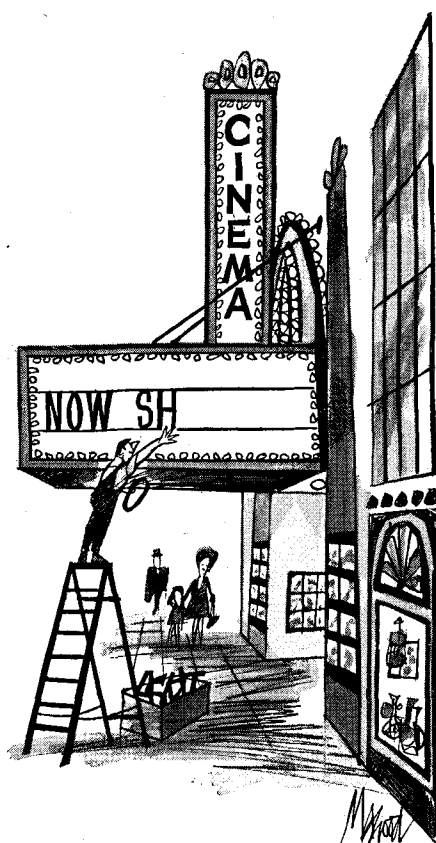
U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 7: "French Connection II."
From Aug. 8: "Supervixens."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Cooley High."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 12: "One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing" and "Pinocchio."
From Aug. 13: "Mary Poppins" and "Lady and the Tramp."

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 6: "Casque d'Or" and "Fists in the Pocket."
Aug. 7: "La Strada" and "Casque d'Or."
Aug. 8: "The Seventh Seal" and "La Strada."
Aug. 9: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Seventh Seal."
Aug. 10: "Dodes'ka-den" and "Wild Strawberries."
Aug. 11: "Two Daughters" and "Dodes'ka-den."
Aug. 12: "The 39 Steps" and "Two Daughters."
Aug. 13: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "The 39 Steps."
Aug. 14: "The Magician" and "Shoot the Piano Player."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Tommy."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Once Is Not Enough."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Wind and the Lion."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 12 at one or another of the theatres: "Night Moves" and "Day for Night"/"The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday"/Two X-rated movies. ... ¶ Through Aug. 7: "Nosferatu" and "Vampyr." ... ¶ Aug. 8-9: "Potemkin" and "Alexander Nevsky." ... ¶ Aug. 10-12:

"Pygmalion" and "Of Human Bondage."
From Aug. 13: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 6: "The Pleasure Garden" and "Jamaica Inn."
Aug. 7: "King of Hearts" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
Aug. 8-9: "Performance" and "Don't Look Now."
Aug. 9 and 10: One performance at noon each day of "Los Tarantos."
Aug. 10-11: "The Ruling Class" and "Bedazzled."
Aug. 12: "El Topo" and "Zachariah."
Aug. 13: "Olympia."
Aug. 14: "King of Hearts" and "Juliet of the Spirits."

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"King Lear."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Hennessy."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Rollerball."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 12: "One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing" and "Pinocchio."
From Aug. 13: "Mary Poppins" and "Lady and the Tramp."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 12: "Gone with the Wind."
From Aug. 13: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "The Terminal Man."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 6: "Targets" and "Badlands."
Aug. 7: "Charulata" and "Two Daughters."
Aug. 8: "State of Siege" and "The Confession."
Aug. 9: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her."
Aug. 10: "Children of Paradise."
Aug. 11: "One P.M." and "Wind from the East."
Aug. 12: "Antonio das Mortes" and "The Lion Has Seven Heads."
Aug. 13: "I Was Born, But ..." and "Late Spring."
Aug. 14: "Miss Julie" and "Torment."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Wind and the Lion."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 9: "Summer Stock" and "On the Town."
Aug. 10-11: "How the West Was Won."
Aug. 12-13: "The Harvey Girls" and "Million Dollar Mermaid."
From Aug. 14: "Freaks," "Tarzan and His Mate," and "The Mask of Fu Manchu."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

LOEWS 83RD ST. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Drowning Pool."
Theatre 2: "Once Is Not Enough."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 12: "The Devil's Rain." From Aug. 13: "The Land That Time Forgot."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Tommy."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Bite the Bullet" and "The Odessa File."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Wind and the Lion."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 12: "Night Moves" and "O Lucky Man!"
From Aug. 13: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" and "Scarecrow."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 6 at 2: "Black Girl" (1972), directed by Ossie Davis, with Leslie Ugams and Claudia McNeil. ... ¶ Aug. 6 at 5:30: "What Price Glory?" (1926), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio. ... ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: "The McKenzie Break" (1970), directed by La-

mont Johnson, with Brian Keith... Aug. 7 at 8: "The Last American Hero" (1973), directed by Lamont Johnson, with Jeff Bridges... Aug. 8 at 2: "The Visitors" (1972), directed by Elia Kazan, with Patrick McVey and Patricia Joyce... Aug. 8 at 5:30 and Aug. 9 at noon: "Le Jour Se Lève" (1939), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin; English subtitles... Aug. 9 at 3: "J. W. Coop" (1971), directed by, and with, Cliff Robertson... Aug. 9 at 5:30: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974), directed by Michael Cimino, with Clint Eastwood and Jeff Bridges... Aug. 10 at 12:30

and 3: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936), directed by John Ford, with Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart... Aug. 10 at 5:30: "Cisco Pike" (1971), directed by Bill L. Norton, with Gene Hackman and Karen Black... Aug. 11 at 2: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine and Shelley Duvall... Aug. 12 at 2: "What Price Glory?" (1952), directed by John Ford, with James Cagney and Dan Dailey... Aug. 12 at 5:30: "Lifeboat" (1944), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead and Wil-

liam Bendix... Aug. 13 at 2: "Glass Houses" (1970), directed by Alexander Singer, with Jennifer O'Neill and Bernard Barrow... Aug. 13 at 5:30: "What Price Glory?" (1952)... Aug. 14 at 5:30: "Glass Houses" (1970)... Aug. 14 at 8: "Caged Heat!" (1974), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Juanita Brown and Roberta Collins. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofiev and a stunning battle on ice. The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by the German knights; needless to say, the Russians drive the invaders out. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. With Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. In Russian. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 8-9.)

ANIMAL CRACKERS (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Gramercy; through Aug. 12.)

ANTONIO DAS MORTES (1970)—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

BADLANDS (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's debut picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/18/74.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Elgin; Aug. 10-11.)

BENJI—Loyalty tale, supposedly for children, about a mongrel. Not so much a dog of a film as a puppy. (Guild.)

BITE THE BULLET—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Columbia I, and Symphony.)

BORN TO DANCE (1936)—Eleanor Powell, the chief woman tapper of the thirties, had little natural grace and a rather horsey manner—all wholesome high spirits—but she was certainly proficient. She danced the way José Iturbi played the piano; that is to say, people who didn't ordinarily care for dancing were her greatest fans. In the finale to this musical, she taps on a battleship; the number is called "Swinging the Jinx Away." Fortunately, Buddy Ebsen is around, and also James Stewart, Virginia Bruce, and Frances Langford. Roy Del Ruth directed; there are eight Cole Porter songs, including the great "I've Got You Under My Skin." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 13.)

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?—A documentary of the American Depression, using movies, popular songs, and newsreels of the thirties. Produced in England, and directed by Philippe Mora. (Plaza.)

CASQUE D'OR (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques

Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristic view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 6-7.)

CHARLOTTE—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

CHARULATA (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. His most nearly flawless film apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteenth-century. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (7/8/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 10.)

THE COCOONUTS (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Gramercy; through Aug. 12.)

THE CONFESSION (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

COOLEY HIGH—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

DAY FOR NIGHT (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 12.)

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Rod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

THE DEVIL'S RAIN—With Ernest Borgnine and Eddie Albert, directed by Robert Fuest. (Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd St.; through Aug. 12.)

DINNER AT EIGHT (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this clever

version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 9.)

DODES'KA-DEN (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 10-11.)

DON'T LOOK NOW (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Elgin; Aug. 8-9.)

THE DROWNING POOL—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old male-loner myth. (6/30/75) (Loews 83rd St.)

THE EIGER SANCTION—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 12.)

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Dick Richards. (Loews Tower East; starting Aug. 13.)

FISTS IN THE POCKET (1967)—This first film by Marco Bellocchio must surely be one of the most astonishing directorial debuts in the history of movies, yet it is hard to know how to react to it. The direction is exhilaratingly cool and assured, and the whole movie is charged with temperament, but the material is wild. It's about a bourgeois family of diseased monsters; epileptic fits multiply between bouts of matricide, fratricide, and incest. The material is so savage that the movie often seems intended to be funny, but why it was so intended isn't clear. It features the best strange brother-and-sister act since "Les Enfants Terribles": Lou Castel, with his pug-dog manner, and Paola Pitagora, looking like a debauched gazelle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 6.)

THE FORTUNE—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

FREAKS (1932)—The original ads quoted Louella Parsons, who said, "For pure sensationalism 'Freaks' tops any picture yet produced." She wasn't far off, and it's still a shocker. Though this circus story, directed by Tod Browning, is superficially sympathetic to the maimed and the mindless that it features, it uses images of physical deformity for their enormous potential of horror, and at the end, when the pinheads and the armless and legless creatures scurry about to revenge themselves on a normal woman (Olga Baclanova), the film becomes a true nightmare. If this film were a silent it might be harder to shake off, but the naive, sentimental talk helps us keep our distance. With Leila Hyams and Wallace Ford. (Regency; starting Aug. 14.)

FRENCH CONNECTION II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of

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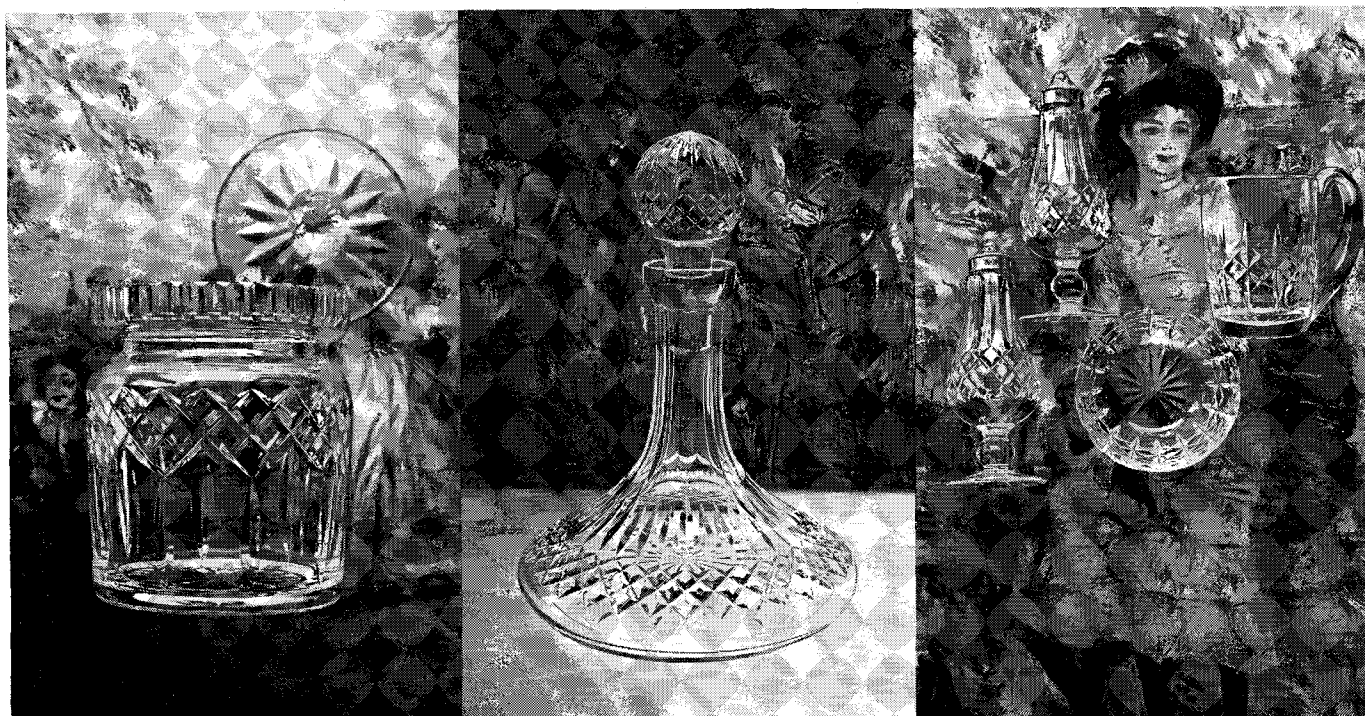
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (U.A. East; through Aug. 7.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laugh gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rollout desk. (1/27/75) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 13.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Cinema Village... ♫ Playboy; through Aug. 12.)

THE GREAT WALDO PEPPER—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's coldhearted, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 13.)

THE HARVEY GIRLS (1946)—In this lavish, high-spirited M-G-M period musical, Judy Garland leads the forces of respectability (the clean, starched waitresses who serve travellers food only), and Angela Lansbury is the wicked, glittering dance-hall queen whose girls provide God-knows-what illicit pleasures. The central conceit of glorifying progress and moral uplift in a musical comedy set in New Mexico in the eighteen-eighties is certainly a strange one, but it worked out surprisingly well—though the charm is mostly heavy. With John Hodiak (an ill-chosen romantic partner for Judy Garland) and Ray Bolger, Cyd Charisse, Marjorie Main, Kenny Baker, Virginia O'Brien, Chill Wills, Selena Royle, and Preston Foster. There is, of course, the deservedly famous classic number "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe"—it's one of the triumphant sequences in screen-musical history—as well as a batch of other Johnny Mercer and Henry Warren songs, including "The Wild, Wild West" and "It's a Great Big World." George Sidney directed. (Regency; Aug. 12-13.)

HENNESSY—A thriller of gripping harmlessness, directed by Don Sharp, about the plan of an Ulsterman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) to blow up the Houses of Parliament at a State Opening. The Home Secretary (Peter Copley) takes the threat with deep-breathing seriousness: "The whole power structure of the nation will be there." So does the I.R.A., which is heavily emphasized as having nothing to do with the scheme. There is a lot of blandly ingenious cutting between the fictional story and the behavior of the Royal Family in a color newsreel of an actual State Opening. The mixture of fiction and reportage is in a special class of frivolous opportunism. There are two bombs involved here: Rod Steiger, draped in gelnigite, and the film. (8/4/75) (Music Hall.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes

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investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

HOW THE WEST WAS WON (1963)—"How the West Was Lost" would be a more appropriate title for this dud epic, since, as conceived by the writer, James R. Webb, the pioneers seem to be dim-witted bunglers who can't do anything right. The film is in three chunks, directed by John Ford, Henry Hathaway, and George Marshall, and the cast includes John Wayne, Gregory Peck, James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Debbie Reynolds, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Carroll Baker, Richard Widmark, Karl Malden, Robert Preston, Lee J. Cobb, George Peppard, and Raymond Massey as Lincoln, and Henry Fonda, in a walrus mustache, as a buffalo hunter. (Regency; Aug. 10-11.)

I WAS BORN, BUT... (1932)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

JAMAICA INN (1939)—A forgettable, generally forgotten Hitchcock gothic, from a Daphne du Maurier novel, full of Cornwall shipwrecks and smuggling and murder in the time of good King George IV. The picture is dominated by Charles Laughton as an evil, bound-to-go-mad Regency rake; his flamboyant ghouliness appears to have paralyzed Hitchcock, whose staging of the wild flights from assassins, the midnight escapes, the prowling up and down corridors, over roofs, through barnyards, and over moors is unredeemed clatter. Emyln Williams shines as a trim little scamp; Maureen O'Hara is a dim heroine. With Leslie Banks and Marie Ney. (Elgin; Aug. 6.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 14.)

KAMOURASKA—Opacity isn't metaphysics. Anne Hébert wrote the pulp best-selling "literary" melodrama, set in French Canada, on which this film is based. Claude Jutra, who admirably made the quite unpretentious "My Uncle Antoine," directed it. This film, in spite of the helpfully caustic and very modern presence of Geneviève Bujold, is steeped in a belief about the redemptive powers of the sense of sin, which are appropriated to Catholicism when they belong just as much to Anglicanism, American Protestantism, and Judaism. The story also indulges the obscurantist by linking perfectly earthly spite to witchcraft. Though the acting and the sense of the nineteenth-century period are accurate, the film's fundamental antithesis—religiosity vs. fun—is falsely put, and the resulting schematism halts a good director. In French. (7/21/75) (68th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 9.)

KING LEAR—With Yuri Jarvet, directed by Grigori Kozintsev. In Russian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bijou.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 7 and 14.)

LADY AND THE TRAMP (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 13.)

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT—With Doug McClure, directed by Kevin Connor. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Aug. 13.)

LATE SPRING (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a

benedictine simplicity. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 13.)

THE LION HAS SEVEN HEADS (1970)—A Brazilian film, directed by Glauber Rocha. In French and Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 12.)

LITTLE BIG MAN (1970)—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 12.)

LOVE AND DEATH—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

THE MAGICIAN (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met..." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 14.)

MARY POPPINS (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P.L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 13.)

THE MASK OF FU MANCHU (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, and, in the juvenile lead, Charles Starrett, who has a perfect profile and is a perfectly deadly actor. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed; from the Sax Rohmer story. (Regency; starting Aug. 14.)

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID (1952)—Esther Williams was a great advertisement for the one-piece bathing suit; still, centering a story on the invention of the thing leaves a lot of dead space in a movie that goes on for 115 minutes. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, is not known for his sense of pace. In this M-G-M musical splasher, Esther Williams plays Annette Kellerman, the Australian swimming champ who went into show business; Walter Pidgeon plays her father, Maria Tallchief plays Anna Pavlova, and Victor Mature is the American promoter who discovers first Annette and then Rin Tin Tin. The picture's only claim on one's attention is in the two sequences staged by Busby Berkeley, which were excerpted for "That's Entertainment." Berkeley used smoke pots and sparklers, and put Williams, wearing a chain-mail bathing suit made of thousands of gold flakes, at the top of a geyser. (Regency; Aug. 12-13.)

MISS JULIE (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding generations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of

King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Art. Trans-Lux 85th St., Little Carnegie, and Embassy 72nd St.)

NASHVILLE—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema 11.)

NEW MOON (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. The Iron Butterfly was still fluttering, but this was toward the end of that partnership, whose like, one hopes, will never be seen again. The songs ("One Kiss," "Lover Come Back to Me," "Stout-Hearted Men," etc.) are by Oscar Hammerstein II and Sigmund Romberg. Robert Z. Leonard directed. With Mary Boland. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

NIGHT MOVES—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (6/23/75) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 12.)

NOSFERATU (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's movie-going subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed; Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 7.)

THE ODESSA FILE—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Symphony.)

OF HUMAN BONDAGE (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily mean to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 10-12.)

LUCKY MAN! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most

complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . ." "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (Olympia; through Aug. 12.)

OLYMPIA (1938)—The 1936 Olympics in Berlin, with Hitler in his glory. "Olympia" is only incidentally a great record of the actual games; the director, Leni Riefenstahl, selected shots for their beauty rather than for a documentary record. After eighteen months of editing, she emerged with more than three hours of dazzling quality. One of the two greatest films ever directed by a woman; the other (the infamous "Triumph of the Will") is also by Riefenstahl. Viewed now, "Olympia" is an elegy on the youth of 1936: here they are in their flower, dedicated to the highest ideals of sportsmanship—these young men who were so soon to kill each other. (Elgin; Aug. 13.)

ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Loews Ciné, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd St.)

ONE OF OUR DINOSAURS IS MISSING—From the Disney studios, with Peter Ustinov and Helen Hayes, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Aug. 12.)

ONE P.M. (1969)—Donn Pennebaker put together his own version of Godard's abandoned American project, "One American Movie;" the cast includes Rip Torn, the Jefferson Airplane, Tom Hayden, Eldridge Cleaver, and Amira Baraka. You can easily see why Godard walked away from the footage. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

ON THE TOWN (1949)—Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, Ann Miller, Jules Munshin, Vera-Ellen, Florence Bates, and Alice Pearce in the Comden and Green musical, with the Bernstein score. Not as good as all that may make it sound. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed. (Regency; through Aug. 9.)

A PAIN IN THE A.—With Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel, directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 10.)

PARISIAN BELLE (1930)—Based on the Broadway show "Good News," and originally released under that title. With Bessie Love and Cliff Edwards. The songs include "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and "I'd Like to Make You Happy." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 10.)

THE PASSENGER—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 12.)

PERFORMANCE (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Aug. 8-9.)

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (1945)—It has its ludicrous side. Hurd Hatfield's Dorian (who sells his soul to keep his youth) doesn't look fresh; he looks glacéed. And the other characters don't seem to age with the years, so there's no contrast with him. But the Oscar Wilde story has its compelling side and its cheap thrills, and despite the failings of Albert Lewin as writer and director, he had a feeling for plushy décor. Neither Hatfield, who tries scrupulously hard, nor George Sanders, who plays the epigrammatic Wilde figure, Lord Henry Wotton, rises above Lewin's chic gothic conception, but as Dorian's victim, gullible Sibyl Vane, the young Angela Lansbury gives the film momentary depth. When she sings "Little Yellow Bird," the viewer can grasp that the man who would destroy her really is evil. With Donna Reed, Lowell Gilmore, and Peter Lawford. Harry Stradling did the cinematography; the Al-bright Brothers—Ivan and Syzygy—painted the portraits. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11-12.)

PIERROT LE FOU (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids, though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Aug. 12.)

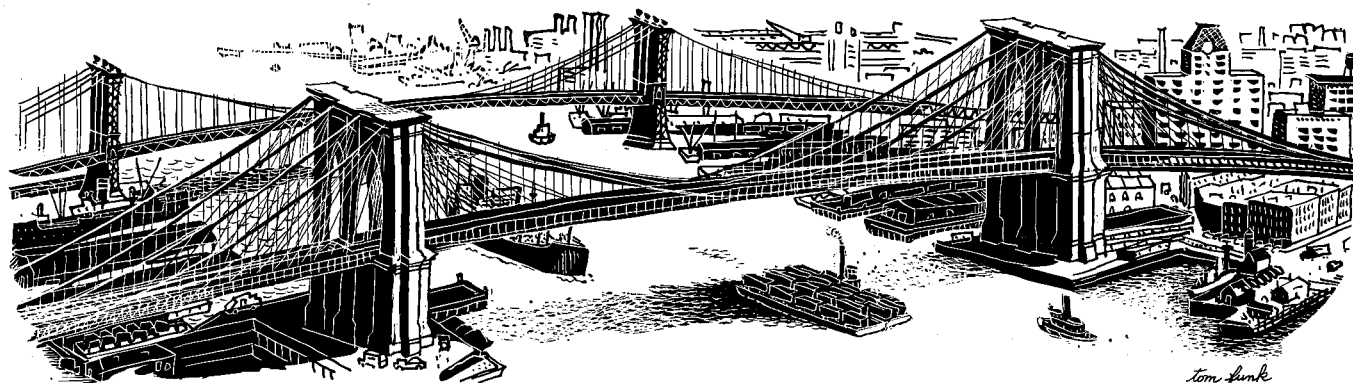
THE PLEASURE GARDEN (1925)—The first film that Hitchcock (previously a movie designer and writer) directed. It's about two chorus girls from the Pleasure Garden Theatre; the parts are played by two American actresses—Virginia Valli is the virtuous one, Carmelita Geraghty the villainous one. The picture has ingenious sequences, and it's good to look at, though the story is vintage melodramatic hokum; actually, some of that hokum is hilariously campy now, such as the sequence about a depraved white man in the tropics. With another American, Nita Naldi, and Miles Mander. (Elgin; Aug. 6.)

POTEMKIN (1925)—In 1950, an international panel of critics voted this Eisenstein film "the greatest film of the past fifty years." The subject is the 1905 mutiny of the sailors of the battleship Potemkin and the massacre of the people who sympathized with them. Eisenstein made the subject exciting by rhythmic editing—"montage." Silent, with added musical sound track. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 8-9.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom. (3/10/75) (Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Aug. 13.)

PYGMALION (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film debut as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that famous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed. David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 10-12.)

THE RETURN OF THE PINK PANTHER—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema; through Aug. 7.)

ROLLERBALL—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can count only as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

ROSALIE (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 13.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; Aug. 10-11.)

SCARECROW (1973)—A story of two loners lurching across the United States, directed by Jerry Schatzberg. With Gene Hackman and Al Pacino, two identifiably good actors who deserve better scripts than this. (Olympia; starting Aug. 13.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 8-9.)

SHAMPOO—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Juliet 1; through Aug. 12.)

SHERLOCK JUNIOR (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts

and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the only comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 13-14.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Murray Hill.)

START THE REVOLUTION WITHOUT ME (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncing with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; Aug. 7.)

STATE OF SIEGE (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognized based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

LA STRADA (1954)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 7-8.)

SUMMER STOCK (1950)—The emotional rapport of Judy Garland and Gene Kelly transforms the story materials, which are far from fresh; it's the old gimmick about staging a show in a barn, and the whole thing is corny and simple-minded, but Garland and Kelly make their scenes new. The cast includes Phil Silvers, Gloria De Haven, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Main; the songs include "You Wonderful You." Charles Walters directed. (Regency; through Aug. 9.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 12.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD (1950)—Brittle satiric tribute to Hollywood's leopard-skin past, narrated by a corpse. A young scriptwriter (William Holden), speeding away from the finance-company men who have come to repossess his car, turns into a driveway on Sunset Boulevard and finds himself at the decaying mansion of the once great silent star, Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson). Attended by her butler (Erich von Stroheim), who was once her husband and her director, she lives among the mementos of her past, and plots her comeback in her own adaptation of "Salomé." The rapacious old vamp persuades the young man to stay and work with her on the script; he becomes her kept man, her lover, her victim. The details are baroque: the rats in the empty swimming pool; the wind moaning in the organ pipes; the midnight burial of a pet chimpanzee. Glint-eyed Swanson clutches at her comeback role almost as if it were Salomé, yet the acting honors belong to Holden. When he makes love to the crazy, demanding old woman, his face shows a mixture of pity and guilt and nausea. Charles Brackett produced, Billy Wilder directed; the script is by Brackett and Wilder and D. M. Marshman, Jr. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 11-12.)

SUPERVIXENS—A Russ Meyer film. X-rated. (Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East; starting Aug. 8.)

LOS TARANTOS (1964)—With Carmen Amaya. In Spanish. (Elgin; Aug. 9 and 10, one performance at noon each day.)

TARGETS (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naively made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (1934)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the second of the Weissmuller Tarzan series. This one is cheerful and outrageously preposterous. You are right in the heart of the craziest Africa ever contrived for your entertainment; not a wild beast ever misses a cue. Tarzan's mate has adapted herself to her husband's mode of living with true Victorian propriety; snug in her tree houses, she has a devoted gorilla for her personal maid. Everything is idyllic, though some old Mayfair friends of hers turn up and make trouble for a while. Directed by Cedric Gibbons and Jack Conway. (Regency; starting Aug. 14.)

THE TERMINAL MAN (1974)—One of those errors-of-science thrillers; it's an even worse error of moviemaking. Pitifully miscast, George Segal runs around stabbing people uncontrollably. Mike Hodges, who directed, also is guilty of the adaptation of the Michael Crichton novel. Joan Hackett plays a soulful-eyed doctor. (Playboy; starting Aug. 13.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 12-13.)

TOMMY—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II, Waverly, and New Yorker.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Aug. 12.)



TORMENT (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 14.)

THE TOWERING INFERNO—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (72nd Street East, and Juliet 2; through Aug. 12.)

TWO DAUGHTERS (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid, in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7. . . .) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 11-12.)

TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER (1967)—Godard's film about a lower-middle-class wife (Marina Vlady) who idly takes to prostitution to buy herself a sweater and some American cigarettes. The "her" of the title seems to be Paris, not the heroine. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 9.)

VAMPIRE (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 7.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 9-10.)

THE WIND AND THE LION—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

WIND FROM THE EAST (1969)—Jean-Luc Godard directed this film (possibly in association with Jean-Pierre Gorin) from a script he (or they) wrote with Daniel Cohn-Bendit. As originally planned, the film was to be "commercial," and the profits were to help finance the international student movement. But it turned didactic, and there were no profits. Shot in Italy, it is about a group of Marxists who are making a Western while engaging in self-criticism. With Gian Maria Volonte, Anne Wiazemsky, Glauber Rocha, Godard, and, briefly, Cohn-Bendit in a red sweater. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 11.)

THE WOMEN (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 9.)

ZACHARIAH (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Elgin; Aug. 12.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER to a literary critic:
Yes, you are absolutely right—Post-Modernism is dead. A stunning blow, but not entirely unanticipated. I am spreading the news as rapidly as possible, so that all of our friends who are in the Post-Modernist “bag” can get out of it before their cars are repossessed and the insurance companies tear up their policies. Sad to see Post-Modernism go (and so quickly!). I was fond of it. As fond, almost, as I was of its grave and noble predecessor, Modernism. But we cannot dwell in the done-for. The death of a movement is a natural part of life, as was understood so well by the partisans of Naturalism, which is dead. That was a great category, Naturalism (was it not you, my friend, who did the first Swedish translation of Zola’s “Le Roman Expérimental”?).

I remember exactly where I was when I realized that Post-Modernism had bought it. I was in my study with a cup of tequila and William Y’s new book, “One-Half.” Y’s work is, we agree, good—very good. But who can make the leap to greatness while dragging behind him the burnt-out boxcars of a dead aesthetic? Perhaps we can find new employment for him. On the roads, for example. When the insight overtook me, I started to my feet, knocking over the tequila, and said aloud (although there was no one to hear), “What? Post-Modernism, too?” So many, so many. I put Y’s book away on a high shelf and turned to the contemplation of the death of Plainsong, 958 A.D.

By the way: Structuralism’s tottering. I heard it from Gerald, who is at Johns Hopkins and thus in the thick of things. You don’t have to tell everybody. Frequently, idle talk is enough to give a movement that last little “push” that topples it into its grave. I’m convinced that’s what happened to the New Criticism. I’m persuaded that it was Gerald, whispering

in the corridors. Don’t tell him I said so.

On the bright side, one thing that is dead that I don’t feel too bad about is Existentialism. Which I never thought was anything more than Phenomenology’s bathwater anyway. It had a good run, but how peevish it was to hear all those artists going around talking about “the existential moment” and similar claptrap. Luckily, they have stopped doing that now. Similarly, the Nouveau Roman’s passing did not disturb me overmuch. “Made dreariness into a religion,” you said, quite correctly. I know this was one of your pared-to-the-bone movements and all that, but I didn’t even like what they left out. A neat omission usually raises the hairs on the back of my neck. Not here. Robbe-Grillet’s only true success, for my money, was with “Jealousy,” which I’m told he wrote in a fit of.

Well, where are we? Surrealism gone: got a little sweet toward the end, you could watch the wine of life turning into Gatorade. Sticky. *Hélas!* Altar Poems—those constructed in the shape of an altar for the greater honor and glory of God—have not been seen much lately: missing and presumed dead. The Anti-Novel is dead; I read it in the *Times*. The Anti-Hero and the Anti-Heroine had a thing going that resulted in three Anti-Children, all of them now at Dalton. The Novel of the Soil is dead, as are Expressionism, Impressionism, Futurism, Vorticism, Regionalism, Realism, the Kitchen Sink School of Drama, the Theatre of

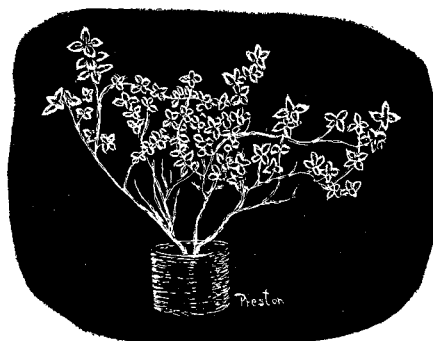
the Absurd, the Theatre of Cruelty, Black Humor, and Gongorism. You know all this; I’m just totting up. To be a Pre-Raphaelite in the present era is to be somewhat out of touch. And, of course, Concrete Poetry.

So we have a difficulty. What shall we call the New Thing, which I haven’t encountered yet but which is bound to be out there somewhere? Post-Post-Modernism sounds, to me, a little lumpy. I’ve been toying with the Revolution of the Word II, or the New Revolution of the Word, but I’m afraid the Jolas estate may hold a copyright. It should have the word “new” in it somewhere. The New Newness? Or maybe the Post-New? It’s a problem. I await your comments and suggestions. If we’re going to slap a saddle on this rough beast, we’ve got to get moving.

The Magic Is Blue

RECENTLY, we saw Blue Magic, the black five-man vocal group from Philadelphia, perform at the Felt Forum, and they were so incredibly good that they revived for us the word “copacetic.” Not many things ever get to be copacetic these days. A truly outstanding thing might be called “cool” or “right on” or “solid” or “together,” but very rarely is it outstanding enough to be called copacetic. Blue Magic, though, is outstanding enough to be called that. Blue Magic is the promise of The Temptations (who could be called “cool” or “right on” or “solid” or “together”) fulfilled.

Blue Magic performing: Five peanut-brown men onstage, wearing identical sky-blue, formally tailored suits, white shoes, white bowlers, and singing, in the sweetest harmony possible, love songs. The lead singer has a choirboy tenor voice, and one of his tricks is to hold a note until he gets at least three standing ovations. A couple of times at the Felt Forum, he got five. But the real thrill in seeing Blue Magic



is the way they dance. Every set of movements seems to culminate in pirouettes. Sometimes they pirouette while standing up straight, sometimes while leaning backward, sometimes while leaning forward, sometimes with hands on hips, sometimes with arms outstretched, sometimes while appearing to curtsy. It is at once graceful and dazzling. At the end of the performance, they disappear in a big cloud of blue smoke. Just like that.

A few days after seeing them at the Felt Forum, we saw them in the bar at the Dorset Hotel, on West Fifty-fourth Street, and they were having refreshments. They introduced themselves: Ted Mills (the lead singer), Vernon Sawyer, or Y.M.P., short for Young Mr. Plush (the group's clothes designer), Wendell Sawyer (Vernon's brother and the group's vocal arranger), Keith Beaton (the group's choreographer), and Richard Pratt. They were all wearing neatly tailored suits made of natural-looking fibre, and they all wore lots of expensive-looking jew-

elry around their necks and on their fingers.

We asked them how old they were, and Ted said that none of them was younger than twenty-three or older than twenty-six.

We asked Keith how he went about his choreography, and he said, "Well, I figure it out mathematically, and we all have good memories. Like one song might have fifty to seventy-five different steps, and we will have to do twenty-five of them before Ted sings the first note. Sometimes, while Richard and Vernon are doing one thing, me and Wendell will be doing the opposite. I have my own ideas, plus I borrow from the old Temptations. I have even borrowed things from female artists. See, most groups just dance and do steps with no conception of what's going on, but we try to tell the story. The way I figure it, the way we move isn't ordinary, it's out of this world. It's kind of magic, really."

After that, Ted Mills told us that though Blue Magic was part of the

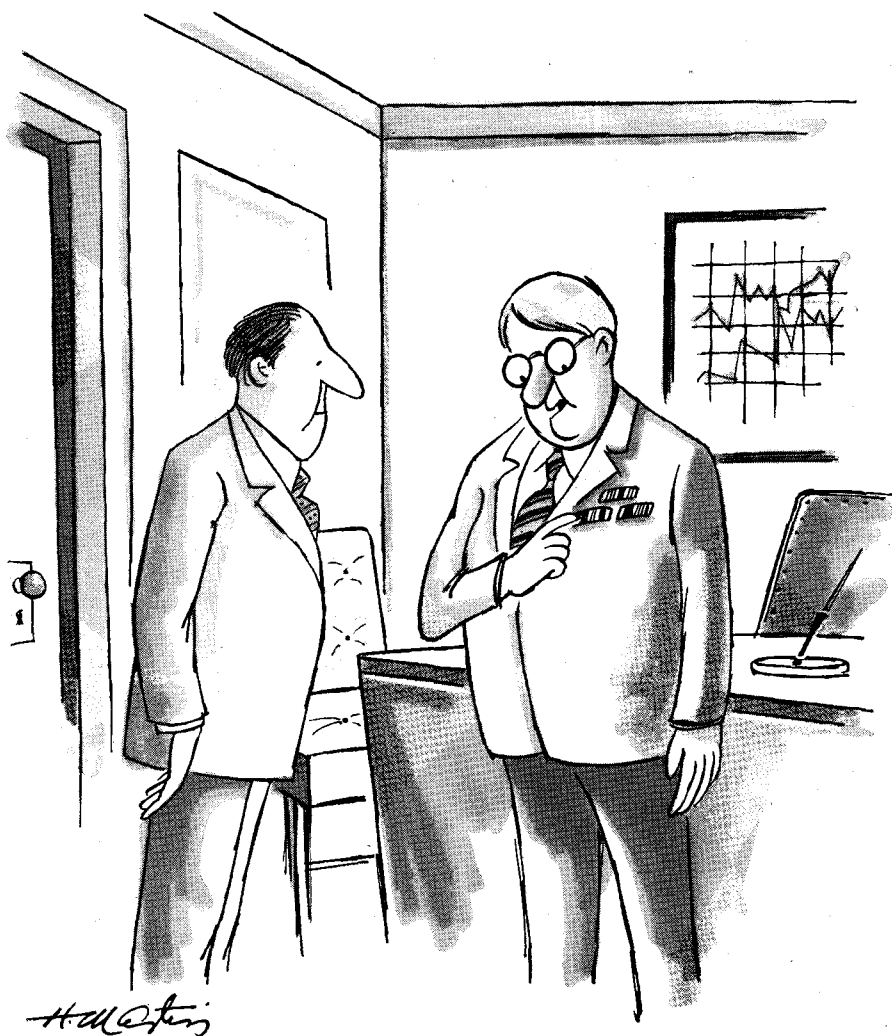
W.M.O.T. Productions Family in Philadelphia, the group itself is a corporation known as Mystic Dragon. We asked him what W.M.O.T. stands for, and why a corporation is called Mystic Dragon. He said, "W.M.O.T. stands for We Men Of Talent, and they are responsible for our record production. Mystic Dragon means that we own ourselves. It means that Vernon will not just design clothes for Blue Magic or Keith choreograph only for Blue Magic, and Wendell can arrange voices for other people as well. Richard is our accountant, and I can handle corporate business. We are very smart. I was studying law when I first joined the group, and we each read at least one book every four days. We chose the name Mystic Dragon because it reflects Blue Magic. We are in tune with the harmony of man itself. We are what happens when the limited seeks the unlimited. One day, through us, I hope to reveal the secrets of Blue Magic."

Just before we left, we told them that Blue Magic's performance was so appealing it made us wish we had lots of miniature sets of Blue Magic to carry with us wherever we go. They laughed, and Vernon Sawyer said, "That's such a nice idea we just might start working on it."

Legal Doings

OCCASIONALLY, in moments of sombre reflection, we find ourselves wondering whether a residuary legatee who survives a testator is entitled to take the entire residue of an estate pursuant to a provision in a will which directs that the residue be divided in equal shares among three residuary legatees, if the other two such legatees predecease the testator. It is comforting to think that we are not alone. This question—the answer to which is maybe—and others like it were on the minds of the twenty-seven hundred or so budding attorneys who took the New York State Bar Examination here the other day. A few days before the exam, we went to the ballroom of the McAlpin Hotel to attend a morning lecture session of the New York Bar Review, which gives a crash course designed to help recent law-school graduates, who have apparently learned less useful things in the course of earning their degrees, prepare for the rigors of the bar exam.

The New York Bar Review's morning and evening lectures, which are attended by about a thousand peo-



"This one's for keeping a neat and tidy cubicle at all times and this one's for not tying up lines with personal calls and this one's for not horsing around at the water cooler."

ple, are delivered live and on closed-circuit television, and can also be re-viewed on videotape or audiotape. The entire operation is directed by a twenty-eight-year-old man named Stanley Chess, who has a law degree but has never practiced law, because he never wanted to be a lawyer. Before the lecture began, we found Mr. Chess in the ballroom, talking to a student.

"Are you sure you have the correct answer listed for the final question on the fourth practice exam?" the student asked.

"We might be wrong about that answer," said Mr. Chess. "To tell the truth, I don't know enough about *res judicata* and collateral estoppel to tell whether we're right or not, but enough people have been complaining to make me think there's something amiss."

The student seemed satisfied.

Mr. Chess, who has curly brown hair and wire-rimmed glasses, wore a three-piece blue suit and black patent-leather loafers, and he looked lawyerly enough. "I went to law school sort of as an afterthought," he said, "and I worked summers as a newspaper reporter and editor, because that's what I really wanted to do. Actually, I'm doing a bit of it still. I write a syndicated bicycling column called 'Ask Dr. Bicycle' for about twenty newspapers around the country. I'm Dr. Bicycle. I also worked for a while as a crossword-puzzle editor, and I now produce a column under the pseudonym of Chester Alan Marshall called 'Test Your Horse Sense.' A sample question is 'Which of the following was not a notorious underworld figure? (a) Baby-Face Nelson; (b) Bugs Moran; (c) Eggs Benedict; (d) Al Capone.' I didn't take the bar exam the summer after I graduated from law school, in 1972, because I hadn't got around to studying for it, so when the *Times* published the names of all the people who passed the test a few months after it was given, my name wasn't listed. I immediately noticed that all my friends were avoiding me. The bar exam is really no fun at all, and in a lot of instances it permits the wrong people to pass. The task of studying for it is just one long endurance race. The trick of a bar-



"But enough about me. Let's talk about the Mets."

review course is to reduce a semester's worth of work into a three-hour session in the ballroom of the McAlpin Hotel, so we don't go in much for the Socratic method. It's pretty much straight expository lecture."

Mr. Chess then excused himself to make some pre-lecture announcements, and we went to buy a cup of coffee and a sweet roll from a counter nearby. The coffee-and-sweet-roll concession is managed by Marshall Chess, Stanley's younger brother, who also runs the New York Bar Review's audiovisual equipment and generally plays Ed McMahon to Stanley's Johnny Carson. Anyone who doesn't like Marshall's coffee can buy canned orange juice from a dispenser in the ballroom lobby, and as we passed it on our way to the closed-circuit television room we witnessed a couple of young barristers-to-be trying to kick the machine into submission.

On the television screen, we first saw a still of Mt. Rushmore, and then the more dynamic image of Irving Younger, the day's lecturer. Mr. Younger, who teaches evidence at Cornell Law School, is thought of as something of a "star" in legal pedagogical circles, because his rhetorical style evokes Al Jolson and Jimmy Durante, and because he can explain some of the nuances of the hearsay rule to students. Before we got lost in a long stretch of legalese about executive privilege, *Johnson v. Lutz*, and

something called "interspousal competence," we followed Mr. Younger's discussion of the dying-declaration exception to the hearsay rule. "The dying declaration is my personal favorite, although it doesn't come up very often in real practice, and I hope it will become one of yours," said Mr. Younger. "The situation is this: A husband and wife are together in a room. They've been married thirty-five years and they haven't been able to stand each other. One night, they argue. It becomes heated. A shot rings out. A neighbor calls the police. They arrive. The wife is sitting in a chair smoking a cigarette, saying nothing. The husband is in bad shape and he says, 'My wife shot me.' Then he dies. The subsequent testimony would be hearsay, and as such normally wouldn't be allowed in court, but it's obvious that the husband was telling the truth. The 'need factor' here, as seen by the great Anglo-Saxon legal minds, was that the wife should hang. The only problem was to construct a rule of evidence allowing her to hang. The solution was the dying declaration, which required that the victim be aware of the imminence of death. He doesn't have to say, 'I know I'm dying, because I hear the beating of the wings of the dark angel, so permit me to give you my views on American foreign policy.' He just has to indicate somehow that he knows it's all over. Of the last ten bar exams, I think five

have had a question on the dying declaration."

Mr. Younger then offered some encouraging words. He said, "All of you are going to take the bar exam in a few days. And do you realize how little you know?" The crowd laughed. "Just think, never again will you know as much as you do now." The crowd hissed. "But you'll all pass the bar exam," Mr. Younger continued. "You'll all have wonderful practices, with clients coming out of the woodwork, and then, when a client asks you a question, are you going to have the answer tucked away in your brain? Hell, no! You'll make it up! Good luck." The crowd applauded.

ELSEWHERE on the legal front, twenty-one attorneys who long ago passed the bar exam spent two weeks recently at a New York University Law School seminar boning up on the latest developments in jurisprudence. The seminar members, who all happen to be not mere lawyers but American or Canadian appellate judges, most of them newly appointed or elected, came to N.Y.U. to learn, among other things, how to draft lucid legal opinions and how to render justice in the process. The Senior Appellate Judges Seminar is an annual affair, which began twenty years ago under the direction of Robert A. Leflar, a former Arkansas Supreme Court Justice. Judge Leflar still runs the show today, and he held a reception for the judges and their families one evening in his penthouse apartment atop Hayden Hall, an N.Y.U. dormitory on Washington Square.

When we arrived, Judge Leflar was busy greeting the other judges, many of whom asked whether Harry Blackmun, the United States Supreme Court Justice and a member of the seminar faculty, would be present. Judge Leflar explained that Justice Blackmun had already returned to Washington. He pointed out, however, that Judge T. O. Elias, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nigeria, was at the party, as was John Sawhill, who used to be known as the "energy czar" and was recently appointed czar of N.Y.U. The people who didn't ask about Justice Blackmun told Judge Leflar how impressed they were with his apartment. "I like your digs here," said Joseph Henry, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. "Like your digs a lot."

Judge Leflar introduced us to Judge J. Smith Henley and his wife, Dorothy, explaining that Judge Henley, now on the Eighth Circuit Court of Ap-

peals, was once his student at the University of Arkansas Law School. Mrs. Henley said, "When I saw Judge Leflar, I told him that although I hadn't danced with him for thirty-six years, I remembered that back then he did all the latest dances very well and even used to jump up and click his heels three times. But Judge Leflar corrected me. He said, 'No, I could only click them twice.'"

Judge Henley, who was appointed to the Court of Appeals last March, said, "I was telling my law clerk back in Little Rock about how I started out in law school forty years ago and then moved on to private practice. That went well, and after I had nineteen years of experience I was appointed to the Federal District Court. I spent seventeen years there, and now that I'm on the Court of Appeals I guess I should feel that I've accomplished a lot, but sitting in class the other day it occurred to me that here I was back with Judge Leflar, so I haven't really gone anywhere at all. I've stayed put."

Both Judge and Mrs. Henley said that they were enjoying New York very much, and Mrs. Henley told us that they would be moving from Little Rock to Harrison, Arkansas, soon and invited us to come visit.

Standing in a corner nearby, A. G. McClintock, of the Wyoming Supreme Court, and Lawrence King, an associate dean of the N.Y.U. Law School, and an expert on municipal bankruptcy, talked about New York City's money problems. Dean King said that his phone had been ringing all day with questions from reporters who wanted to know the legal consequences of a city's defaulting on its short-term notes. "Municipal bankruptcy is a tricky thing," he explained, "because a city really isn't in a position to sell off its assets."

"I suppose so," said Judge McClintock. "Unless the city were willing to sell maybe Brooklyn or Queens to, say, Cheyenne or Laramie and then lease them back for a nice sum."

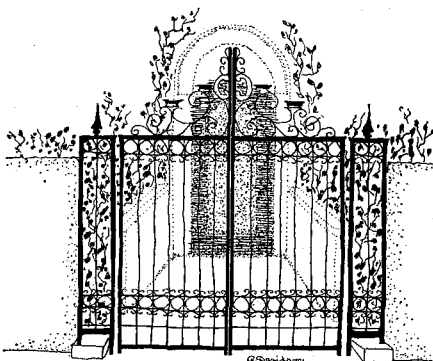
Dean King said that that wasn't such a bad idea, and then Judge McClin-

tock asked for a precise description of the location of Brooklyn and Queens.

Ennial Countdown

OUR Bicentennial DEW Line is that seasoned operative the Man in Motion with the Nose for News, who hasn't been heard from since Palm Springs. His Mailgram arrived last week in a still-sealed envelope:

INDEPENDENCE HALL, LINCOLN COUNTY, JEFFERSON, WASHINGTON—Sorry about that dateline, but the ennial fever is upon me. Eleven months to the Big Day, and I can't wait. . . . Bicentennial not just any old ennial. History (I read this in Ripley the other day): War with Great Britain commenced in 1775; Declaration drafted in 1776; war won in 1781; Constitution adopted in 1787. This makes for first projected twelve-year-long, slam-bang ennial celebration in this scribe's memory. Of course, if the Europeans celebrated their Hundred Years' War ennial, entire generations could spend lifetime in sprucing up their burg. No, wait a minute. Come to think of it, it would never stop, would it? Anyway, there's been talk about the Bicentennial's slow break from the starting gate. I've heard that Philadelphia forgot all about it until two weeks ago. But that (Ripley again) is just the way this country operates. Did you know that only John Hancock signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776? Fact. The bulk of the patriots quilled their monikers the following August, and one Founding Father didn't get around to it until 1781. . . . Big news this month is coins, and I've just talked with soft-spoken Mrs. Mary Brooks, from Idaho, the director of the U.S. Mint, whose five years of preparations are going to put Bicentennial souvenirs in every American pocket. Mrs. Brooks, the daughter of a U.S. senator and the widow of a U.S. senator, told me that the Mint has just started striking \$975 million worth of special quarters, halves, and dollars. . . . New quarter shows Colonial drummer boy instead of eagle on reverse; half's going to have Independence Hall (Pa.) instead of Great Seal; back of Eisenhower dollar to show big Liberty Bell. In front of little moon. Beams Mrs. Brooks: "This is the one national Bicentennial program that really knits the country together. Because no one can exist without money." My tricorne's off to you, Mrs. B.! . . . Carpers on the horizon: "The multinational corporations make George III look Little League"—that's the theme song of the Peoples Bicenten-



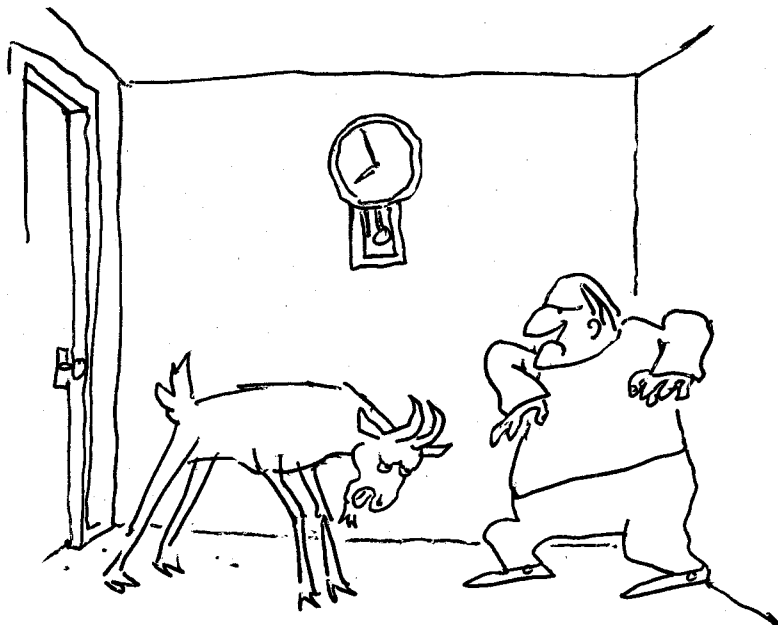
nial Commission, of Washington, D.C., who think of themselves as revolutionaries against big business. Currently compiling a list of Bicentennial outrages. They say they've located a hundred-foot-high durable rubber statue of Uncle Sam for twenty-five grand. P.B.C. high-gearing anti-ennial programming packages for schools, unions, Y.M.C.A.s, 900 radio stations, 100 TV stations, and 6,500 churches, and operates on an annual budget of a quarter-million dollars. Business never better for P.B.C.... Moans from the Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pa., largest private mint in the world, whose vaults now unwillingly house close to two hundred thousand dollars' worth of half-dollar-size platinum Bicentennial medals—one for each of the last two hundred years, each depicting "most significant American event" of that year. Highlight of 1851: "Clipper ships vie for supremacy of the seas." Series was originally available in sterling silver to collectors for \$1,950, but for Franklin Mint most significant event of 1975 is man who ordered the platinum series and never took delivery.... It's the little touches that count: Nurses' aides at nursing homes in Wiloughby and Belmore, Ohio, must now wear cheerful Bicentennial smocks printed with symbols from U.S. history.... Big touches count, too: Statue of Liberty gets repair job from American Express Foundation, at a cost of \$50,000.... Uncle Sam touches taxpayers for biggest touch of all: U.S. space module that will make first soft landing on Mars, on July 4, 1976, will prominently display official Bicentennial emblem, and will transmit TV pictures of same to Terra as part of 360° TV scan of surface of red planet, soon to be red-white-and-blue planet.... Bicentennial seal also now crops up on form letters from your own F.B.I. and C.I.A. denying requests for files asked for under Freedom of Information Act.... Big stores so far holding back from enial knickknack scene: Abercrombie & Fitch, Nieman-Marcus, and Hammacher Schlemmer offering standard eagles and plates. N.-M. does have a Royal Worcester plate designed for



"Oh, my God! Now the place is really going to be a madhouse!"

Ben Franklin. H.S. has an Italian eagle.... Hermès designing an enial silk scarf.... Other items that have hit the market include reproductions of George Washington's Inaugural sword (Wilkinson Sword); reproductions of G.W.'s Inaugural buttons, inscribed "Long Live the President!" (Steiff); authentic replicas of the oldest known American spoon, the Jamestown 1675 Copeland spoon (Steiff—pewter only); porcelain soldiers; five-color Wedgwood plates; and the Lionel Spirit of America freight-train set, which bears uncanny resemblance to their pre-ennial Norfolk & Western freight-train set, except that now the engine and caboose are red-white-and-blue.... Steuben eschews "major, major" category, meaning will construct no \$60,000 enniabilia but is stocking an eight-pointed star and a handsome crystal eagle, both in the \$2,000 range. Big excitement at Steuben is anticipated enactment by State Legislature of bill making beaver official state animal of New York. S. has two crystal beavers with garnet eyes (state stone) @ \$265.... No Bicentennial animal as yet. Record my vote for the beefalo, that profitable cross between a cow and a buffalo, said to be the first new mammal in American fauna since the gerbil.... Languid voice at Andy Warhol Factory foresees no A.W. Bicentennial canvases. Other artists unavailable or

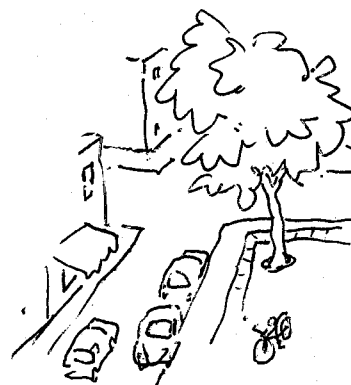
surly.... Best Bicentennial stamp to date: "OUR MINERAL HERITAGE."... My most gratifying moment: Chat with Jim Grucci, one of three Gruccis who constitute New York Pyrotechnic Products Co., Bellport, L.I., top-of-the-line manufacturers of nonpareil fireworks. These guys are really into it—the best enialists I've run across since Mrs. Brooks. For July 4, 1976, they've cooked up something NASA never gave us: The Barrage, featured in their \$25,000, twenty-minute, fifteen-hundred-shell, all-aerial display. The Barrage goes like this—sixty red shells, a three-second pause, sixty heavy reports, pause, sixty white shells, pause, sixty heavy reports, pause, sixty blue shells, pause, sixty heavy reports, pause, a skyful of silver-tail shells, twisting like serpents and all emitting shrill whistles, three-second rest period, gigantic final report. The Gruccis' hush-hush Bicen biggie is an order from (name withheld) for history's largest display firework—a shell forty inches in diameter, which should put it in the "Guinness Book of World Records." It will have to be fired from a mortar, and N.Y. Pyro will make two of them, if they can, because "if you're going to make one, you gotta make two, right?" If it works, it will illuminate the entire sky over a large city for ten seconds. Or part of the sky over two small towns.... Listen, have a nice century.



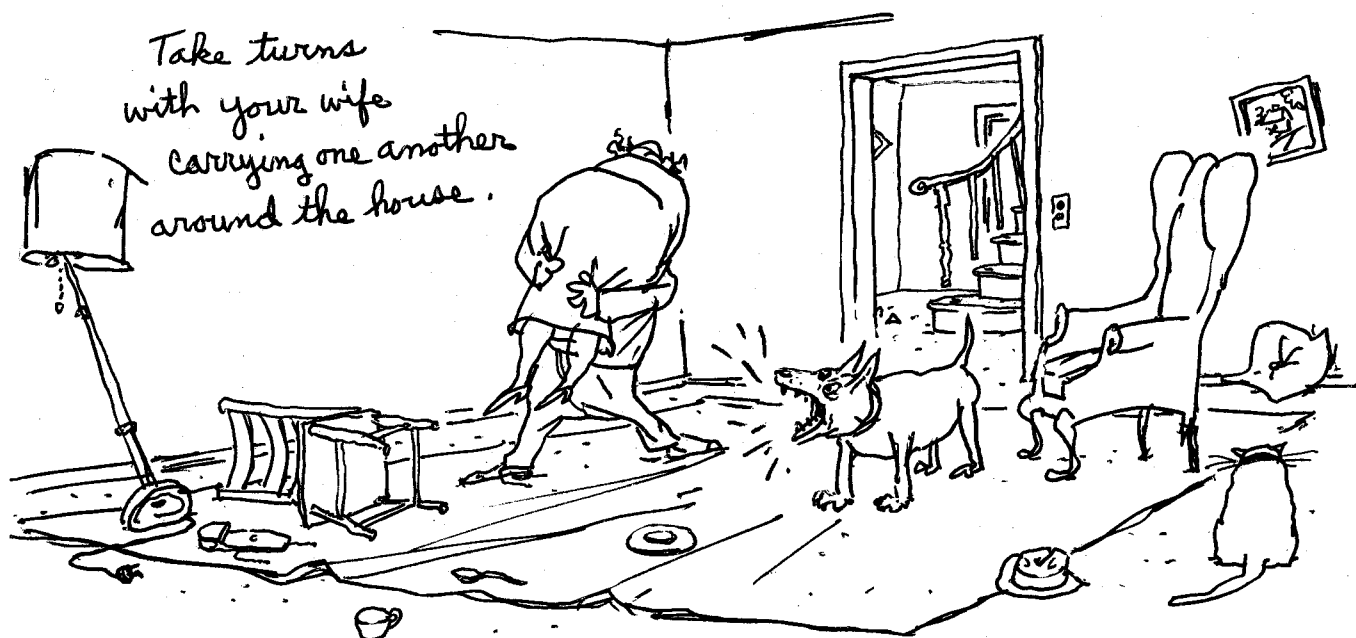
*Spend fifteen minutes each morning
with a goat.*



*Dance along
with Fred Astaire
and Ginger Rogers.*



*Cycle to the county seat
and climb the cowhouse.*

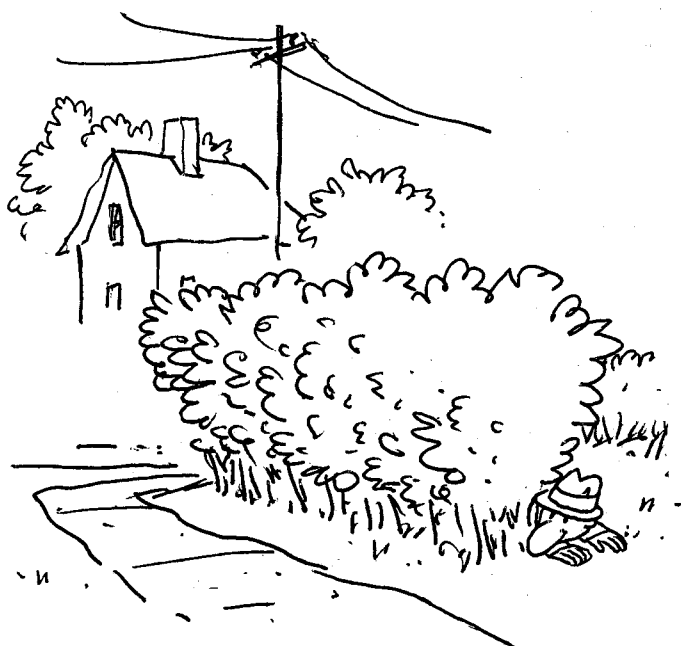


*Take turns
with your wife
carrying one another
around the house.*

KEEPING FIT



Run through the parking lot once a day
and touch every car.



Imagine you have infiltrated
enemy territory and proceed
to your office under
hostile fire.

Climb stairs pretending
that only every fourth step
is safe.



Hop to work on one foot. Hop home on the other.

THE OLD-AGE HOME

JANUARY 8TH:

MA and I pass the Burns guards at the entrance of the Home. They recognize her and speak to her. We are out for an afternoon stroll. Twice a week she and I pass in and out—every time I visit. She answers the guards in Yiddish; it doesn't matter that they're Italian. "They know the kind of woman I am," she says.

"Don't marry Sadie Olkin," Ma advises me as we stroll past one Bronx walkup after another. "You have Sally and the boys to think about, Leon. Sadie Olkin is eighty-five, and it's indecent and shameful."

Her mood changes as she holds tightly to my arm. "There's a Committee to Save Lives," she whispers. "They are a special group. They come naked if someone is dying and cheer the person back to life."

"Naked, Ma?"

"Yes, undressed. They remind the sick of the old days and how important it is to stay among the living. Nobody dies here who doesn't want to."

At Fordham Road, we double back to the Home. In the lobby, an old woman hurries up to us. Her hair is coal-black. Ma says, "Hello, Sadie Olkin," and we stop as Sadie Olkin embraces me, putting forward her lips to kiss.

"Hello, Rose," she says to Ma, who is annoyed at her intrusion. "It can all be explained," she says to me. "Your mother cooks up these nightmares. She works herself up. She sees and hears things. It's just a bad time she's going through." She takes my arm and rubs my leg with hers. I'm ashamed to pull away, so she increases the rubbing. She smells of Chanel No. 5. "Your mother is a good woman," she says. "A little mixed-up only."

Ma watches us and begins to talk to herself. "What you've got to realize is my son is a good boy," she says. "It's only the other side of his kind heart. Yes, he's impulsive. But he knows who I am."

Sadie Olkin winks, then shakes her head at me not to rile Ma, to keep absolutely quiet—that it will pass.

Memorial services are conducted in the chapel. Rabbi Bernstein, the chaplain for the Home, is a robust man with pink cheeks and a tiny white beard. Today the service is well

attended, and Ma and I listen as Rabbi Bernstein holds forth.

"We here in the Home express our heartfelt sympathy to our beloved member Harry Cohn, on the loss of his beloved wife, Sophie, who departed from us last Monday, a week ago. Not that which is loved but, rather, that is beautiful which is loved. Amen."

I ask Ma who Sophie was.

"A person," she answers. "Like other people."

JANUARY 14TH:

TODAY there is pandemonium in the lobby. An elderly woman has arrived with bedding and two tattered satchels. She says she has no place to go and is looking for food and shelter. No one knows where she came from. The social workers are trying to find a city agency to help her. After all, this is a private Home. Everybody is scurrying around, and the woman continues to weep.

Ma recognizes her as Mrs. Weiss, from the old neighborhood, and says a word to console her. "When the heart is full, Missus dear," Ma says, "the eyes overflow."

The woman sobs, and says, "If a person is destined to drown, she will drown in a spoonful of water."

Ma sighs. They stand looking at each other. "When life falls it falls upside down," Ma says.

The police arrive at last. They are large and bumbling. They talk in low voices, following the poor woman's movements with the abstracted gaze one has for people passing when one is in deep conversation, and scrupulously avoid all appearance of observing her.

"It's the police," Ma whispers to me, keeping close against the wall. She has forgotten Mrs. Weiss and thinks they have come for her instead.

A social worker tells me that if they make an exception in this woman's case thousands of old people will descend on the Home.

JANUARY 22ND:

MA tells me that last night, during dinner, she got up the courage to ask Bronstein at her table if he would be kind enough to take his hands off her orange, which triggered the wild Bronstein to shout at her. "Missus, you should be ashamed of yourself!" Bronstein said, dressing her down in the familiar *du*. "Yes, Missus, we know about all the people who borrow money and don't pay back." This in front of a peer group that included Mr. Rubin, who sits at their table. Bronstein's tirade also unleashed a prune-faced woman, a Mrs. Cohn, who muttered from her table nearby that Ma had knitted on the Sabbath and didn't keep a kosher home. She then stood up to ask Ma in full voice, "Who set fire to the chicken coop at Rifkin's in Hurleyville? Was it your eldest son?"

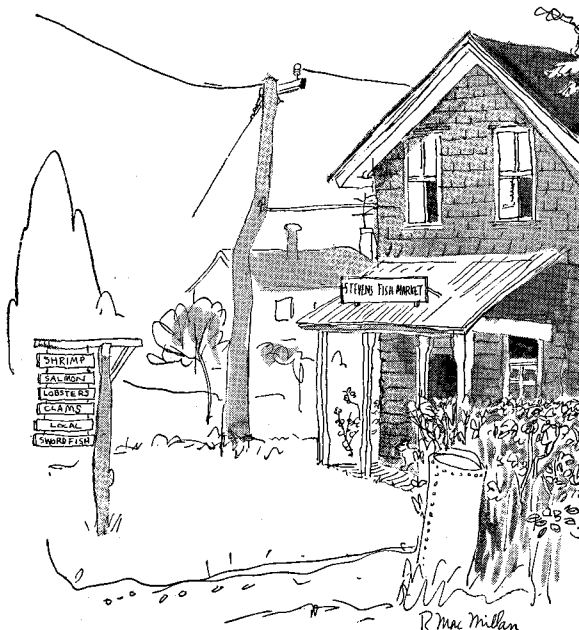
Now Mr. Rubin consoles Ma—notice how distraught she still is today. "We are returning to the Middle Ages," he says. "In those times the Jews created another world for themselves, and, living in it, forgot the troubles around them." Mr. Rubin and Ma shake hands, with an invitation to one another to "come visit next week."

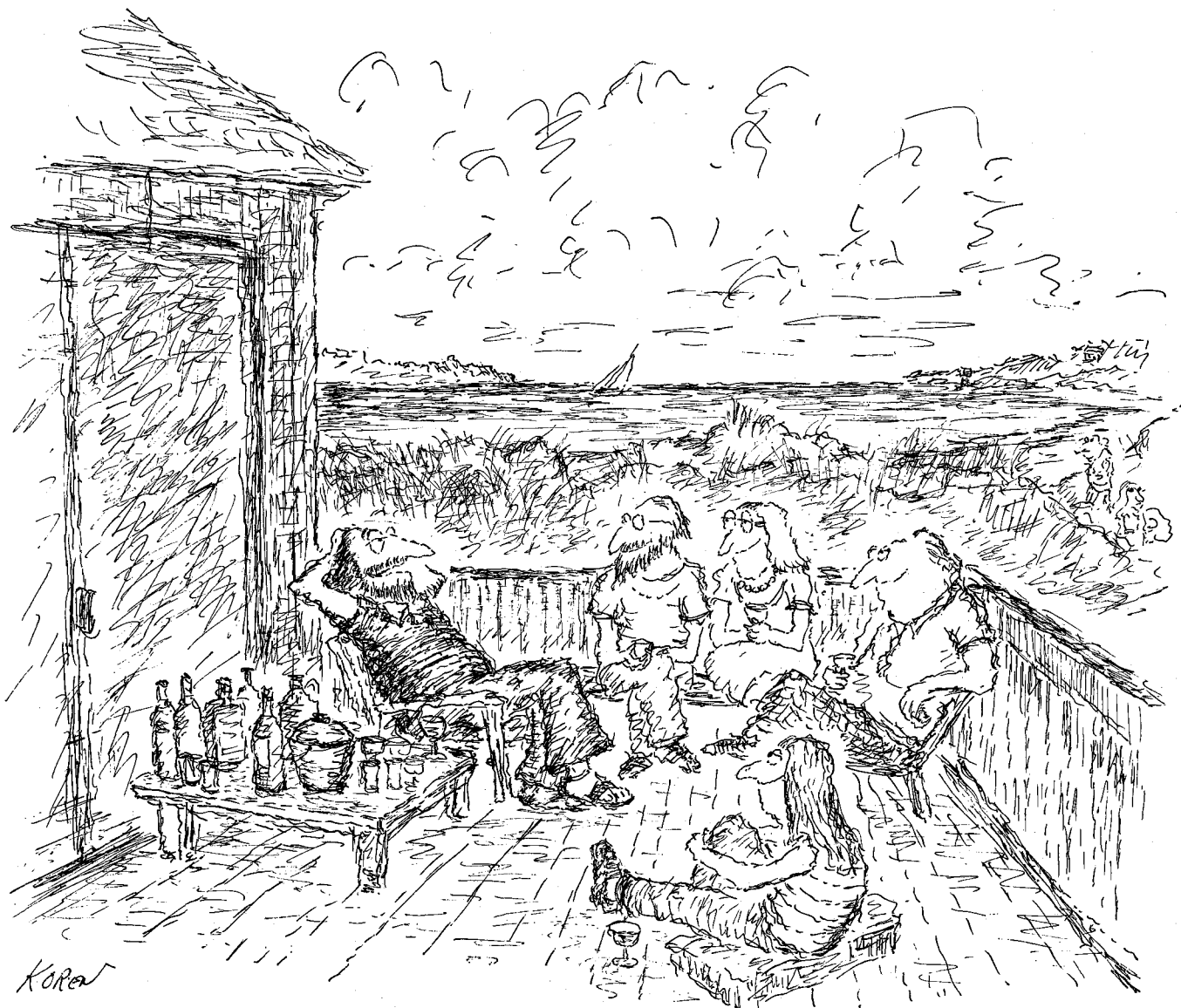
Ma is intimidated by Bronstein. She tells me she is afraid he'll have her sent away, or God knows what. "There are known cases," she explains, "where the police, in addition to money, demand payment in the form of a woman's body."

WITH profound sorrow we here in the Home extend heartfelt sympathy at the untimely passing of Saul Bronstein, beloved husband of the late Elsie, devoted father of Harry and Albert, grandfather of Mildred and Phillip Bronstein, survived by two nephews, Chucky and William Smith. Many go through life never knowing a great man. . . .

Ma insists we leave before the rabbi's sermonette is finished. "A great man?" she says. "A wolf loses his hair but not his teeth."

"Why did he die?" I ask.





"I work four hours in the morning. Then meditation and errands."

"Because he lived," she says. "And for stealing oranges."

FEBRUARY 12TH:

MA says her waiter told her he would supply her with extra food on condition that payment be in gold and foreign currency. A fearful uncertainty has overcome her again. As we walk, I ask her why she was thinking of collecting food, and she says she is preparing a hideout in the closet, with enough supplies to last for months.

I tell her, "Ma, get well again and I'll take you out and get you a little house in the country."

Ma says her social worker will not permit her to move her furniture until the rent is paid for August. Then she tells me that she and several others were seized one night and taken to the basement, where they were ordered to pluck feathers. She came upstairs to an

empty bed, she says. She also says that the social workers have declared that no potatoes will be served at mealtime because the guests have large hoards hidden away.

Ma's roommate, Mrs. Goldstein, passes by. Ma can no longer stand her. She is a kind and considerate woman in the daytime, but, according to Ma, she gets "crazy" at bedtime. "It's impossible to sleep with her under one roof," Ma says. "She turns colors at night. Blue and yellow. Let her burst with cholera! I think she's going to tear the room to pieces. She pounds the table with both fists. She kicks the furniture! All night, on all fours she barks like a dog. I shut the lights, Leon, and in the dark someone hits me a hard slap in the face. Who else could it have been? I would rather be poisoned with gas than tortured so. In the morning, it's another day. Mrs. Goldstein's all sweetness: 'I hope you'll

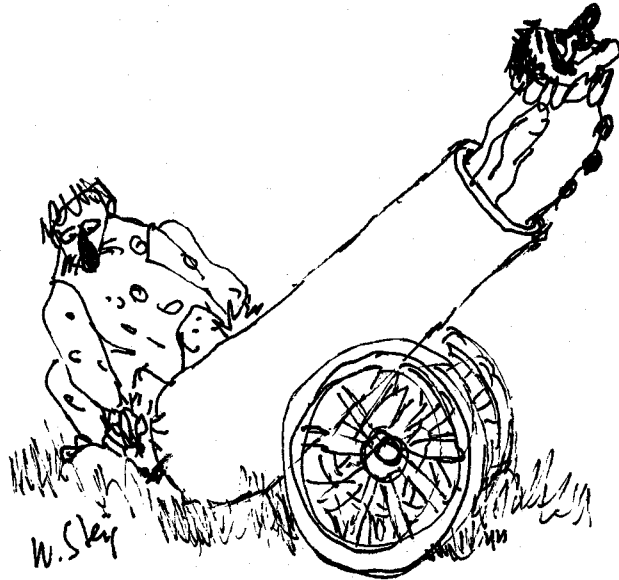
understand me fully someday, Rose, when I'm not here to defend myself,' she says then. May she rot!"

FEBRUARY 19TH:

TODAY Ma changed her room and moved in with a Mrs. Abrams, across the hall. She is a small recluse who always reads the Op-Ed page in the *Times* and is all together in her head. In fact, she acts quite superior. Everything Ma does is wrong. Ma hates her already.

Ma is worrying about the furniture again. She says her bureau and chair have been removed by automobile. She calls it a resettlement. She says the social workers are looking for relatives and friends to share her room: "Strangers to put into bed with! The end of the Old Folks Home!"

This evening Ma calls to tell me she has been moved from Mrs. Abrams' room and is back with Mrs.



Goldstein, who welcomes her back. "Rose, I'm so glad to see you again," she says. Then, Leon, a door opens at the other end of the corridor and Mrs. Cohn comes out. She is bent and dressed in a black judge's cape. She speaks in a hushed voice. 'I declare open the trial of Rose Mehler,' she says. 'Born in Slobodka, in 1882 September. In the case of a chicken without payment in the Wilkins Avenue Market on March 1923 . . . Also seen knitting near the Lion House in Bronx Park on the Sabbath, the day of rest . . . Rose Mehler, there are people lying unconscious from hunger. Besides those who are really unconscious, there are those who fall down in a faint every couple of minutes. You hear their screams for help, but when they land at your feet, by you they are plain beggars.' Then, Leon, a social worker comes from behind and seizes Mrs. Cohn by the ankles and drags her away." Ma is pleased and feels that the tables are turning in her favor.

"WE here in the Congregation and the Board of Trustees mourn the passing of our deeply beloved Miriam Abrams, who had seen her ninetyeth birthday last June. A thoughtful woman . . ."

"You don't need a calendar to die," Ma whispers to me as we leave the

chapel. "She always had her head in the Op-Ed," Ma says. Then she turns to me and asks, "What's Op-Ed?"

MARCH 1ST:

TONIGHT I get into the elevator and bump into Sadie Olkin. "Sadie," I say, "you're really dressed up!" She wears a green chiffon Russian blouse, loose and baggy in front and back, with a touch of sealskin at the ends of the sleeves.

"As long as your teeth are chattering, you know you're alive," she says. The door closes and we are alone. I am caught, flattened out, crushed.

Tonight we mourn the passing of Morris Schapiro, "... dear uncle of Shirley Gelb, also survived by nine grandchildren. We will never forget."

I ask Ma if she knew him, and she says, "Morris Schapiro? He wanted me to move in with him and I told him, 'Everywhere it's good, and in my room it's even better.'"

MARCH 15TH:

MA has been moved up to the infirmary. The woman in the next bed, whom Ma calls the *meydele* ("little girl"), thinks Ma is her mother.

"Mamele, Mamele," the *meydele* says, "what will become of us?" She has decided I am her father and says, "Tatele, take me to the toilet; I can't hold it in," and I turn away.

"The *meydele*'s a great comic," Ma says. "She keeps us in stitches all night."

In stitches? Another old woman in the ward, Mrs. Rothman, is a terminal case, with an intravenous bottle in her arm. She is black and blue from a fall, and she blows green bubbles from her nose. Her eyes are open, fixed on the ceiling. A fly lands on her face and walks about.

MARCH 27TH:

MA and I pass a room full of the very feeble aged. They lie in trays, with guardrails to keep them from tumbling out. Some are diapered and others leak and defecate where they lie. Ma pulls me into the room. "Say hello to Rabinowitz," she says. Rabinowitz is shrivelled and diapered. Ma comes up close to stare at him. She calls him "Cousin." There is a rasping sound in his throat. The words won't come out. In the end he gets out a "Drezzele," and Ma and I say goodbye and leave. ("Drezzele" is Ma's nickname from the Old Country.)

"He's very old," she says. "It's a tragedy to lose cousins as you go. Sometimes in the neighborhood I thought I recognized Rabinowitz in the fruit market. And then, no, it wasn't him. Swallowed up. A terrible thing! And being old doesn't help any. Uncles, cousins, aunts you'll never see again. They've all disappeared like dreams. It's all over. The days and people that pass in the street."

In the lobby, Ma and I meet Sadie Olkin, sweeping along the floor in an embroidered skirt, her eyes darting beneath the brim of a large beige felt hat. "Leon, you're a nice boy, I can tell," she says, placing her hands on my chest. The varicose vein on her nose is blue and swollen.

"Leon, my affection for you remains unchanged," she says. There is a gaggle of old women gathering nearby, and this is for their ears. She locks her arms around my neck.

The women begin to mutter. "When will the *prostitutke* take her arms off him already?" one of them says. They can't believe it. They think Sadie Olkin has discovered the secret of life and is working her way backward to younger years.

"Leon, my affection for you remains unchanged," Sadie says again. She is enjoying herself. "You're beginning to understand me, aren't you? Call me Sadie, won't you?"

I call her Sadie, and a moment later Ma and I leave. Ma is livid with rage.

"May her tongue fall out," she growls. Then she asks me if my wife, Sally, is hungry, and I reply that she eats more than I do.

APRIL 3RD:

RABBI BERNSTEIN holds a seder in the main dining room. It is Pass-over, and they are serving a meal complete with meat, doughballs, and wine. For a brief minute Ma forgets about her trial and the chicken market. The seder is a source of spiritual strength for her.

According to Ma, certain crooks at the Home walk into a room and pilfer articles of clothing and umbrellas. "They knock at the door and say they are from downstairs and have come to fix things up. Sometimes they take a coat off the hanger," she says, "and put it on over their own." She tells me that the porters are taking everything that can be ripped out of her room—even the faucets and wash-basins. Floors and furniture are being torn up and burned because there is a shortage of fuel. Ma says her social worker is selling hot water.

"That's a hot one," I say, and both of us break up at my joke.

This evening, Ma is particularly distraught, looking over her shoulder constantly. She lives in terror of deportation and is writing out surrender papers, which seem to be some kind of special permit—a safe-transit pass. She puts each in a different pocket. "This is the tragedy of wives without husbands," she explains. "Left alive, not knowing what they are living for. Alone in the world."

Ma asks about some of her "outside" friends from the old neighborhood. "How is Mrs. Wilson?"

"Gone, Ma."

"And Mrs. Orfinger?"

"Dead, Ma. Last year already."

Ma isn't bothered by their demise and is pleased she has outlived them.

"And Mrs. Greenberg?"

"A stroke, Ma."

"And Mrs. Kelly?"

"Gone, in July."

"She was a good woman.

And her husband, Mike, the retired policeman?"

"He's heartbroken, Ma. I was up to see him. He's alone and covered with dust. Very few neighbors come in to see him."

I ask Ma if she's had her trial yet, and she says yes, this very morning.

A trial in the morning? "What was the verdict?"

Looking up, she says, "Guilty."

"And what was the punishment, Ma?"

She looks around and whispers, "Electric chair."

"Electric chair? Where was it done?"

"They gave me the electric chair in Epstein's Candy Store."

"Epstein is taking in customers for

the chair? Where does he give it? In the window?"

"In back of the store." She waves a hand.

SARAH GOLDSTEIN, dearly beloved widow of David, beloved mother of Sidney and Hortense, dearest sister of Alice, Nathan, and Benjamin, cherished grandmother. We here in the Home are separated from you for a short time only."

Ma's former roommate, Mrs. Goldstein, died on Tuesday.

MAY 12TH:

WE find Sadie Olkin sitting on the sofa in the anteroom. She's been falling down lately. She is ashamed to see me. "I'm not feeling good," she



"Prejudice, as you say, is something precious few of us can afford. I, fortunately, am one of the precious few."

says. "I only need a little support under the arms. I won't give you much trouble."

I help her up from her comfortable seat, and she says, "I haven't had a good night's sleep in six months. If you want to know, that's the honest truth. My appetite's gone. When I try to hurry, even on foot, I see stars."

Ma nudges me with an elbow, and as we leave she mutters, "Why should I worry? I measured the risks the day I had you!"

At seven o'clock, entertainers appear in the dining room and sing in Yiddish. We sit at tables. Ma is pleased by the show. There are tears in her eyes. Then she tells me that Schwartz's Funeral Parlor has opened a branch in the Home and is offering burial to holders of American Express cards.

Mrs. Liebman is knocking with a soup spoon at our table, shouting, "All are equal in the Home! All are equal!"

The number of thieves is increasing, Ma says. Money is missing. Ma wears Mrs. Rothman's skirt and the *meydele's* striped jacket and velvet blouse. The *meydele* is wearing the leopard stole and large straw hat my sister Marion left when she came to visit Ma last July. Coxey's Army.

JUNE 6TH:

MA wrinkles up in tears when she sees me today. "They told me you died," she sobs. She quickly brightens up. She says she has received orders to appear at the central office and declare herself. A chicken has arrived in the mail in her name. There are seven hundred and sixteen doctors on her floor and twenty-one patients. The doctors, she says, are all hoping for Medicaid money. Later, after I leave, she walks off her floor, is captured downstairs, and is brought up again.

Ma now has a Chinese nurse, Miss Ling, who helps her on with her coat and hat. Ma looks at herself in the mirror and doesn't like her appearance: "This isn't my face. If they say dead, you're buried."

I reassure her and say, "Ma, you look like Nixon's mother," which breaks up Miss Ling.

"Nixon's mother," she cries, "Nixon's mother!", blazing up in such animated Oriental beauty as she laughs that I am thunderstruck.

Ma and I visit the chapel, where the rabbi prays for Mr. Rubin, who ate at her table in the main dining room: "Morris Rubin, beloved husband of the late Rosalyn, devoted father of Harry

STAYING AT ED'S PLACE

I like being in your apartment, and not disturbing anything. As in the woods I wouldn't want to move a tree, or change the play of sun and shadow on the ground.

The yellow kitchen stool belongs right there against white plaster. I haven't used your purple towel because I like the accidental cleft of shade you left in it.

At your small six-sided table, covered with mysterious dents in the wood like a dartboard, I drink my coffee from your brown mug. I look into the clearing

of your high front room, where sunlight slopes through bare window squares. Your Afghanistan hammock, a man-sized cocoon slung from wall to wall, your narrow desk and typewriter

are the only furniture. Each morning your light from the east douses me where, with folded legs, I sit in your meadow, a casual spread of brilliant carpets. Like a cat or dog

I take a roll, then, stretched out flat in the center of color and pattern, I listen to the remote growl of trucks over cobbles on Bethune Street below.

When I open my eyes I discover the peaceful blank of the ceiling. Its old paint-layered surface is moonwhite and trackless, like the Sea—of Tranquillity.

—MAY SWENSON

and Meyer, brother of Aaron and of Marsha Kline, grandfather of four, great-grandfather of eleven . . ."

Ma says, "He died a week ago Wednesday, at dinner. He fell off his chair with the tablecloth and the dishes, spilling everything."

JULY 29TH:

I REMIND Ma of 1926, when Pa was drowned, and she remembers all the way back. She even remembers her grandfather. I ask her to sing and forget her troubles. "Sing 'Ich un di Velt,'" I say, and she does:

If all the world did suffer and I
alone knew joy,
Then would my door be open to give
comfort and love.
If she would know my joy . . .

Tonight Sadie Olkin sees me come into the Home with Ma, and comes dancing over to us, all aglitter. There are various paste jewels attached to her bust—pinned-on lizards and crowns,

solitaires and brooches in every conceivable arrangement.

Ma says, "Look at her! One day she's dying and the next day she's a chandelier."

Sadie notices Ma and me looking at her jewelry and says, "These beads are tokens of affection."

Ma tells Sadie that Edmund, the man who cleans up on her floor, wants to marry her, but she won't have him. "Now he just stands there doing nothing," she says, "only looking and moping."

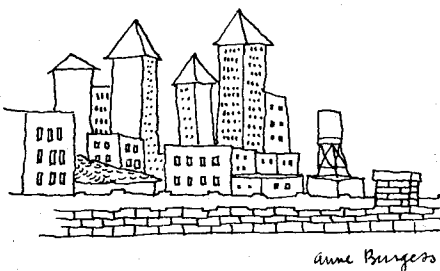
Sadie is momentarily jealous, and Ma and I leave before she recovers.

Later, Ma whispers that the social workers are throwing loaves of bread to the inmates, "because there is extra." And this seems to have altered her mood for the better. She asks me if I paid the rent yet. She wants to re-settle and leave the infirmary for good.

SEPTEMBER 10TH:

YESTERDAY Ma washed some towels in the toilet bowl, flooding the bathroom and the bedroom. Her social worker is alarmed and tells me they may have to move her. Where to, I wonder. To the sixth floor, maybe? The sixth floor is the end of the line. Ma is afraid and calls it "deportation." She is not moved, however.

Today Ma is dressed in quilted trousers, a vest, and a man's overcoat.





Together, we watch "I Love Lucy" in the infirmary dining room. She is glad to see me and whispers that there are informers everywhere. "There are informers involved in hundreds of illegal operations," she says. "A ladder is thrown over the wall and smuggling goes on all night."

I ask her what they are taking out. "Not out," she says. "They're taking goods in. Instead of going through the lobby, they go up the ladder."

OCTOBER 19TH:

MY sister Marion arrived from Florida last Tuesday in a new leopard and a straw hat, ran up to Ma's room, and spent the day in bed with her, talking of bygone days. Ma was very glad to see her and her happiness lingers today when I visit. She has hopes again of leaving the

infirmary and making it to the main floor with the "regulars," even though she's very fond of the *meydele*. Ma tells me she met Milton Schindler at the entrance to the Home. "He was standing with a policeman," she says.

Milton Schindler? I remember his funeral, back in 1952. I remind Ma that he's dead, but she pays no attention to the idea of a dead Milton, though she acknowledges his funeral. "The police have hired him to fill a listening post on the fifth floor," she says. "May he go on crutches."

NOVEMBER 2ND:

TODAY Ma wants me to go to the District Attorney and get a declaration of her victimization. "There is no question," she says, "that this trial is an instigation—an innocent person accused of guilt never com-

mitted!" She says the help is taking everything: "They're hurling sacks of sugar, flour, and the like out of windows to thieves below." She lets me in on a secret: "There are orgies in the basement at night."

Ma tells me that she and the *meydele* have been elected to the United States Senate. They have come back from Washington because not enough attention was paid to them.

"Washington, Ma? Really? How can that be?" I say. "Yes, the Senate. You don't believe me? Look at the *meydele*. Here is a face of someone we know—someone we have met before, someone to trust."

DECEMBER 8TH:

WHEN I come up to the infirmary to see Ma, she is busy walking about with the *meydele* and

a Mrs. Singer, who wears a tattered kolinsky fur down to her ankles. Ma is dressed in men's pajamas—her hair wild and white after a washing—and the *meydele* has a bandage on her head. They are very agitated, and from a distance they remind me of American patriots at Valley Forge.

Mrs. Singer, who wears the long tattered fur coat, is worrying about the Fur Coat Decree, which affects the whole fifth floor. She tells me it is a severe blow to her. She had this fur coat years before she entered the Home. The third deadline to give up the fur is at six o'clock. Many coats have been concealed about the Home. "Fur-coat certificates are being issued in the main office for a fee," she says. When her husband, Sidney, was alive he sustained a rupture, and Mrs. Singer says she had to schlepp him in and out of bed several times a day, and she

has never recovered from these exertions.

Mrs. Singer tells Ma she must go to her room and says, "Good Sabbath, Rose," though it's Wednesday, and leaves.

"Mrs. Singer has had a hard life," Ma says, sighing. "A *mames-a-tokhter*" ("A mother's daughter").

The *meydele* has been caught smuggling dresses from other rooms. Ma wears a dress down to her ankles. Ma likes only her roommates. Everyone else is "the enemy." She sits down and joins a group watching television. "What is the news?" she asks, and a Mrs. Goldberg tells her to make up her own news.

We are going out to eat, and I look for Ma's coat in the closet, and hanging there are men's suits and shirts in a mix. I help her on with her coat, which was in the *meydele's* closet. She

asks me if I know what it says on Sholem Aleichem's stone at his grave. I don't know, and she says, "It says, Let me be buried among the poor, that their graves may shine on mine and mine on theirs."

DECEMBER 23RD:

TODAY I remind Ma how we struggled, years ago, after Pa died. And how we often didn't have food in the house, and how in a mood of despair she once threw herself out of the window—making sure it was the fire-escape window. She remembers, and we both laugh. She suddenly thinks of my father's blue serge suit hanging around, forlorn, in the closet after his death. "Where should a suit go by itself?" she muses.

Ma says the *meydele* was visited the night before by the Committee to Save Lives and they asked her to live a little longer. She is very sick, breathing hard, and her face is covered with sweat.

"WE here in the Home record with sorrow and regret the demise of Rachel Singer, beloved mother, adored grandmother, and dearest friend..."

"Poor woman," Ma says. "She worried about her fur coat as if it was her late husband, Sidney, himself."

JANUARY 4TH:

YESTERDAY the *meydele* died, and Sadie Olkin was moved into the room. Ma is glad to see her. I peel an apple for Ma, who nibbles on it, pleased with the taste. Miss Ling, the nurse, comes in and diapers Sadie Olkin, who is lying naked in the *meydele's* bed. Sadie Olkin notices me and tells me not to worry. "Your mother is going to be all right," she says.

Ma tells me there are "illegals" in the Home—unregistered patients who manage to eat stray food and double up in bed at night with the regulars. She says nobody knows how many there are.

"Who are they?" I ask.

"They are the everyday old, and they are in hiding," she whispers.

Ma asks if Sally is getting enough to eat on the outside.

I tell her she's gained weight recently.

"WE here in the Home record with deep sadness the passing of our beloved Sadie Olkin, devoted wife of the late Irving, cherished mother of Fanny, dear mother-in-law of Albert." —LOU MYERS



"I suppose I shouldn't admit this, but I liked it better at three-fifty."

PROFILES

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VARIETIES

I GREW up, in Missouri, in the native Presbyterian belief that the tree whose fruit was forbidden to Adam and Eve was an apple tree. I am now inclined to doubt it. So, I understand, are most interested Biblical scholars, but their reasons, which involve such considerations as geography and climatology, are different from mine. My feeling is simply that the apple—the apple I know, the apple of country cider and the autumn roadside bushel—would be out of character in so sinister a role. Toward the end of the novel that bears his name, Huckleberry Finn, another Missourian, approaches a strange farmhouse, and is at once charged by the resident rabble of hounds “a-barking and howling,” but he is not in the least alarmed. He merely stops and waits for the bluster to wear itself out and the tails to begin to wag. For Huck, like every countryman, is comfortably aware that “there ain’t no harm in a hound, nohow.” I see the apple in much the same way. I see it, in fact, as much like a hound—plain, honest, artless, and infinite in its homely variety.

Everything I know about the apple proclaims its ingenuous nature. Even the association of the apple with Adam and Eve and Original Sin can be laid to a kind of innocence. That baleful association was the work of a handful of French and Flemish and German artists in the wilds of medieval and Renaissance Europe—the sculptor Gislebertus of Autun (in “Eve”), Hugo van der Goes (in “The Temptation”), Albrecht Dürer (in “Adam and Eve”), and Lucas Cranach (in his “Adam and Eve”). It was altogether their doing, but I can’t really blame them for it. I think (inasmuch as the Bible neglects to further identify “the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden”) that their defamation of the apple was largely unintentional, for in their time and place the apple was the most easily depicted fruit with which they were familiar.

Literature offers no such sullied his-



tory. The poets, in particular, seem always to have understood the apple. It has served them from the beginning of song as a personification of simplicity and goodness. The heartsick Solomon asks, in his wisdom, to be comforted not with some exotic plum or tangerine but “with apples.” And here is Chaucer (in “The Romance of the Rose”): “And many homly trees ther were / That peches, coines, and apples beere.” And Ben Jonson (in “To Penshurst”): “Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake, / Some nuts, some apples.” And Keats (in “To Autumn”): “To bend with apples the moss’d cottage-trees.” And Rimbaud (in “Le Bateau Ivre”): “Sweeter than sour apples to children.” And Whitman (in “Come Up from the Fields Father”): “Where apples ripe in the orchards hang.” And Yeats (in “The Song of Wandering Aengus”): “A glimmering girl with apple blossom in her hair.” And Dylan Thomas (in “Fern Hill”): “Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs.” And, perhaps most evocatively pastoral, John Greenleaf Whittier (in “Snow-Bound”):

And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons’ straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row.

IN its native countries, on the mountains of Chile and Peru, the Potato, in its wild state, is a meagre tuber-

cle, about the size of a Hazelnut,” Jean Henri Fabre, the celebrated late-nineteenth-century French entomologist and litterateur, noted. “Man extends the hospitality of his garden to this sorry weed; he plants it in nourishing soil, tends it, waters it, and makes it fruitful with the sweat of his brow. And there, from year to year, the Potato thrives and prospers; it gains in size and nourishing properties, finally becoming a farinaceous tuber the size of our two fists.” In its native countries, in Pakistan and Afghanistan and elsewhere in the wooded foothills of the western Himala-

yas, the apple, in its wild state, is a sour and seedy little pome, about the size of a grape. This meagre fruit, an inconspicuous member of the rose family, is known to botanical science as *Malus pumila*, and is the surviving Stone Age prototype of *Malus sylvestris*. *M. sylvestris* evolved from *M. pumila* in much the same way that the potato tuber evolved from the tubercle. It owes very little to nature. Like the two-fisted modern potato, the apple was largely the creation of man and his selectively hospitable hand. It was also man (with some help from fruit-eating birds) who brought the apple from its original habitat into the rest of the world, and he did so at a very early date. Archeologists are satisfied that it was widely known to Neolithic Europe, and actual evidence in the form of carbonized apples has been found in recently excavated lake dwellings in Switzerland. The science of pomology, which has produced the modern apple of good size and good flavor and almost endless variety, had its beginnings in the early Mediterranean world. Cato the Elder, the distinguished Roman consul and censor of the third pre-Christian century, recorded the availability in his time of seven varieties of apple, and Pliny the Elder, in the first century A.D., listed thirty-six. The Romans, under Julius Caesar, introduced the apple to Britain around 50 B.C. It came to America—North

America—with the first European colonists in the early seventeenth century (about the time the potato arrived in Europe), and it there became at once the most American of fruit.

The Americanization of the apple has been as total as the Irishization of the potato. The apple may be as French as Calvados, as German as strudel, and as Swiss as William Tell, but nothing is more American than apple pie. No other fruit—not even the star-spangled blueberry—has approached the apple in its homespun pervasion of American culture. England has its Robin Hood and France has its Roland and Germany has its Pied Piper, but the oldest American folk hero is Johnny Appleseed. No American ever bobbed for oranges, or bought a candy peach at the circus. A man or woman who curries favor with the boss has never been called an apricot-polisher. (The recipient of the annual American Teacher of the Year award traditionally receives from the President of the United States a polished-crystal apple.) Very few victims of the Great Depression sold pears or plums on street corners. Rome is the Eternal City and Stockholm is the Venice of the North, Jerusalem is the Holy City and London is the Smoke, but New York is the Big Apple. Nobody ever said that anything was in cherry-pie order. That—as sure as God made little green apples—would be a lot of applesauce. The Manhattan Telephone Directory lists a man named Grape—Charles Grape. It also lists five Plums and four Melons, four Pears and sixteen Lemons, fifteen Oranges and nearly ninety Cherrys. The Apples (with the Appels, the original English spelling) and their derivatives (Applebaum, Appleby, Appledorf, Applegate, Applegreen, Appleman, Appleton, Applewhaite, Applewhite, Appleyard, Applezweig, etc.) number well over two hundred. And the novelist Kay Boyle has a daughter whose given name is Apple. She is obviously the apple of her mother's eye.

SOME years ago, a few days after his wife had given birth to a son, a friend of mine had the happy idea of planting a tree to grow up with the child. Like Isaac Newton and his Universal Law of Gravitation, the notion came to him by way of an apple. He was eating one—a sweet, crisp, shapely Jonathan apple. When he finished it, he saved some of the seeds and planted them in a little flowerpot and

LIGHTING A CANDLE FOR W. H. AUDEN

(IN THE CHURCH OF MARIA AM GESTADE, VIENNA)

The poet kept his promise
To the earth before he died.
He sleeps now in Kirchstetten
Some twenty miles from here.
I did not go to mourn him,
Although I could have gone
And found him among beeches.
Best to leave him alone.

Maria am Gestade,
Mary on the shore,
The loud gouge of the subway
Scuttles my silences.
If I come here to laud a
Wise shadow, I restore
The first light in my hallway,
A strange, forgiving grace.

Twenty miles east, Vienna
Scrambles to keep its trees.
Since 1957
The poet, shragged and wise,

Sang in an Austrian choir,
A sudden holiness
Behind the crag-faced fire,
The prayer, the good man's prayers.

I happen now to be
Within his twenty miles.
Kindly as Thomas Hardy,
Whose dream the towpath fills,
The poet Auden lies down
His twenty miles from here.
His perfect love is limestone,
Maria on the shore.

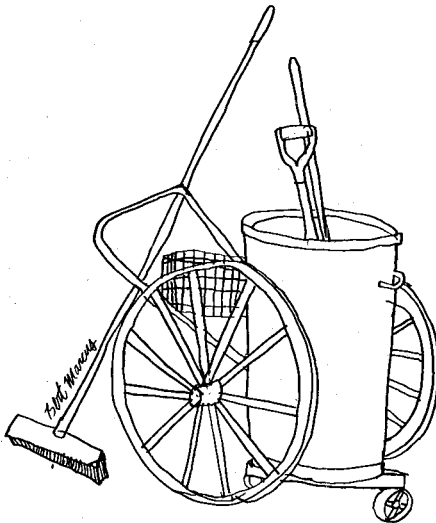
What have I got to do
With a kind poet's death?
One day he wrote to me
I had a book to give.
I gave my book, Maria,
While Auden was awake.
I give you my small candle
For the large Master's sake.

—JAMES WRIGHT

watered it and set it on a windowsill in the sun. One of the seeds germinated. A tiny leaf appeared, and then a tiny seedling tree. The little tree flourished and grew. He transplanted it to a larger pot and, finally, to a suitable site outdoors. In its (and his son's) sixth year, the tree produced its first beautiful pink-and-white blossoms. The following year, there were more blossoms, and a couple of them set. Two little green apples formed and developed and ripened. They were recognizably apples, but they were small and sour and nothing at all like their parent Jonathan apple. It was then that my friend inquired and learned the disappointing truth. The Jonathan apple, like every other cultivated apple since before the time of Solomon, is a hybrid, and hy-

brids never breed true to type from seed. They invariably revert to one of the innumerable other possibilities inherent in their infinite genetic endowment. For reasons still not fully understood, the fruit of this reversion is usually of inferior quality. Hardly one hybrid seedling in a hundred will produce a satisfactory apple, and excellence, though it does occur, is even rarer. Hybrid apples can be precisely propagated only by grafting a branch (or a twig, or even a single bud) from the parent tree to the bole (or even just a limb) of another apple tree.

The hybrid apple came into being (perhaps three thousand years ago) when man was somehow inspired to invent the masterly technique of grafting. This horticultural triumph has enabled him to seize and perpetuate those occasional serendipities that chance throws up from the depths of the genetic pool. It has also, through these propitious accidents, provided him with apples in a cornucopian variety—a variety unapproached by any other fruit. It is probable that the world has seen the appearance of at least one hundred thousand varieties of acceptably edible apples since the first selected scion was successfully grafted to the first receptive host. More than seven thousand varieties—each possessing some desirable individuality of flavor, color, texture, size, shape, hardness, durability, or resistance to disease—have been developed in the United States alone.





All of them are distinctively different and, to the practiced pomological eye, distinctively American.

The first American apple of which there is any record is the now all but forgotten Roxbury Russet. This is a reddish-brown (or russet) apple that appeared as a volunteer seedling in the village that is now a residential section of Boston. It was found by its discoverer to be an outstanding cider apple. Sweet cider was the Coca-Cola (as hard cider was the beer) of Colonial America, and there is contemporary evidence that Roxbury Russets were grown for that popular purpose in both Massachusetts and Connecticut by about 1650. Two other American apples of superior reputation are generally considered to be of almost equal antiquity. These are a red dessert apple called Fameuse (which had its beginnings in French Canada) and an unusually good keeper called, variously, Yellow Newtown, Newtown Pippin, and Albemarle Pippin. Newtown has been identified as a Long Island village long since absorbed by the Borough of Queens, and Albemarle is

a county in Virginia. In Elizabethan usage, a pippin was an eating (as opposed to a cooking) apple. Shallow, in Henry IV, Part II, observes to Falstaff, "Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an harbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting." In 1758, Benjamin Franklin, then living in London, imported a supply of Newtown Pippins for his own delectation. Roxbury Russet, Fameuse, and Newtown Pippin all appear, along with twenty-nine other apples "worthy of general cultivation," in a report published by the American Pomological Society in 1852. The Society's report for 1915 includes Fameuse and Yellow Newtown (and thirty-odd other varieties), but not Roxbury Russet. The most recent Society report, published in 1974, retains from the seventeenth century only Yellow Newtown. Yellow Newtown is thus the oldest commercial apple in the United States.

Most of the varieties that swell the enormous total of American apples were products of Colonial America. They were, however, very largely

mere neighborhood enthusiasms. The great majority of the most distinguished American apples (all, in fact, but three or four) were developed in the nineteenth century. The years before the Civil War were particularly rich in the discovery and propagation of new and exceptional apples, and there was an accompanying rush of interest in the science of pomology. The American Pomological Society ("Devoted to Fruit Variety Improvement") had its inception at a convention of growers in New York City in 1848. The nineteenth century was also the time in which the apple reached deepest into everyday American life. It was the time of John Chapman (1774-1845)—the corporeal Johnny Appleseed—and his half-demented wanderings through the Ohio River Valley with his bottomless bag of seeds scrounged from the dump heap of a Pittsburgh cider mill. It was the time when the apple (whose natural storage life approaches that of the potato) ranked almost as a staple food and (with the banana still far in the future) stood alone as an all but all-sea-

son fruit. It was the time when the crank inventor turned his attention from the better mousetrap to the better apple parer: between about 1810 and 1901 (when Sears, Roebuck contrived its definitive Little Star Parer, Corer, and Slicer, with Push Off), the United States Department of Commerce issued well over one hundred patents on mechanical apple parers. It was the time that made James Whitcomb Riley its most popular native poet and "When the Frost Is on the Punkin" one of his most popular poems:

Then your apples all is gethered, and
the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the cellar-floor in red
and yellor heaps;
And your cider-makin's over, and your
wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter...

And even Henry James, describing a tour of New Hampshire in "The American Scene," observed, "One speaks, at the same time, of the orchards; but there are properly no orchards where half the countryside

shows, all September, the easiest, most familiar sacrifice to Pomona. The apple-tree, in New England, plays the part of the olive in Italy.... The apples are everywhere and every interval, every old clearing, an orchard." In 1912, Congress passed, and the President (William Howard Taft) approved, an act establishing a set of grade standards for marketed apples. The apple thus became the first fruit or vegetable in the United States to be subjected to quality control.

THE names of American apples, like the names of American places, have an incantatory ring. They bring to mind the Painted Posts and Lost Mule Flats of Stephen Vincent Benét's celebration of American geography in "American Names," and the stirring sound-track chant of Pare Lorentz's documentary film "The River." They reflect their place of origin or the name of their discoverer or some whim or hope or piety or practicality. They have the sentiment of "Old Folks at Home" and the exuberance

of the tall tale. They have the quality of resonance:

Baldwin and Winesap and
Northern Spy;
Rome Beauty and McIntosh;
Wagener, Wealthy, Gloria Mundi;
Fall Pippin, Ben Davis, and
Twenty Ounce.
Milton and Melba and Macoun
and Delicious;
Pomme Gris, Wolf River, and
Tompkins King;
Bread and Cheese, Pawpaw, and
Cranberry Pippin.
Currant and Quince and Pumpkin
Sweet;
Winter Banana and Melon and
Mason Orange and Olive and
Butter;
Arkansas Black, Kentucky Streak,
Kansas Keeper, Jersey Sweet,
Rhode Island Greening,
Hubbardston Nonesuch, and
Washington Royal.
Doctor and Piper and Parson
and Baker and Porter and
Mother and Sheriff.
Summer Rose and Grimes Golden
and Black Gilliflower and Seek-
No-Further;
Boys Delight, Missing Link, Pine
Stump, Sour Bough,
Smokehouse, Hang-On, and
Skunk.
Aucuba, Etris, Disharoon, and
Batullen.
Falix and Boiken and Zurdal;
Kittageskee, Nickajack, Pewaukee,
Cabashea, and Schodack.
Mouse, Primate, Sheep's Nose,
Horse; and Maiden Blush.

Some of these reverberant apples have been commemorated, if not in imperishable verse, at least in durable prose. Ernest Hemingway, in "The Three-Day Blow," calls up from his youth in Michigan an apple almost forgotten even then: "The fruit had been picked and the fall wind blew through the bare trees. Nick stopped and picked up a Wagener apple from beside the road, shiny in the brown grass from the rain." In "The Mountain Lion," a novel that recalls the Colorado of her adolescence, Jean Stafford describes a ranch-house sitting room: "Everywhere there were small baskets and bowls on the tables and hanging shelves, full of McIntoshes and Winesaps and of Golden Grimes." And in his recent Wisconsin memoir, "The Land Remembers: The Story of a Farm and Its People," Ben Logan recalls the biggest of all apples: "The wind was still knocking them down, the big Wolf Rivers, some of them six inches across, making loud thuds as they landed. Mother liked to joke about those giant apples. 'Bring me a Wolf River,' she'd say. 'I want to make a pie.'"

A few of the more renowned American apples have been memorialized in the manner usually reserved for the illustrious dead—in monumen-



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tal stone and bronze. These heroic varieties include the Baldwin, the McIntosh, the Northern Spy, and the Delicious. The Baldwin, which originally came to prominence as the Woodpecker, or Pecker, apple (from the birds that frequented its tree) and later took the name of its chief promoter, was the first to be so honored. A granite marker surmounted by a granite apple stands at its native place, near Lowell, Massachusetts, with an engraved inscription: "THIS PILLAR erected in 1895 by the RUMFORD HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION incorporated April 28, 1877, marks the estate where in 1793 SAM'L. THOMPSON ESQ while locating the line of the Middlesex Canal discovered the first Pecker apple tree. Later named the BALDWIN." The McIntosh takes its famous name from an American nurseryman who came upon it in a field in Dundas County, Ontario, just across the St. Lawrence River from Massena, New York, in (according to the American Pomological Society) about 1811. A granite monument was erected there by popular subscription in 1912. A bronze plaque reads, "The original MCINTOSH RED apple tree stood about 20 rods north of this spot. It was one of a number of seedlings taken from the border of the clearings and transplanted by John McIntosh in the Year 1796." The Northern Spy (the significance of whose name is a matter

of hopeless dispute) is materially immortalized by a pyramidal marker on a farm in Ontario County, New York. It is inscribed "The original Northern Spy apple tree stood about 14 rods south of this spot, in a seedling orchard planted by Heman Chapin about 1800. The Early Joe and Melon apple also originated in this orchard." The Delicious, which has the distinction of being grown in every apple-growing country in the world, is suitably commemorated by a six-thousand-pound-boulder monument in a park in Winterset, Iowa. The monument was dedicated, before a gathering of pomological celebrities, on August 15, 1922. The inscription reads, "To Commemorate the Discovery in Madison County, Iowa, of a Variety of Apple by Jesse Hiatt, A.D. 1872 and Called by Him 'The Hawkeye.' Sole Right to Propagate Acquired by C. M. Stark, A.D. 1894. Introduced and Disseminated Throughout the Apple World as the Delicious Apple." C. M. Stark was the grandson of the founder of the enterprising Missouri nursery that bears his family name. Some twenty years after his acquisition of the apple he so profitably named Delicious, Stark had the further satisfaction of seeing the younger of his two sons display a comparable gumption. This was the late Paul C. Stark, and it was he who tracked down (to a hill farm in Clay County, West Virginia) and bought (for five thou-

sand dollars) and named (as a companion to his father's find) the Golden Delicious apple. That was in 1912, and the Golden has the still unchallenged distinction of being the only important chance seedling apple of the twentieth century. The Golden Delicious has yet to be solidly saluted in stone. Fifteen miles from the Clay County Courthouse, however, there is a plaque, topped by a golden apple, on the spot where the original tree grew.

THE apple is the most important tree fruit grown in the temperate regions of the world. It is cultivated wherever the conditions of climate it requires are found or can be provided. These conditions principally include a sunny, well-watered summer of at least one hundred consecutive days without frost, and a comparably seasonable winter. An extended period of dormancy is as necessary to the production of apples as three good months of growing weather. Leaf buds and blossom buds both need an annual rest of at least one thousand hours at temperatures that assure hibernal somnolence. The acceptable range for most varieties is between forty-five degrees above zero and thirty degrees below.

A very considerable part of the continental United States is apple country. Apples can be grown successfully in at least some areas of all the forty-eight contiguous states but Florida. Hawaii, like Florida, has too little winter for apples, and Alaska has too much. At one time, until just after the Second World War, the apple was grown in

America wherever it could be made to grow, but an increasingly sophisticated technology has since then made possible an ever-increasing production on an ever-decreasing acreage. The commercial production of apples in the United States is now largely confined to thirty-five states, and the bulk of this production comes from six or seven. Two states—Washington and New York—alone account for almost half the total output. Nevertheless, the United States produces around one hundred and sixty million bushels (almost seven billion pounds) of apples every year, or about one-fifth of the total world crop.

Most of the many apple varieties that were popular in the nineteenth century are still grown in the United States. Very few of them, however,



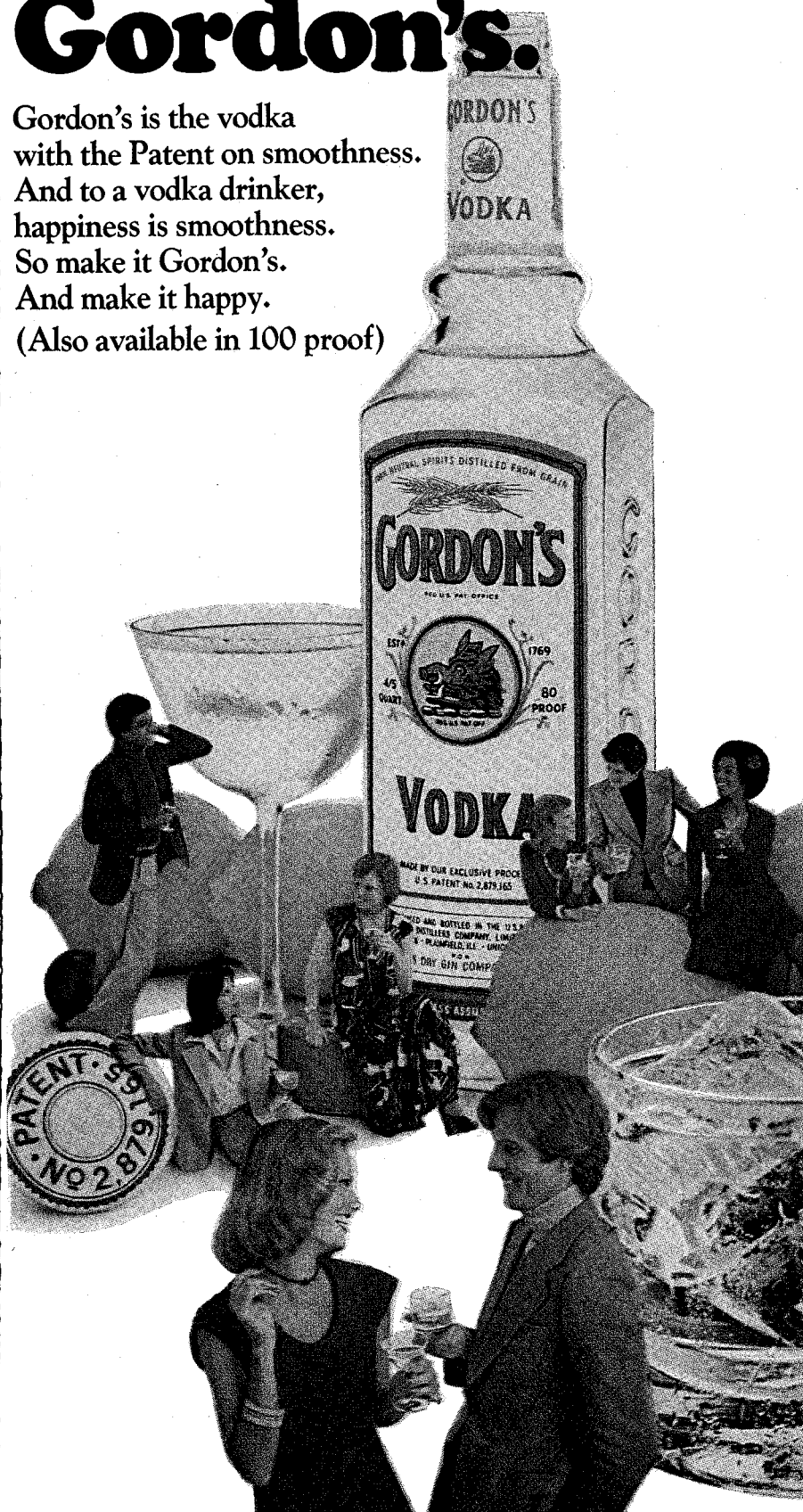
are grown in commercial quantities. Like the homegrown tomato, one or another of these once favored apples may sometimes be found at a roadside stand or in an expensive side-street grocery or on the table of a landed connoisseur, but never at the supermarket. The reasons are much like those that explain the commercial tomato. "Modern commercial apple orcharding, with its emphasis on high yield per acre and efficiency of operations, made necessary by ever increasing costs of production, has been responsible for the great reduction in the number of varieties propagated," Arthur P. French, professor of horticulture at the University of Massachusetts, noted in a monograph. But, he goes on to point out, "Individual varieties do have their faults, which make them unsuitable and therefore unprofitable to grow commercially. Furthermore, with the advent of cold storage and, now, the modern controlled-atmosphere technique, the need for a succession of varieties maturing from early summer to late winter has been greatly reduced." These and other (including even gastronomic) considerations have had the effect of eliminating from commercial production all but a handful of varieties. This handful, moreover, grows smaller every year. In 1964, an American Pomological Society study reported that eighteen varieties were then in significant commercial production. The number now has dropped to thirteen. The five apples so suddenly swept from the general market were the Baldwin, the Wealthy, the Golden Grimes, the Ben Davis, and the Black Twig. In 1915, the Baldwin was the leading American apple. (It is still an excellent apple, but its one fault—biennial bearing—has come to overwhelm its virtues, and the same is generally true of its companions in obsolescence.) The apples currently in commercial vogue are Delicious, Golden Delicious, Rome Beauty, McIntosh, Jonathan, York Imperial, Stayman, Yellow Newtown, Winesap, Cortland, Gravenstein, Northern Spy, and Rhode Island Greening. Five of these—Delicious, Golden Delicious, Rome Beauty, McIntosh, and Jonathan—account for at least two-thirds of the total American apple crop. McIntosh, in 1915, was near the bottom of the list of widely cultivated apples. Delicious, though then in its twenty-first year, wasn't even on it.

THE apple, for all its diminished diversity, remains in strong and stable demand. It is still esteemed by

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most Americans as the meat and potatoes of fruit. Its popularity, though approached by that of the banana and perhaps equalled by that of the orange, is infinitely more broadly based than that of either of these comparatively recent rivals for supermarket preëminence. Practically all bananas are eaten raw, and practically all oranges are consumed as juice. The consumption of apples has no such limitations. The apple is a sufficiently versatile food to command the full resources of the modern kitchen. It is also, to the best of my knowledge, the only fruit to form the subject of a serious, full-length cookbook.

This pomological enthusiasm is the "Apple Kitchen Cook Book" (Popular Library, New York; 1971), by Demetria Taylor. It runs to more than two hundred pages, and (except for an introduction) consists entirely of recipes. Miss Taylor stops short of menu planning, but she plainly implies that the apple can have a natural place in every meal from breakfast (apple juice, apple griddle cakes, coffee) to mid-night snack. It is even possible without too much straining to include the apple in every course of a nourishing seven-course dinner. With the help of my wife (and a supply of apples from my own orchard), I have done so. "The crisp, tart tang of apples makes them a perfect base for before-dinner appetizers," Miss Taylor observes, and she offers a choice of twenty-four dips and canapés. My wife and I considered Apple Crabmeat Appetizer, Apple Prosciutto Appetizer, and Guacamole Apple Appetizer, and chose the Apple Prosciutto. Miss Taylor has five soups to recommend ("Fruit soups are not well known in this country, but in Europe, especially among Scandinavians, they are an important item on the menu"), from which we chose Danish Apple Soup. For the fish course, we had a choice among Fluffy Apple Fish Cakes, Apple-Crabmeat Ramekins, and Stuffed Flounder Roll-Ups. We picked the Flounder Roll-Ups. Our choice for the poultry course was Roast Duckling with Apple-Sesame Stuffing. Meat dishes from the Apple Kitchen include meat loafs, meatballs, curries, pies, grills, stews, and a good dozen recipes involving ham and pork. We decided on one of the last—Apple-Crowned Pork Chops. Miss Taylor is more than generous with salads (seventy-five of them), many of which are meals in themselves. We chose her version of the classic Waldorf Salad. Then dessert. The Apple Kitchen reaches its ultimate here. It describes one hundred

and eighty-one desserts—from After-Christmas Baked Apples to Finnish Apple Meringue. At Miss Taylor's special urging ("a perfectly scrumptious dessert"), my wife and I chose Applesauce Bowl Cake. Later, if we still had been hungry, we could have had a choice dessert apple—a Northern Spy, perhaps—and a slice of Brie. Fine dining, of course, is more than merely food. It begins and ends with drink. The Apple Kitchen has no bar, but that presented no problem. We began our apple dinner with a round of Jack Rose cocktails—1 jigger Cointreau, 2 jiggers lemon juice, 4½ jiggers applejack. After dinner, with the coffee, we enjoyed a glass of Calvados. Our dinner wine was Boone's Farm Apple Wine.

THE popularity of the apple derives from more than the full-course adaptability of its delectable taste and texture. It also springs from a firm and deeply embedded conviction that the apple is a food of almost panacean salubrity. With the exception of the orange (and possibly the prune), the apple is the only fruit that people eat as much for reasons of health as for simple enjoyment, and it stands entirely alone in the reach of its imputed therapeutic powers. An apple a day, the English version of the age-old maxim promises, keeps the doctor away. No other fruit—indeed, no other food—has ever inspired such faith. Nor is that all. Preternatural medicine has never been willing to limit the worth of the apple to the mere prevention of disease. It has looked closer and found it to be aggressively salutary as well. Dioscorides (in the sixth century) considered the apple a specific for diarrhea; John of Gaddeston (in the fourteenth century) prescribed roasted apple as a laxative; John Gerard (in the sixteenth century) reported that the apple, properly applied, could erase the scars of smallpox; "The Queen's Closet Opened" (in the seventeenth century) revealed the apple to be both a cure for tuberculosis and an antidote for melancholy; and Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, in "The American Frugal Housewife" (in the nineteenth century), saw properties in the apple that could thriftily ease a sore throat and inexpensively



"Mr. Sanderson has just split. May I take a message?"

subdue a stomach ache. More recently, Gayelord Hauser, in "Look Younger, Live Longer" (1950), recommended fresh apple juice for the relief of rheumatism and gout. In "Health Foods and Herbs" (1962), Kathleen Hunter prescribed it for anemia, arthritis, bilious attacks, and blood cleansing. And, more recently, Victor H. Lindlahr, in "You Are What You Eat" (1971), declared that "raw scraped apples are of particular benefit to infants suffering from 'summer complaint.'"

Many foods have been endowed at various times with one or some or all of these beneficent properties. Most, if not all, of them, however, have been outlandish importations, about which anything might be believed. The inclusion of the always commonplace apple in this exotic company is inexplicably contrary to dietary and pharmacological custom. It is also largely lacking in scientific justification. Apples are good to eat, they are an honest and a wholesome food, but there is almost nothing about the apple—no amplitude of vitamins or minerals, no magisterial force or constituent—that distinguishes it from any other fruit. The only vitamin

that the apple evolves in more than barely measurable amounts is Vitamin A (ninety units per one hundred grams), and the only such mineral is potassium (one hundred and ten milligrams per one hundred grams), but many other fruits (apricots, bananas, blackberries, cantaloupes, avocados, oranges, plums, peaches, persimmons, pineapples, nectarines, tangerines, raspberries) are far richer in both respects, and the apple's other virtues (a low sodium content, a strong alkalizing effect on the body, and—when eaten raw—a vigorous detergent impact on the teeth) are virtues it shares with almost every other fruit.

AND yet, as Dr. Naomi Bluestone, of the New York City Health Department, has noted in a recent issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, there are those who "devote themselves to the merciless pursuit of health with amazing fervor... uncomplainingly paying 59 cents for one organic apple composted in goat manure and unsprayed with phosphated or carboxylated chemicals."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Take Physic, Pomp

KING LEAR" was the late, great Grigory Kozintsev's intimate, the play he mounted both on stage and on film, the tale of cowish fears subdued by the terrors of the earth. His 1971 film of it will stand as one of the unshakable edifices of Shakespearean imagination. That it was made in the Soviet Union—in a simple, unladen translation by Boris Pasternak, with subtitles from the English text—only gives it another dimension. Nothing here is constricted by the interpretation: perhaps it is impossible to warp "Lear." The film is—as it must be—the history of a royal house that proves unstable. Lear's palace here can be ascended by a soaring outdoor stairway built of wood. It looks rickety.

AS if it typified the Histories, the tragedy begins with a division of the realm and the sight of an abdicating king; and, as if it typified the Histories, it finishes with the proclamation of a new king. At the end of "Lear," though, the wound is still open. No newly crowned Henry VII comes in, conjoining the Houses of York and Lancaster, repealing civil war; no grownup Prince Hal invites others to his coronation. It is scarcely possible for Edgar to invite anyone of pomp when everyone of pomp is dead, apart from the ruined Kent and Albany. The virtuous characters have been eliminated along with the base ones. The chief player left at the end of the film is Fool; in Shakespeare's plays buffoons or madmen often ape kings and the manners of kingship (Falstaff, the Dauphin), but only in "King Lear" does clowning show us tragedy.

"LEAR" is in praise of force of feeling. How many calamities were caused by Albany's diluted spirit? In Kozintsev's film, the details of sexual jealousy are paltry beside the nation's pain. We are in a period that is both as chilled as the Iron Age and also emerging from feudalism. Land has become a piece of merchandise. We see the people who have worked it now crippled and reduced to beggary. This is the cold night that will "turn us all to fools and madmen."

KOZINTSEV, born in 1905, founded in 1922—with Leonid Trauberg and the painter Sergei Yutkevitch—a

theatre called "The Factory of the Eccentric Actor" (FEX), a futuristic company that Eisenstein was briefly part of. The company believed in excess, and in the use of the techniques of pantomime, circus, music hall, cabaret, and adventure films. Kozintsev and Trauberg made, most notably, a version of Gogol's "The Overcoat" (1926), in which the coat becomes as much a personage as nature does in this "Lear," and "The New Babylon" (1929), in which Shostakovich began his long collaboration with Kozintsev. (According to David Robinson's research, the score made some people in the early audiences complain



that the conductor was drunk.) FEX disbanded in the early thirties, but Kozintsev and Trauberg went on working together and made the "Maxim" trilogy. Kozintsev's magnificent "Don Quixote" (1957) and "Hamlet" (1964) were his alone. "Hamlet," like "Lear," was in Pasternak's translation. About "Hamlet"—quoted in Kozintsev's astute "Shakespeare: Time and Conscience" (Hill & Wang)—Pasternak said, speaking of the theatre in a way that struck Kozintsev as being more piercing about film, "As soon as a theatre [company] has penetrated [the author's] artistic intention and mastered it, one can and should sacrifice the most vivid and profound lines (not to mention the pale and indifferent ones), provided that the actors have achieved an equally talented performance of an acted, mimed, silent, or laconic equivalent to these lines of the drama."

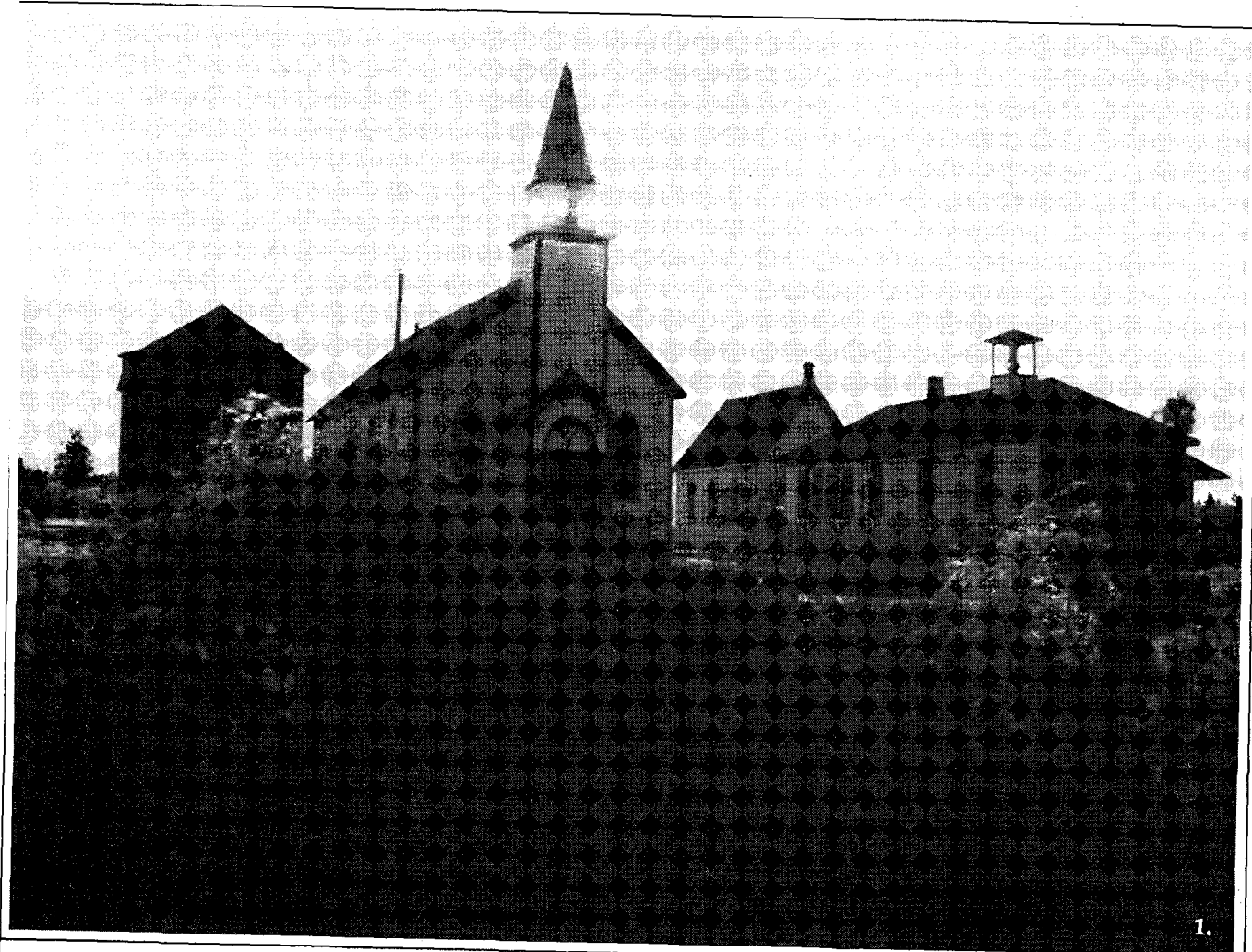
AT the beginning of "Lear," we find Shakespeare's enactment of the legendary love-trial of the three daughters of a king. (The legend appears earlier in Holinshed, in John Higgins' "A Mirror for Magistrates," in Spenser, and in "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonerill, Ragan, and Cordella," done in London in 1594. And there is a version in which the daughters severally liken their love of the King to sugar, fine raiment, and salt. The King chooses the vows of the first two daughters; in the end, though, deposed and ravenous, he finds he was wrong, because he has only saltless food to eat.) But the play, like the film, is as much about territoriality as about

fawning ingrates. "Lear" would not be a great play if it were about the characters' mere mistakenness. It is also about mutiny. The action lies not between a father and his daughters so much as in the depletion of a kingdom. The Lear of this film, after a prankish beginning, has a temper tantrum with a map, which he tears. Kent, loyal as usual, helplessly tries to mend it.

KOZINTSEV's Lear, played by Yuri Jarvet—white shreds of hair streaming back, and with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks—is a man capable of both monumental delusion and monumental insight. He seems a Judaic prophet figure, but one whose words slowly become revolutionary. Heine wrote that when Luther set the Forty-sixth Psalm to music it became the "Marseillaise" of the Reformation.

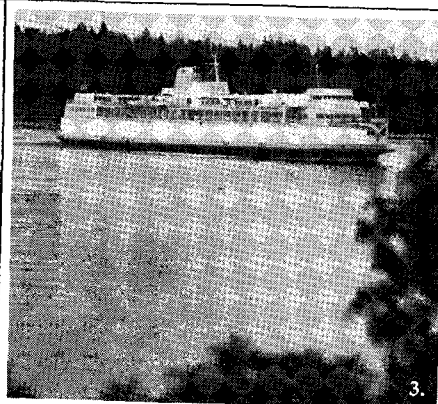
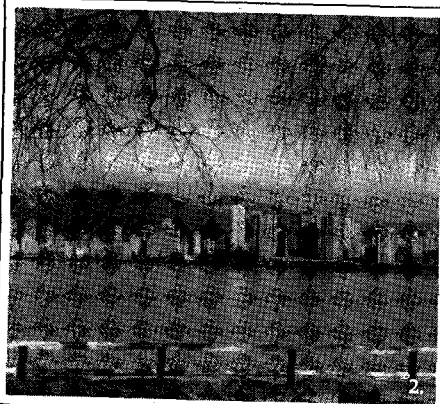
FLATTERY: "You should have feared false times when you did feast," says Flavius to Timon in "Timon of Athens." "Timon" is often like a stillborn "Lear." Kozintsev's old monarch begins by having been nourished on flattery, but the film brilliantly turns him into flattery's victim. He is beguiled by grovelling. Cordelia's reserve makes him more vexed than desolate. When we first see him, he is a spoiled monarch playing a game of masks with Fool before he sweeps into the court. So he is unequal to this emerging period in which nothing sacred is left to royal power. Without his crown, he shrivels; without an army, he is a capricious old man. In a rushing shot, we see him sweeping together his hundred knights. This is a moral infant, at a moment in history when he needs to be a philosopher. A storm is blowing up, and no railings can protect him from falling, this giant tripped by cringers. Dante allotted to flatterers a whole ditch in hell.

"WHICH is the Justice, which is the thief?" More emphatically than most productions of "Lear," Kozintsev's shows us how interchangeable men's identities are once the clothes are switched. The King, reduced but not lunatic, emerges on all fours from a heap of long grasses, collecting the blades and looking round him craftily, transformed into a pickpocket. "No, they cannot touch me for coining," he reassures himself: for coining grasses. Kozintsev's unpolemical amplitude of social vision suits Shakespeare's own. Men, they both say, are creations of their class and period. (Edmund:



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"Really, Maynard, there seems little point in discussing bond issues when we have just voted to jump out of the window."

"Know thou this, that men/Are as the time is.") Lear's is a chilly age. "Poor Tom's a-cold." Change has to come. The film historian Georges Sadoul quotes Kozintsev as saying of "Hamlet," "Into this State, where everyone swims with the stream, there comes a person who is against all of this." Lear, without a kingdom, cracks our hearts by addressing himself to the universe, crying out for a better course, or else for an end to it all. "That things might change or cease." No middle way. And this vast story of a society is mainly conducted by a supplanted and near-senile monarch, a blind man, a feigning madman, and a court fool.

DIGNITY is a man's lifelong right, power is not, goes the perpetual implication of Shakespeare, whose manifold temperament contained, among other contradictory things, the thought of a Socialist. This Lear, who is deliberately more august in his falling off than in his reign, speaks one line as beautifully and unforgettably as we shall probably ever hear it. He is a prisoner "cut to the brains," calling for a surgeon. A gentleman tells his old sovereign that he may have anything. Lear is not

listening, because he is engaged in a duel with death and knows it. "No seconds? All myself?"

NEW orders, no peace. The established social levels of scholasticism have been struck by lightning. Plagues will carry off old soldiers, but others will be born. Kozintsev's film, with its whispered translations into French for the King of France during the love-trial scene, makes it very clear that the contest is a bauble and that the allotment of property was finished before the ceremony. The promise of "a third more opulent than your sisters" is an empty way to coax Cordelia when two of the three parts have already been given to her sisters. We are in a land of disruption, where the savagery of territorial imperatives masquerades as courtliness for only a few moments. What happens? In the night, the daughters cast the old man out of their castles into the storm. A son condemns a father to death. A brother is ready to execute a brother. A sister kills a sister. Where to find a way out? "Fathom and half, fathom and half!" Graves were dug a fathom and a half into the ground then; perhaps they still are. The world is awry.

Noxious fumes rise over the earth and gather into thunderclouds.

IT is central to Kozintsev's concept, and true to the text, that the film should make us constantly aware of the presence of crowds of Lear's subjects, scrabbling a living out of the earth much as New York's poverty-stricken solitaires search through litter baskets. The film opens with a Brueghel scene of caravans of vagabonds, many of them crippled, lurching up a hill. We can't forget, again, that Shakespeare, even when he was apparently writing about a prehistoric Britain, characteristically wrote about his own. We recall him to be in the period when preachers were wailing about the rule of usury, and when feudalism and the guilds had had their day. Youth is shown to be privileged in Kozintsev's new Britain, and age not honored. "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old." In the same vein, Kozintsev cuts the last lines of the play: "The oldest hath borne most. We that are young/Shall never see so much, nor live so long." And always there are multitudes of citizens: gaping at the wondrously staged and wicked duel between Edmund and Edgar, for instance, in which the ringed crowd's taste for blood is satisfied by covering the contestants' faces so that they seem to be playing a vicious blindman's buff. At the end, it is not only Edgar, Albany, and Kent who follow the biers: the whole nation seems to be jostling for a look.

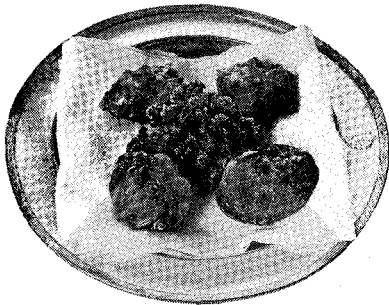
FOOL is played by Oleg Dal, with what one takes to be deliberate theatricalism, as if he were a young relic of the days of FEX. He has a close-shaven head, like a doomed prisoner at Auschwitz. He sings in a near-monotone, affecting madness to take the thorn out of the thought of taking the horrible route that Lear and Edgar seem to be journeying upon. He has an old man's mind, staring past his words into the pit of lunacy as if he were looking into a fire consuming a manuscript.

FOOL's eyes have lids that don't seem to blink. Eyes are a powerful image in "Lear." Kozintsev makes the King's eyes in the late scenes seem blinded with sand dust behind his white eyelashes. To Cordelia: "Wipe thine eyes. The goodyears shall devour them." He leans toward her to hear her voice: "Mine eyes are not o' the best." And "Get thee glass eyes,/And, like a scurvy politician, seem/To see the things thou dost not." The people

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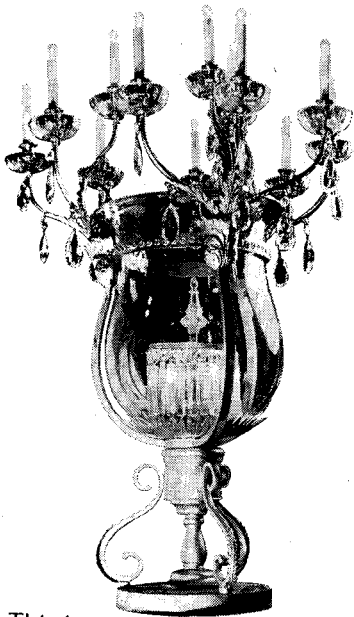
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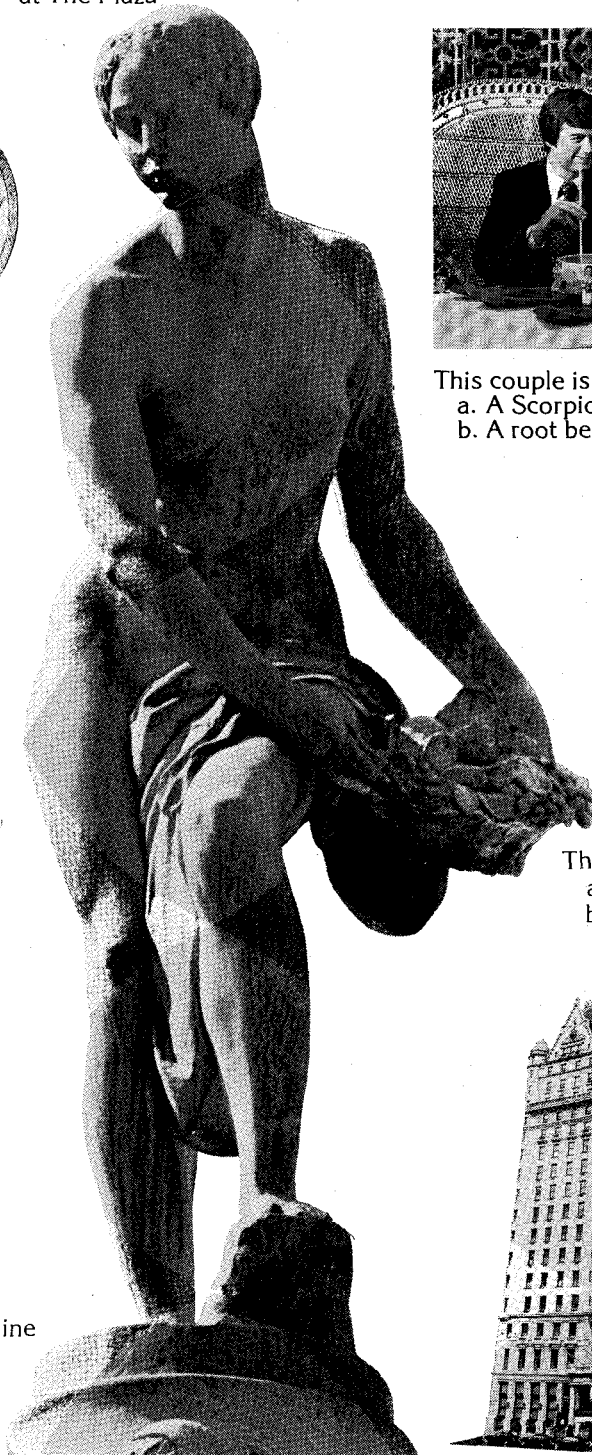
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with sight fake perception; the blind are the ones with vision. The most flicker-eyed are Regan (Galina Volchek) and Goneril (Elsa Radzin), whom Kozintsev makes covetously sensual. They snatch kisses from men as if they were eating mouths, and conduct a vilely sophisticated scene of hellbent, gleefully flirtatious politicking in a tent with Edmund and Albany.

SHAKESPEARE and Kozintsev tell us that the absence of roots is fatal. Roots in "Lear" are represented primarily by loyalty to fathers (Lear and Gloucester), and also by the sort of love that has no need to be worded (Lear and Cordelia). Albany tells Goneril that she is "not worth the dust which the rude wind/Blows in your face." It is the absence of roots that causes the temptation of suicide: to lie in a cold grave for its warmth becomes the very urgent wish of Gloucester, but Edgar convinces him that he must submit to an order greater than any of the people in it. This is much to Shakespeare's general point. Neither Shakespeare nor Kozintsev is ever censorious, but each has a powerful notion of wrong. When Lear says to Regan, "If thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,/Sepulchring an adulteress," the swift attack has sometimes made me wonder whether his quixotry about Cordelia is due to a flash of suspicion that she is not his daughter. It would be a characteristic Shakespearean link to the Edmund-Edgar theme. Lear and Gloucester are both wrong in their judgments about their children. In Shakespeare's moral scheme, which is sustained in every frame of the film, they are most upright in their Senecan acceptance of death. Seneca told his friend Lucilius in a letter, "Life is like a play; it is not the length but the excellence of the acting that counts. When you stop is not important."

THE storm seems to rule everything, though Lear is described to Kent as striving "in his little world of man to outscorn/The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain." The storm is an analogue of the fury of Lear, that elemental tempest in collision with mortal scorn for his indignity: an indignity that seems here to belong not to the deposed king but to the surviving, subjugated man, who is unfairly placed even though the injustice of the positioning was his own. The storm stands for the universe. Kozintsev shows the universe to us in shots of evil clouds racing below what is a quite evidently empty heaven. As the tragedy

progresses, the storm rumbles through it, a figure for the fall of the old order.

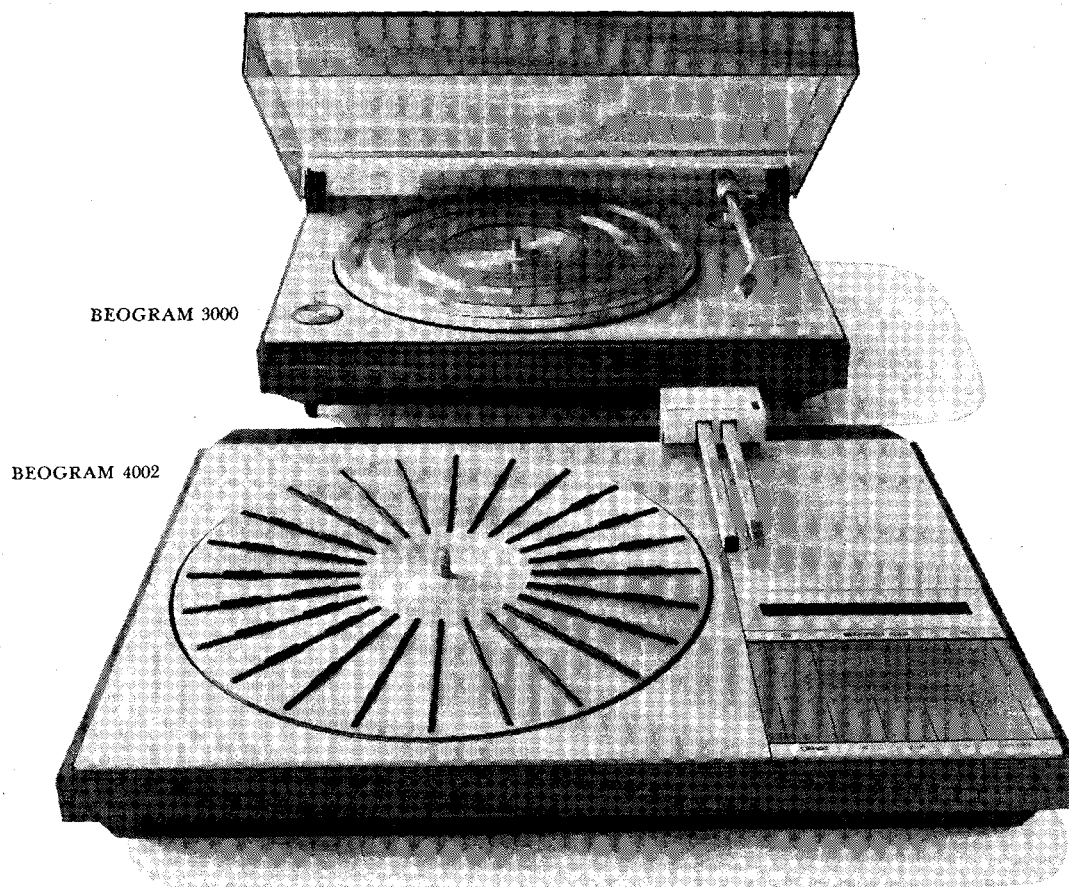
THERE is much affection here, all the same: affection to a passionate degree. Kozintsev has a most beautiful closeup of Fool's anxious face, near the end, watching Lear after the words "He's scarce awake." And hope for the hanged Cordelia's life subsists not only in Lear but also in the tenderness of the film. Lear: "Cordelia! Stay a little." So says the scene pictorially. The old man stands erect beside his young dead daughter in an image about survival as moving as the one earlier, when he speaks the incomparable speech beginning, "No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison./We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage," as they are both being led as prisoners by Edmund's troops. Lear is not at all out of his mind. He simply acknowledges that he is placed in conditions barely possible for him to recognize. "For I am mainly ignorant/What place this is." He does not know the terrain any longer—not because his eyesight has altered but because the terrain has.

SHOSTAKOVICH's fine music has a five-bar "Call of Death" theme to identify the deaths of the characters who realize that it is piteously too late to do anything further. It seems appropriate to Shakespeare's feeling for the nobility of music—he called Cassius "very dangerous" for hearing no music—that the funeral march should end with a shot of Fool playing his pipe as the biers are carried away. Fool commands the finish of the picture for the very reason that he is the protagonist of folly. He knew that the King, in his seeming madness, in his fugitive recognitions of familiar things, was not truly in disarray, because the only lunacy is to salute the world as rational. So at the end not everything has been destroyed. And ordinary citizens are still there in hordes, walking about in the smoking wreckage left by soldiers' torches and quenching fires with water that adds steam to the smoke.

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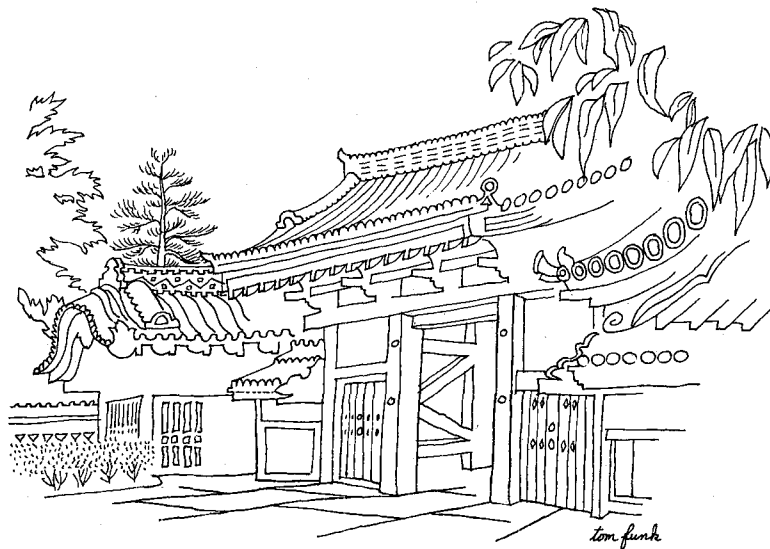
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM MACARTHUR TO MIKI-II

IN the mid-nineteen-fifties, having emerged from the Korean War and the first phase of the Cold War as perhaps the greatest beneficiary of each, Japan was on the verge of a fantastic economic takeoff. It had regained its national independence in 1952, despite or because of the Cold War rivalry between America and the Soviet Union, and it had escaped what threatened to be a devastating depression by obtaining lucrative multimillion-dollar American procurement contracts during the Korean hostilities. It had begun, although still on a modest scale, to rearm for the defense of its own islands. With the help of foreign technology, mostly American, it had started to rebuild its industrial complex—concentrating at first on the steel industry, as the foundation of other major developments, and on machinery of all kinds, which it was able to adapt to its own special needs. Japanese business was re-creating what has always been a peculiar characteristic of the modern Japanese economy—its so-called dual economic structure—by improving on Western techniques and utilizing part of the labor force for a huge modern sector, while maintaining many labor-intensive small and medium-sized enterprises, particularly in such fields as textiles. During Japan's early postwar period of recovery, small and medium-sized firms predominated, and they continued to flourish even when Japan's gross-national-product figures really started to zoom, in the sixties, and big business became dominant. In fact, while the highly modernized and automated giant corporations today control the country's economic life, with the help of the almost unlimited lending facilities of the big Tokyo banks as well as those of foreign banks, about three-quarters of all Japanese establishments have one to four employees. The symbiotic relationship between big and small companies remains one of the signal features of this unique enterprise system, and despite the difficulties the smaller firms have in times of trouble, when credit dries up and some of them go bank-



rupt, and despite the social and economic inequities the dual structure has created, it is one of the enduring strengths that sustain the nation and characterize the society. This is true even when its industrial surge slackens, as it is doing at present. More than any other major country, Japan in the last two years has been ravaged by inflation—particularly because of the high prices of the foreign resources on which its thousands of factories almost totally depend. Whether the Japanese can solve their current problems without undergoing some drastic changes in their well-ordered way of life remains a key question that economists, as well as social scientists and political prognosticators, are widely debating in Japan and elsewhere. The pessimists and optimists are about equally divided.

Not long ago, when I was in Japan for several months studying the history of the nation's phenomenal growth and examining the nature of its present predicament, I visited the Kimitsu Works of the Nippon Steel Corporation, the biggest steel company in the world and the country's largest manufacturing company. Kimitsu is situated on drab flatland reclaimed from the sea on a peninsula across the pollution-hazed bay south of Tokyo. It covers some eighteen hundred acres and includes three of the world's biggest blast furnaces. In talking with plant officials, I heard the dire predictions that company executives in Japan like to make nowadays as they contemplate the sizable wage increases they have to pay as a result of the annual "spring labor offensive," or *shunto*. Nippon Steel's profits after taxes in fiscal 1974 were thirty and a half billion yen (the yen has

been averaging around three hundred to the dollar), and, despite the higher labor costs and production cutbacks of about ten per cent, the future earnings figures will still be considerable, for both in 1974 and in the summer of 1975 the company has been allowed by the government to raise its average prices for steel by approximately fifteen per cent. About three-quarters of the company's iron and steel is used domestical-

ly, with the Japanese construction industry the best customer, but local demand for steel is down, because industries that depend on oil have reduced output quotas and production generally is in a severe slump. Until the recent world inflation-energy crisis, whenever domestic demand diminished Japanese steel producers stepped up their exports to take up the slack.

Although the pattern has begun to change somewhat in the past year, most employees at Kimitsu, like virtually all Japanese who are with big concerns, work for Nippon Steel all their lives. They start at the average age of twenty and retire on a company pension at fifty-five. The typical Kimitsu employee is thirty-two years old and, with a recent wage increase, now earns a hundred and seventy thousand yen a month, or about five hundred and sixty-six dollars, plus semi-annual bonuses, which are commonly given in Japan, equalling at least another half year's pay. Ten years ago, he was making a third of his present salary, but living costs were a lot cheaper. Most of the seventy-one hundred workers at Kimitsu still enjoy virtually rent-free housing in flats built by the company and costing only fifteen dollars a month—less than a tenth of what a similar apartment would be on the outskirts of Tokyo. The cheap accommodations are typical of what Japanese firms began offering their employees as a lure some twenty years ago, shortly after the country began its remarkable boom cycle. At Kimitsu, there are twenty-four apartment buildings containing forty-five hundred such company flats, each consisting of three small rooms plus a kitchen-dining alcove, and

the ample space around the buildings contains playgrounds and a swimming pool. But the whole area looks somehow deserted and unfinished, which is why some of the workers live, and many others aspire to live, in three- or four-room private houses that cost between eight and ten million yen (about twenty-seven thousand to thirty-three thousand dollars) and occupy lots of about a twelfth of an acre. A subsidiary real-estate company buys the land and builds the houses and sells them to the workers. Nippon Steel lends them the money on a long-term, low-interest basis.

I spoke with three families in one of the eleven-story apartment buildings: the Haradas, who, as is the case with more than half the workers at Kimitsu, moved from another plant several years ago; the Kagawas, who came to Kimitsu from a town near Osaka, Japan's second-largest city; and the Yoshiis, who used to live in Tokyo. Though all workers are entitled to twenty days of paid vacation a year, the three families I talked with said they did little travelling, and indicated that they were more or less content to spend all their time at Kimitsu. They all owned "the three electric treasures" that have been the symbols of well-being for almost every Japanese family since the fifties—a refrigerator, a washing machine, and a television set. Mrs. Kagawa, whose husband, Minoru, makes steel pipes, expressed a mild desire to have an air-conditioner and a stereo set, and all the women agreed they would like to own their own houses but felt they couldn't afford them yet. Most of their time, they said, was spent visiting other families and gossiping, taking classes in cooking or dressmaking, and shopping in the company stores, including a supermarket, where prices are a lot cheaper than in Tokyo. They read newspapers and popular magazines but they seldom read books. The only one who showed any discontent with what seemed to me the boring, confined life at Kimitsu was Mrs. Yoshii, who used to be a secretary for the Self-Defense Forces in Tokyo, where her husband also worked before joining Nippon Steel. When I asked her if she was satisfied with her new life, she shrugged and replied, "Satisfaction is a different thing," and admitted that she sometimes reflected on the greater opportunities for entertainment in Tokyo.

IN order to look at the other part of the dual-structure economy, I also visited Kiryu, a town of a hundred and



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thirty thousand about fifty-five miles northwest of Tokyo, where weaving, first of silk, then of cotton, and more recently of synthetics, has been a tradition for hundreds of years. Though it is still the major industry, it is a declining one, largely because of import restrictions placed on Japanese textiles by other countries, including the United States. Manufacturers in Kiryu are making better profits from such things as electric appliances, auto parts, and *pachinko*—pinball machines. A year ago, there were eight hundred and fifty-three textile "factories" in Kiryu, most of them in private homes where the owners, some of whom are part-time farmers, have installed a few textile machines. Kiryu's textile workers average only about eighty thousand yen (two hundred and sixty-six dollars) a month in the larger factories of the coöperative to which they all belong, and most of them have their own "enterprise unions," or company unions. The majority make kimonos, Japanese obis (women's sashes), and neckties, and they also weave cloth for export. Profits in the past two years have decreased sharply. Before the monetary crisis, the Kiryu weavers were exporting eighty per cent of their manufacture, but the figure now is half that, with the bulk going to the United States and the next-highest amount going to the Middle East. At the same time, domestic demand for traditional costumes is diminishing. "We expanded too quickly during the fifties and set our sights too high," the owner of one of the larger factories told me. "Now we'll have to set them lower and accept the fact that we have other advantages, such as our beautiful mountains and clean river, which we couldn't enjoy if we had big industrial concerns in the area."

I spoke with a typical subcontractor, Soji Nakazato, who lives with his wife, their three teen-age daughters, and his wife's mother in a spacious nine-room farmhouse on the edge of town. Nakazato, a burly, smiling outdoors type, has six electric textile machines in the main part of the house and works ten hours a day five or six days a week, with his wife as his only helper, weaving cloth and making kimonos for dolls—all under contract to a large factory nearby. He told me he grossed about four million yen a year but, after paying his expenses, mostly for electricity, netted about a third of that, or a little more than four thousand dollars. He didn't want any more machines, he said, because that would mean hiring more workers, but he hoped his daugh-

ters would help out when they graduated from high school, so he could spend more time at his original vocation, farming; he still grows his own rice and vegetables. This pattern of part-time work and part-time farming is typical of the small entrepreneur in Japan. Nakazato, now fifty years old, was born on the family farm and worked for a time in Tokyo as a young man, but he said he had been glad to return to his native area, where his ancestors have lived for four hundred years. He seldom visits the big city any longer, although it is only two and a half hours away by train.

"Life is a lot more pleasant here," he said.

"It's more old-fashioned and quiet. It's been only six years since we got water from a tap instead of a pump, and fifteen years since we got it from a well. I've only had my present electric machines for five years—before that we used generators, and before that we ran hand looms. I've got my electric washer, my refrigerator, and my television set. I work in my garden when I can, and my weekends are taken up with weddings and funerals and other ceremonies—all the members of the coöperative here are really one big family."

This idea of the local coöperative as a family—just as all employees of a big company, such as Nippon Steel, consider themselves members of an industrial family—is one of the significant characteristics of Japanese work patterns. In fact, in addition to maintaining traditional personal loyalties—such as attachment to relatives, to drinking companions a man sees at his after-work bar, to members of one's university class, and so on—all Japanese regard themselves as belonging to a single huge family of a hundred and ten million people. This spirit of cohesiveness, of shared identity and destiny, dates back for centuries but has become particularly evident during the last two decades. One has only to stop on a busy Tokyo street on a weekday morning and watch thousands upon thousands of men and women rushing to work, their fixed expressions and determined gaits as alike as their briefcases and clothes,



"Ode to Cynthia: 'Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia...'"

to be aware of the compulsive, galvanizing force that has moved Japan to a position of economic power. Though they can sometimes be highly inefficient, and also as stubborn and obtuse as any nationality, the Japanese have a capacity for management and organization which is probably superior to that of any other people in the world. Things work because they make them work to suit their own purposes, but if something goes awry, as has happened economically in the last two years, they tend to panic, because, as one leading economist said to me, "we lack the tactical and strategic ability to cope with drastic situations." Their defensive reaction is to go back to their drawing boards (or computers) to formulate more of their dozens of meticulous plans, but in a society as focussed on specific issues and goals as Japan is, it is difficult, as another of my Japanese friends pointed out, "for our establishment to rank our priorities and to relate our domestic interests and policies to our international problems and pursuits."

THE Japanese establishment, as it exists today, was shaped in 1955, although the system bears many resemblances to its nineteenth-century antecedents. In January of that year, the left and right wings of the Socialist Party, which had split on the issue of the peace treaty ending the Second World War in 1951, promised to reunite, and in November, at the in-

stigation of the big-business leaders—the so-called *zaikai*, of the Keidanren, or Japan Federation of Economic Organizations—the Liberals and the Democrats joined to form the Liberal Democratic Party, which has been in power ever since. The Communist Party—a hard-line group ever since it surfaced, after V-J Day—also changed its strategy, following the death of Stalin, and adopted a more moderate and neutral, independent course, to which it has since adhered. The electoral margin of the Liberal Democrats over the opposition parties remained approximately two to one through most subsequent years, although the gap is now narrowing. The Keidanren and other business organizations, as well as the large, independent corporations, had consistently supported the Liberal Democrats with huge donations, but in the wake of several scandals and wide criticism of flagrant big-business backing of the Party and its candidates in elections last year, some of the large utility companies announced that they would no longer contribute funds to it, and the Keidanren said it would stop assessing quotas from member companies; a new, more restrained system of corporate contributions has since been established. While the Diet recently passed an electoral-reform law, the close ties between business—especially individual big companies—and the Liberal Democrats are bound to continue, since they are mutually depend-

ent: the Party for power and the companies for profits. Japan is thus a corporate society, and though dissatisfaction is rising, the reins of power are tightly controlled by an élite minority.

In the elaborate power structure, the third major element is the bureaucracy, a good many members of which eventually become politicians. Perhaps the best description of the relationship among bureaucrats, businessmen, and politicians I have seen is one given by Professor Chitoshi Yanaga, of Yale University, in his book "Big Business in Japanese Politics": "Organized business is the playwright as well as the financier. The ruling party, as producer, director, and stage manager, adapts the play and makes sure that the production meets with the approval of the playwright-financier. It is also responsible for picking the leading actor, who must be *persona grata* to the financier. The administrative bureaucracy utilizes its expertise in looking after the technical details as well as the business end of the production." Another metaphor, used by former Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda, is that "the government is the captain and *zaikai* the compass of the ship." There are now six major *zaikai* combines, led by the Mitsubishi, Mitsui, and Sumitomo conglomerates, and they are direct successors of the family-owned holding corporations known as *zaibatsu*, which were broken up during the American Occupation. Allied with them are seven other major concerns, such as Nippon Steel, and eleven big "city," or private, banks, over which the Bank of Japan sits like a calm and regal mother hen, playing an even more important role than the Federal Reserve Bank does in the United States. In the pluralistic Japanese economic society, harmony and consensus are the keynotes, and while the big companies naturally compete with each other, they do so on a principle of coöperation. Few decisions affecting the nation's economic course are reached without thorough consultation among business leaders—both privately, often during dinners or in cabarets and bars, and within the Keidanren and three similar business organizations, the memberships of which conveniently overlap.

The president of the Keidanren, which consists of nearly eight hundred major companies and more than a hundred industry-wide employers' associations—such as those in the steel, chemical, and auto industries—is widely referred to in Japan as "the Prime Minister of *zaikai*," or, as the Japanese put it, of Marunouchi, the downtown

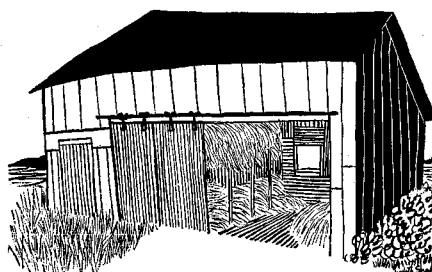
business hub of Tokyo. The current president is a remarkably active and witty seventy-eight-year-old man named Toshio Doko, who is a devout Buddhist and often gets up at four o'clock in the morning to read Buddhist scriptures before he goes to work, at seventy-three or eighty. He earned his business reputation by rescuing two firms, a shipping company and an electric-appliance company, from financial distress and turning them into highly successful enterprises, and he was helped by his organizational talents and his ability to whip up the enthusiasm of employees by establishing a close working relationship with them. Doko, who admits that he was sympathetic to the Communists as a young man, has always favored closer economic ties with the Soviet Union as well as with the United States. He has been head of the Keidanren since May, 1974, and it was he who arranged for the organization to stop assessing member corporations to fund the Liberal Democrats. In a speech I heard him make, Doko expressed his liberal philosophy by placing the support of the Keidanren behind the government's policy, announced by several government agencies and leading politicians, of restructuring Japanese industry and building nonpolluting, resource-conserving enterprises to support a welfare state under conditions of a slower annual growth rate—between four and seven per cent, instead of the ten per cent or more to which the country had been accustomed in the sixties.

THE governmental bureaucracy of Japan has played a unique historical role through its enduring capacity for what Professor Yanaga calls "executive supremacy." Often caught in the middle between the multiple demands of businessmen and politicians, and sometimes immobilized by tensions between them, it has at the same time a flexibility and a rigidity that have helped it survive for two thousand years. Sometimes creative and innovative, it can also be unimaginative and constrained, and, like most bureaucracies, it works within a huge web of

red tape. But day in and day out it acts as the balance wheel of Japan's successful consensus system. Unlike most other bureaucracies, including the American one, it has virtually no turnover, and, being a thoroughly professional body, with its own set standards and ways, it does not welcome advice from outsiders and seldom—far too seldom, its critics maintain—seeks the views of academics or other specialists. The present Prime Minister, Takeo Miki, may change this somewhat, inasmuch as he has stressed the need for consulting scholars on important matters.

During the seven years of the Occupation, ending in 1952, the government bureaucracy, having survived the American-directed purges better than the politicians and businessmen, acted as the middleman between them and the Occupation authorities. Subsequently, as the *zaikai* gained new power, the government ministries, especially the Finance Ministry and later the Ministry of International Trade and Industry, came to create policies and administrative machinery that served the purposes of the business world. Nowadays, when legislation is required it is the bureaucrats of the thirteen principal ministries who prepare it and guide it through the Diet, between a third and a half of whose membership is composed of ex-bureaucrats. The Japanese economic machine has become so complex that the experts of the bureaucracy are given virtually free rein to control much of it, both administratively and legislatively—the former by means of periodic "administrative guidance," a euphemistic phrase for a directive that is tantamount to an order. In addition to drafting most of the bills for the Diet, the bureaucrats prepare the draft of the national budget, as well as government contracts and other documents. They do all the detailed planning for which the Japanese have such a predilection, and then they write constant summaries of how and why the plans have succeeded or failed, the process being a neatly self-perpetuating one.

The pervasive influence of the bureaucracy is attested to by the fact that most of Japan's twelve postwar Prime Ministers have been ex-bureaucrats. (Prime Minister Kakuei Tanaka was a notable exception, being a self-made businessman without a college education, but he fell from power at the end of 1974 as a result of the recession and a scandal involving his financial operations and private life. His successor, Miki, has had considerable bureaucratic



experience, though he is essentially considered a politician.) For some twenty years now, the Japanese power structure has functioned smoothly, with its three principal components each playing what appears to a visitor to be an almost ordained role. But in long talks I had with scores of bureaucrats and politicians I came away convinced that, while the system will undoubtedly go on functioning, it will have to either alter itself or be altered if it is to cope with the new challenges Japan faces at home and abroad. These include not only the creation of a more welfare-oriented society, which everyone agrees is necessary, but an adjustment to the multipolar world Japan is now being forced by circumstances and events to accept. The present inability to meet these challenges is due partly to the rigidity that is the backbone of the vertical society—the intricate mechanism of organization structured on passive obedience and respect for one's superiors, as well as on promotion by slow stages on the basis of age and rank rather than merit. Inevitably, this has precluded the sort of cross-fertilization that enables bold new ideas to be implemented—one hears such ideas expressed, but they remain unexplored for many reasons, one of which has been the signal lack of sufficient private or public research facilities, although this is now being remedied. The tendency within the bureaucracy is for each new problem to be considered in turn, passed up and down the administrative ladder, discussed and re-discussed in endless committee meetings, and at last brought to a point of decision by consensus, after being narrowed down in scope instead of broadened. Varied options are thus discarded in favor of a single central emphasis—which may not turn out to be the most relevant or most useful one—and risks or unorthodox opinions are seldom accepted. Finally, the best of the long-range plans, such as those of the Economic Planning Agency, are either ignored by the major operating ministries or utilized by them for their own purposes, in what often becomes a contest among the ministries and their political-minded chiefs. The bureaucrats thus lack a total view of the society, some younger members of which are expressing dissatisfaction with the restraints and formalities of the tight corporate system. One Japanese I know, an educator and writer, put it metaphorically when, referring to the frequent earthquake shocks the country suffers—there were four when I was there—he said, "We are capable of



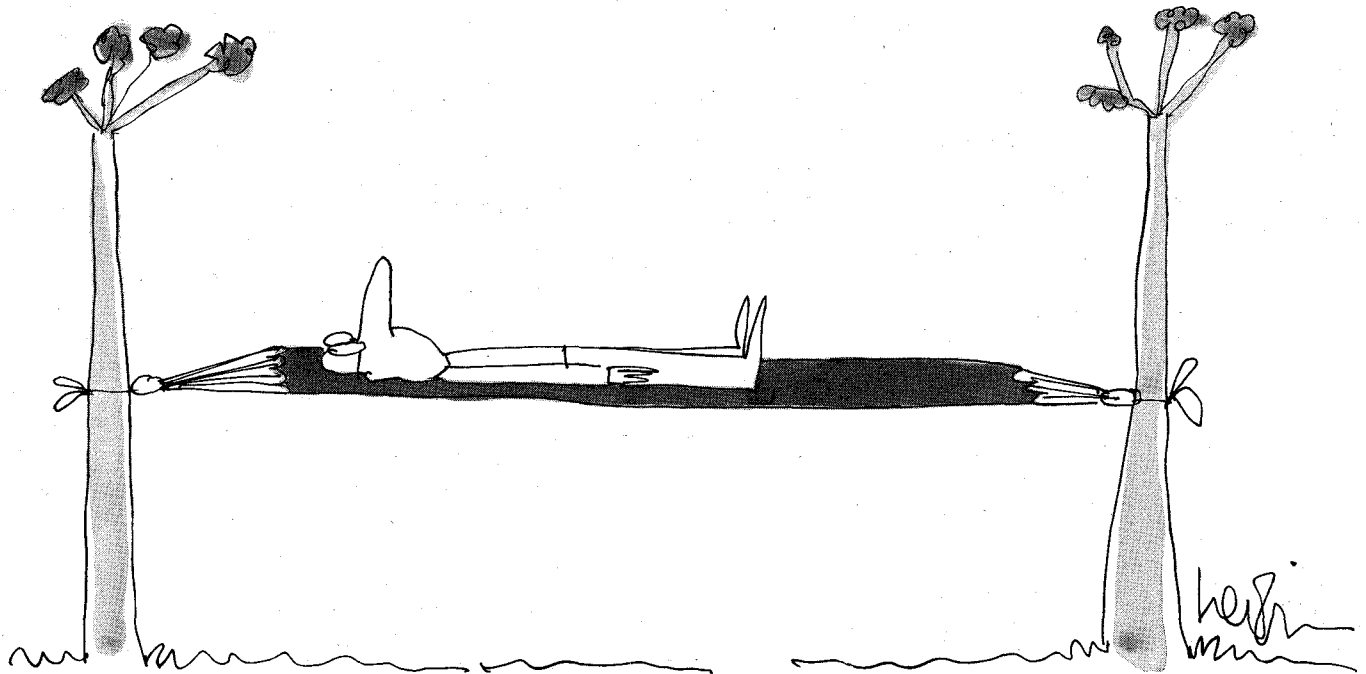
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WITH such a tremendous concentration of money and power in Tokyo, where virtually all important decisions in business, politics, and administration are made, it is no accident that three other major institutions of the country are also centered there. These are the media, including the six biggest newspapers and the main television stations, as well as scores of magazines; the big labor unions; and the principal universities, headed by the prestigious Tokyo University. The press, always part of the establishment in modern Japan, did not gain freedom of expression until after the Second World War. Even then, because a lack of newsprint forced the papers to remain small tabloids, its influence, while growing, was restricted, and it did not come into its own until after the Korean War, when newsprint became more plentiful and ardent competition began among the three major dailies—*Asahi*, *Mainichi*, and *Yomiuri*. Despite this contest for millions of readers, the Japanese press operates with as much rigidity as the rest of the system. There is, notably, little investigative reporting, and criticism of the government is frequent but bland; until a monthly magazine delved into Tanaka's wealth, it was inconceivable that the press was even remotely capable of uncovering something comparable to Watergate. This is due in large part to the so-called "press-club

system," whereby reporters who cover the Prime Minister and the various ministries work together, channelling the news—deciding who will be allowed to cover stories, what information reaches the public, and even which questions may be asked at news conferences—in order to prevent "excessive competition." "No reporter here can stray from the establishment without being shot down," one of my newspaper friends says. "The attitude of the press is that of a rich man's son who is allowed to make a certain amount of polite criticism of the family and its fortune. The press knows its limits in this authoritarian society. It certainly isn't strong enough to topple a government, and it makes no pretense of ever wanting to. It plays essentially a gadfly role, which is useful but limited. It creates a lot of fake issues and sets up clay pigeons."

As for television, it involves itself in even fewer controversial issues than the newspapers do. The commercial channels are primarily devoted to often erotic entertainment, including scatological jokes and risqué skits, to interminable talk and audience-participation programs, and to sumo wrestling, baseball, and other sports. The government's Japan Broadcasting Corporation, or NHK, which runs perhaps the most efficient as well as the most technically advanced public-television organization in the world, presents plenty of news and some analysis but does not permit its staff to express any opinions.

THE Japanese labor movement, one of the largest and most paternalistic in the world, has some twelve

million members, almost half of whom belong to the most militant of four national federations, the General Council of Japanese Trade Unions, or Sohyo. Though not as radical as they were in the immediate postwar years, when predecessor groups were controlled by the Communists, many of the unions that are part of Sohyo or work with it, such as the teachers' union, are still Marxist-oriented, and Sohyo as a whole gravitates ideologically toward the left-wing Socialists, who in the political spectrum are often closer to the Communists than to the right-wing Socialists. (The latter in recent months have, for reasons of political expediency, allowed themselves to be won over by Prime Minister Miki on a number of controversial issues.) Where Sohyo believes in utilizing political struggle to achieve economic gains, the more moderate Japanese Workers' Confederation, or Domei—which, with nearly two and a quarter million members, is the second-most-influential of the four major federations—is in favor of democratic unionism and is more willing than Sohyo to work out compromises with management. Regardless of established attitudes, during the 1974 spring labor offensive six million three hundred thousand workers, either affiliated with the federations or belonging to independent local unions, combined to conduct the most effective short strikes in years. The resulting thirty-three-per-cent average wage increases did much to worsen inflation. This year's *shunto*, in deference to the slow state of the economy, was brief and quiet, and the subsequent wage increases averaged only about thirteen per cent.

Since the Japanese unions are organized by company units, rather than horizontally on an industry-wide basis, as in the United States and Europe, the annual spring offensives are primarily a political-pressure exercise, and final negotiations are worked out between individual companies and unions. Increasingly over the past years, however, the federations as such have conducted broad campaigns to increase benefits for workers, and at the same time they have sought to establish the right of public employees to strike for such benefits as well as for higher wages—a concession the government still has not granted.

In a long talk I had with Makoto Ichikawa, the chairman of Sohyo, he emphasized the wide range of the federation's continuing objectives. "Japan's welfare program compares very unfavorably with those of Western European countries," he said, going on to assert his conviction, which has long been part of Sohyo's platform, that Japan is spending too much on maintaining the Self-Defense Forces, and that the danger continues to exist of Japan's becoming a military power whose troops could be used overseas as part of an Asia-wide anti-Communist defense effort. Ichikawa said he was against any sort of coalition with the Liberal Democrats, and criticized some right-wing Socialists for suggesting such an "innovationist government." "The Socialist Party is passing through a difficult phase right now," he said. "But it should do its utmost to gain political leadership for the sake of the farmers and the workers." There are many opposition-party voters in Japan today who, while they are essentially conservative and believe in the free-enterprise system, are turning against the weakened Liberal Democrats for a variety of reasons, including insufficient welfare programs and money-bought elections. These voters, urged on by the labor unions and the burgeoning consumer-protest movements, cast ballots for the Socialists or Communists, for Komeito (the Clean Government Party, sponsored by Soka Gakkai, the largest Buddhist organization in the country), or for the smaller Democratic Socialist Party, which broke away from the Socialists in 1960. These votes are essentially expressions of discontent over the welfare and corruption issues as well as over the more immediate one of inflation. In recent months, under the "reform administration" of Prime Minister Miki, this trend has been somewhat reversed, but it is too soon yet to tell whether the Liberal Democratic Party's pledges of

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The third Tokyo institution with vast national influence is Tokyo University, or Todai for short, whose alumni, it is often said, run Japan. Seven of the country's twelve postwar Prime Ministers were graduated from Todai—a nationally financed institution—along with approximately a third to a half of the ranking members of the bureaucracy and a high proportion of the top business executives. Considering the fact that there are more than a hundred state and public universities in the country, and nearly three hundred private ones, this is an inordinately high percentage, and the influence of Todai far exceeds that of Oxford and Cambridge in England or of the Ivy League universities in America. In recent years, one of the few other institutions with anywhere near this influence has been Kyoto University, though many of the better private universities, such as Keio and Waseda, also in Tokyo, have trained leading businessmen as well as senior executives of various ministries. Founded in 1877 as Tokyo University, and renamed Tokyo Imperial University in 1897, Todai was designed to create an administrative élite for government service, and although in the postwar period a growing number of students from poor families have been able to pass its difficult entrance examinations—the toughest in the country—by far the majority of students are still sons and daughters of the rich and powerful, and, inevitably, they intermarry. Particularly influential are graduates of the Todai law school, who have been the dominant force in the Japanese power hierarchy for decades. On many occasions through the years, a man fully qualified to hold a high post in government or business has been rejected simply because he was not a Todai graduate.

ONE brilliant Todai graduate, Nobusuke Kishi, became Prime Minister of Japan in February, 1957, when Tanzan Ishibashi, a progressive, international-minded man who, according to historians, might have changed the whole course of Japanese politics had he served longer, became ill after only nine weeks in office. Kishi was the most conservative postwar Prime Minister Japan has had, and many Japanese regarded him as a right-wing reactionary. A prewar bureaucrat, who had held the second-highest civilian job in the Japanese puppet government of Manchukuo (Manchuria), Japan's major overseas conquest of the nineteen-thirties, he was subsequently a



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member of the Cabinet of General Hideki Tojo and co-signed the declaration of war against the United States. During the war, he played an important part in running the military economy. When the Occupation began, he was held as a war criminal and, though never tried, served three and a half years in Sugamo prison. After he was formally depurged, in 1952, when the peace treaty went into effect, he joined the Liberal Party of Prime Minister Shigeru Yoshida, the dominant figure during the first period of Japanese postwar politics. Kishi, however, turned against Yoshida and switched to the camp of Ichiro Hatoyama, who took over from Yoshida in 1954, with Kishi's help.



One of the principal engineers of the merger that created the Liberal Democratic Party, Kishi combined technical and administrative brilliance with a strong belief that the central government should be all-powerful in guiding Japan. He had an instinctive ability to smell out the sources of power, and gained the support of the most important conservative business leaders, but at the same time he was astute enough to adopt some Socialist goals, establishing, among other things, a health-insurance system and increasing social-security benefits. He is now seventy-eight years old but as sharp and as spry as ever and still a force in the Liberal Democratic Party. In a long, illuminating talk I had with him in his downtown Tokyo office, he told me that he thought, in retrospect, that the Japanese economy had grown too fast, not only during his tenure but especially afterward. "I was actually an advocate of a stable growth rate of about eight per cent a year," he said, "but the boy was fed too much and got too fat. One of the results has been the assumption in Japan that money can buy anything and everything. We have to recover the old Japanese virtues of thrift and saving, as well as develop our own resources—particularly in agriculture. The people's sense of morality has been badly neglected. What we need is some thorough soul-searching, because we attained economic prosperity without enough spiritual development."

Kishi's comments are particularly interesting in the light of his own failure as Prime Minister to achieve some of the "moral reform" he favored but others strongly opposed. The struggle was notably brought to a head by his efforts to force through a new system whereby teachers in all ele-

mentary and secondary schools would be rated by their superiors according to ability, aptitude, and attitude, and to introduce moral education in the schools—an issue that is still an important and unresolved one in Japan. The Japan Teachers Union fought Kishi's plans bitterly, and this led to a number of teachers' strikes throughout the country, some of which were violent and resulted in injuries to school principals. Eventually, a national rating system was dropped in favor of a compromise whereby local districts could decide how to handle the problem. Another issue over which Kishi ran into trouble was law enforcement. He tried to ram a bill through the Diet, in the fall of 1958, to increase the

powers of the police by, among other things, giving them the right to search individuals for concealed weapons and to take "preventive" steps to forestall crimes and disorders. Though some improvement of the police system was needed, the reaction throughout Japan, which was expressed by the left wing and the trade unions particularly but by many intellectuals and other leaders of public opinion as well, was that such a measure would pave the way for the reestablishment of a police state. The day after Kishi's supporters finagled a thirty-six day extension of the Diet session in order to force the bill through, a huge general strike of four million workers took place, and when the Socialists refused to participate in further discussions of the measure the bill failed to pass.

Less than two years later, in the spring of 1960, Kishi faced his greatest struggle, which concerned revision of the 1951 security treaty with the United States, and this time his steamroller tactics forced his resignation. The treaty issue involved not only the sharpest confrontation between left- and right-wing elements since the end of the war but the basic and still continuing conflict between the desire of many Japanese to reestablish their full independence and the urge to maintain a close relationship with their American tutors and protectors. Kishi's position was that the continuation of the close relationship with the United States came first. A year before the treaty-revision question came to a head, a mass movement to assert and defend Japan's neutrality began—a movement dating back to the mid-fifties, when popular campaigns against rearmament and nuclear testing gained momentum after the Fukuryu Maru incident, in which a crew member of a Japanese



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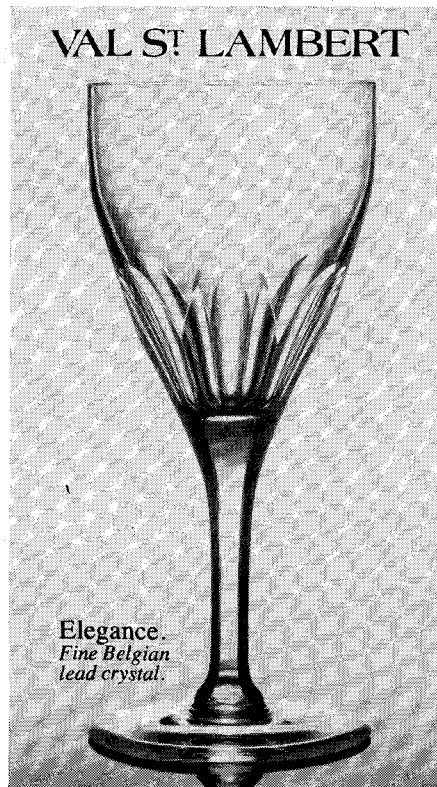
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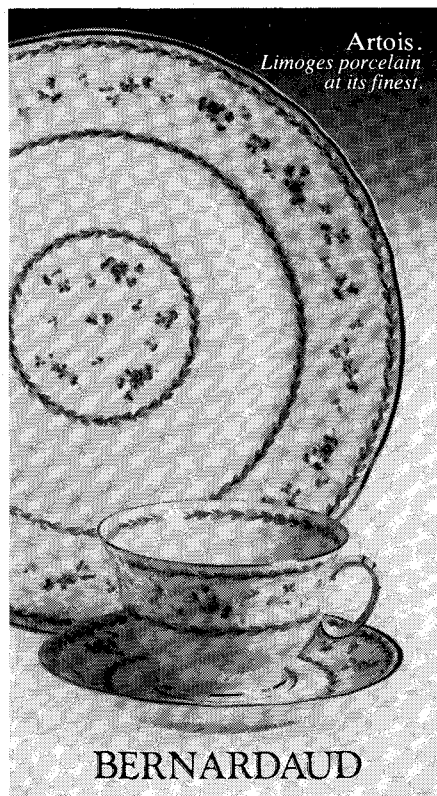
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fishing boat of that name died from the effects of an American hydrogen-bomb test on the island of Bikini. Now scores of organizations expressing a variety of opposition-party grievances were formed throughout the country. The dominant force was Sohyo. As negotiations with Washington continued during 1959 and into 1960, the Americans, in fact, backed down on many of their demands, including a proposal that Japan join in defending the western Pacific, and by the time the revised treaty was ready for signing, the clauses in the old treaty that the left wing objected to most—among them an almost unilateral right of freedom of action for large numbers of Japan-based American troops—had been modified or removed. In addition, it was agreed that after 1970 the new treaty could be terminated with a year's notice by either party.

Regardless of such concessions, opposition to close military ties with the United States continued; it was encouraged on May 1, 1960, when an American U-2 spy plane based in Turkey was shot down by the Russians over Soviet soil. The United States Air Force said that similar planes based in Japan were only weather planes, but a general fear grew that one way or another Japan might be dragged into war by the United States. Kishi was determined to get the treaty approved by the Diet by May 20th—a month before President Eisenhower was due to visit the country. Though the press had turned strongly against him, most Japanese seemed either to favor the treaty's extension or not to care what happened to it, so Kishi drove ahead mercilessly and forced a vote of approval through the Lower House of the Diet amid partisanship so intense that there were physical struggles among members. The reaction to what was condemned as Kishi's total violation of democratic principles led to a general strike of more than five and a half million workers and a demonstration outside the Diet by nearly six million students and union members, in which one girl was killed. Eisenhower's visit was postponed indefinitely, but Kishi, now also widely condemned for the actions of the police, was finished. In a famous press conference shortly before he announced his intention to quit after the treaty became law, he said, in a remark prophetic of Richard Nixon's later references to a "silent majority," "I think that we must also incline our ears to the voiceless voices. What we hear now are only the audible voices—that is all." In a frank admission of er-

ror, Kishi told me, in my talk with him, "I should have dismissed the Diet sooner, waited until tempers died down, and allowed the people to express their opinion in a new election."

THE experience had been a traumatic one for the Japanese, and after it was over they wanted a period of calm and of fresh concentration on what they were best at—rapid economic growth. The man who took Kishi's place as Prime Minister, Hayato Ikeda, was ideally suited for that pursuit. Where Kishi was the last of the prewar old guard, Ikeda was a representative of the postwar world. A favorite of the *zaikai*, he was at the same time a more gregarious, outgoing person, a Kyoto University graduate with a precise, mathematical mind. As one Japanese political friend of mine put it, "after the Harvard-Yale types from Todai, Ikeda was the man from Detroit." He believed in conciliation and moved quickly to heal the wounds from the bitter treaty battle. Perhaps most important, he listened to and followed the advice of an exceptionally able bureaucratic brain trust he gathered around him, which conceived an "income-doubling" policy, whereby the Japanese people would double their incomes in a decade. The principal authors of the policy were two brilliant economists named Osamu Shimomura and Saburo Okita. The government had officially begun to adopt economic planning in 1955, when a five-percent annual growth rate was projected. This had soon been revised upward to six and a half per cent, and now Shimomura and Okita projected a rate of seven or eight per cent as "a feasible and realistic target to advance toward the outstanding improvement of the people's living standard and the attainment of full employment." As it developed, the average rate of growth for the first four years after 1960 was eleven and a half per cent, despite a recession in 1962, and, as would prove the case with most of the never-ending series of plans projected, the income-doubling policy was revised upward. After another recession in 1965, when, as during the previous one, the rapidly developing economy became "overheated" and had to be briefly slowed by government credit restrictions and other means, the country's average yearly growth was 12.5 per cent from 1966 through 1969. The long-term economic plan had five major goals, as outlined by Okita. They were to improve basic public facilities, including roads, water and sewage systems, and

harbors; to hasten the development of a more highly industrialized economy by emphasizing light industry primarily but also such strategic heavy sectors as chemicals and machinery; to increase exports, particularly to less developed countries, at an average rate of ten per cent a year; to place more emphasis on university courses in science and technology; and to mitigate the social and economic inequalities inherent in the traditional dual structure, which kept down the living standards of those in smaller, labor-intensive industries and created rural unemployment. As Okita told me, the plan's basic economic philosophy lay in its emphasis on importing more technology and applying it to domestic production, with the result that productivity would increase faster than either consumption or wages and thus make Japanese products more competitive at lower prices abroad. Okita, incidentally, is still among the moderate growth optimists today, while Shimomura, who used to be a supreme optimist, has become just as supreme a pessimist.

The income-doubling policy would never have succeeded had it not been for the earlier postwar reforms introduced by the Occupation—notably land reform, the breakup of the old family-owned holding companies, and the creation of a free labor-union movement. These reforms enabled Japan to make an altogether fresh start without remorse and with no exaggerated nostalgia for the past, particularly for vanished imperial glories. In fact, the loss of colonies and demilitarization enabled the country to save at least seven per cent of its national income, which is what it was spending back in the mid-thirties to support its Army, Navy, and Air Force. Even now, although the cost of weapons is rising, under the Fourth Defense Buildup Plan Japan is still spending very little of its income, proportionately, for military purposes. While the country's two-hundred-and-sixty-thousand-man force may be slightly increased (although at present there is a shortage of volunteers), most of the military experts I spoke with do not envisage the need for a larger army, though some favor the creation of a million-man reserve militia designed to resist attack until the United States could come to the rescue. Should Japan go nuclear—which, despite the ardent pacifism of the majority of the population, is altogether possible—defense costs would increase further, but it is unlikely that any efforts would be made to build up a large arsenal of nu-

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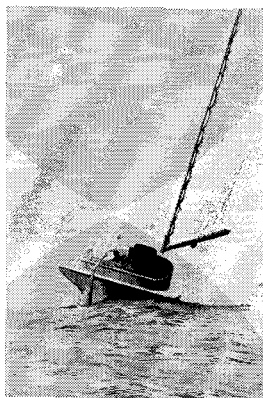
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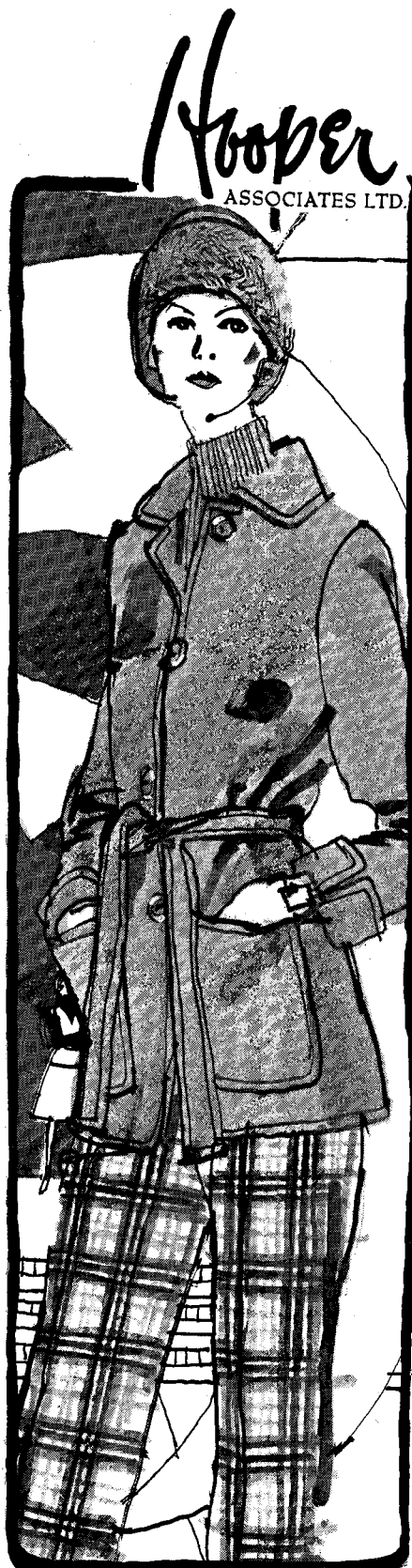
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clear weapons. Japan, it is felt, is too small and vulnerable for that. What is spoken of more often is a small nuclear-submarine fleet with missiles.

Although the economy remained free, the Japanese adapted themselves unprotestingly to government direction and planning, with the result that the consensus system functioned like a well-adjusted clock. New techniques and technological innovations were eagerly adopted from abroad and utilized by the Japanese for the development of an ever-wider variety of industries. As one line of products peaked out, or ran into serious competition, another was carefully explored, tested, and developed, sometimes, as was the case with small autos, over a period of several years. Widespread educational opportunities were taken advantage of as the standard of living rose, and parents pushed their children up the ladder of the new meritocracy, in which a college degree was regarded as an assurance of lifetime employment in a good company. As competition increased, so did investment financed by the banks, which loaned out funds, including the abundant savings of ordinary people, at an extraordinary pace. The average Japanese firm, big or small, depended on such credit for between sixty and eighty per cent of its capital. This unique financial mechanism continued to be carefully controlled by the Bank of Japan whenever the economy became too hot and had to be cooled down. As domestic demand increased with higher wages, so did foreign demand for better Japanese products at reasonable prices, and the range of exports expanded quickly to include more high-quality consumer goods, such as cameras and electronic devices, and then heavy industrial products, such as steel and ships. The international climate for most of these exports was consistently favorable, and as trade increased around the world Japan became the chief beneficiary, despite a strict policy of limiting imports. The "economy first" principle adopted by both government and business meant that official policy was always oriented to more production, fed by more and more imported raw materials, while the low value of the yen gave the busy Japanese an added competitive advantage. Productivity became a higher goal than profits as Japan competed in more and more fields, and individual ambitions were subjugated to the greater good of raising the gross national product, which by the nineteen-seventies was third only to that of the United States and the Soviet

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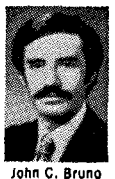
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Union, reaching four hundred billion dollars. Exceeding production targets was considered a duty by all elements of the society, and invading foreign markets with more and more goods became, in effect, a holy crusade; the fact that this frequently made the Japanese unpopular did little to slow them down. By the mid-sixties, Japan had become a creditor nation. The description "Japan, Inc.," came to be commonly used to describe the national purpose and achievement, and one American management consultant, James Abegglen, wrote that the term denoted "a special kind of corporation: a conglomerate in United States terms... a *zaibatsu* of *zaibatsu*." All this was steadily stimulated by the extraordinary system of company and group loyalty and by promotion and retirement schemes that reinforced the vertical structure, both in private business and in the bureaucracy. The sense of national discipline remained paramount, and visitors to Japan as well as foreigners doing business there came to feel as if they were all caught in a vast assembly line moving ever forward as the computers clicked away.

The affluence of the nineteen-sixties manifested itself in many ways in Japan. With more money to spend, the Japanese began to enjoy themselves with a sense of abandon they had never displayed before, buying vast amounts of consumer goods, packing movie houses and night clubs, and taking trips around the country and abroad—invariably, as is their way, in groups. The 1964 Olympics in Tokyo symbolized the new national success, and the Japanese prepared for them with their customary vigor and zeal, building a fine new stadium and superhighways. At the same time, they were buying thousands of color television sets, as well as the other new treasures of that period, cars and air-conditioners. The games were a way for them to display their prosperity and achievement to the rest of the world, and they took full advantage of the opportunity. But there were problems, too. Rapid growth had brought about a sharp increase in the size of the major cities—particularly Tokyo, Osaka, and Nagoya—and as more and more young people left the rural areas farming began to be carried on by women and grandparents; only because of improved mechanization and technology could productivity be maintained. The government rice monopoly kept raising the price paid to farmers to avoid a



further decline in the rural population, and by 1967 rice cost consumers twice as much as it had a decade earlier, and twice what it cost abroad. In the overcrowded cities, housing was extremely short, and while the government started building large housing projects in 1964, two years after that a third of those polled by the Ministry of Construction complained about a lack of living space. Air, water, and noise pollution increased rapidly in the industrial cities, reaching a danger point and forcing the government to pass strict new measures to control them. As roads, most of them still far too narrow to carry the great increase in traffic, became more crowded, both pollution and accidents multiplied.

The day after the Olympics ended, Ikeda resigned, because he was ill with cancer. He was succeeded by Eisaku Sato, who was, in fact, the younger brother of Kishi; the difference in names originated when Kishi was adopted by his wife's family, which had no male heir—this being a common practice in Japan. Sato's coming to power represented another one of those subtle pendulum swings that have characterized Japanese postwar politics, this time back to a more conservative position. After his graduation from Todai, Sato had served for twenty-four years in the Ministry of Railways, starting out as a ticket puncher; he entered politics in 1948, as Chief Cabinet Secretary under Yoshida. In no sense an innovator like Ikeda, he was an extremely cautious man and a highly able political strategist who, if he lacked brilliant ideas, knew how to adapt and carefully apply those of others, always with a

finger to the political wind. Though he served nearly eight years—longer than any other postwar Prime Minister—he failed to come to grips with the new problems of urbanization,

which were beginning to affect the popularity of the Liberal Democrats. Their traditional rural support was losing importance as the drift to the cities increased, and some of the opposition parties, including the new Komeito, were making inroads into the Liberal Democrats' power.

Sato died this June, but before that I was lucky enough to have two talks with him at his spacious house in Tokyo, where he had lived for thirty years. He spoke of the danger of Japan's moving to an extreme left-wing or extreme right-wing position, but regarded the left-wing threat as far greater. Like his brother, Kishi, and



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others, he admitted that "we may have placed too much emphasis on economic growth and forgotten other vital things," though he took personal pride in having shepherded Japan through the second half of the sixties growth period and into the early seventies. He seemed to me somewhat ambivalently caught between this pride and a delayed recognition of his having failed to comprehend sooner some of the problems with which Japan is beset today. His chief accomplishment during his long tenure is generally thought to be his successful negotiation of the return of Okinawa to Japan, which took effect in 1972. Sato hailed it as "the real end of the postwar period." He told me how much he appreciated American "generosity" on this question. "While Japan should develop strong ties with all countries, a so-called policy of equidistance from the major powers will only confuse the situation," he said. "My foreign policy was based on maintaining good relations with the United States, and I learned this from my respected teacher Yoshida." Sato succeeded in reestablishing official relations with South Korea, which Ikeda had attempted to do but had not brought to a conclusion. This effort, unsurprisingly, did little to improve ties with Communist China, which Ikeda had slowly built up, especially in the economic field. As the Sato years moved on, the relationship with China deteriorated, and it was not improved until his successor, Tanaka, officially normalized relations in the fall of 1972, in the aftermath of the "Nixon shock"—the Presidential trip to Peking in February—which had deeply upset Sato and all of conservative Japan.

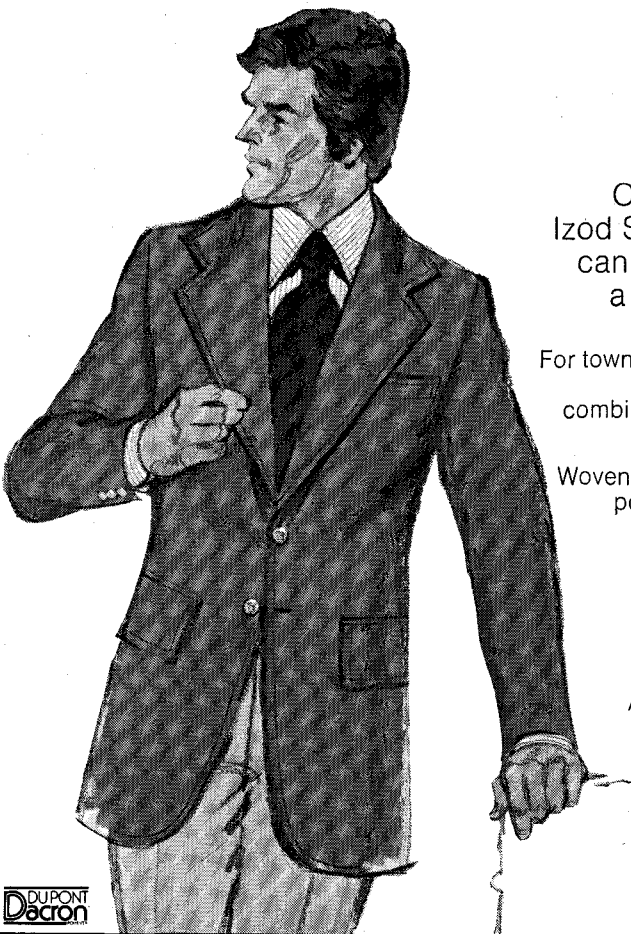
There is no doubt that Tanaka, when he took over from Sato, in July, 1972, may have played his main political trump card too soon by rushing to outdo the United States in reestablishing relations with China. By the time he had done this, an overly ambitious plan he had unveiled for "remodelling the Japanese archipelago" by dispersing industry all over the country had begun to send land prices skyrocketing, and as the world inflationary situation got worse Japan was especially hard hit—particularly by the soaring cost of oil. The ordinarily impetuous Tanaka moved too slowly to handle inflation in Japan, and failed to divert attention from his failures with trips to the Soviet Union, Western Europe, Southeast Asia, Latin America, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Nevertheless, he did make his mark with the China open-

ing, just as each of the important Prime Ministers since 1945 had accomplished one outstandingly visible thing.

THE Japanese, who since the Meiji period have never had a clear awareness of their role in the world, especially feel the need to define and implement one now, but they are having considerable difficulty doing it. Their national sense of insecurity and frustration has been increased by the uncertainty of their economic future, by their overdependence on foreign natural resources, and by an ambivalence that derives from their looking westward, particularly to the United States, for continuing support and friendship at the same time that, as Asians, they are seeking to establish a new relationship with the Chinese and the Russians and, to a more limited extent, with the Southeast Asian nations. Relations with the South Koreans became strained by a number of incidents, including an episode involving a prominent South Korean opposition politician, Kim Dae Jung, who sought refuge in Japan and was kidnapped by the South Korean C.I.A. in August, 1973; subsequently, there was an attempted assassination of President Park Chung Hee by a radical Korean who lived in Osaka. In recent weeks, though, the relationship has improved considerably; the danger of a diplomatic break has been averted, and some negotiations have been held concerning joint development of potential oil reserves in the continental shelf between the two countries. The Japanese would also like to develop better working relations with the European nations and to reach agreements with the Middle Eastern bloc, on which they depend so heavily for oil. In the past few months, the Arab nations have begun investing their petrodollars in Japanese enterprises, a move welcomed in Tokyo as long as the influx of Arab money is not too great. Unaccustomed to having to deal with so many areas and issues at once, especially when there are so many imponderables involved, the Japanese are caught between the need to assert themselves and a lingering desire to maintain the unassuming mien they have worn since 1945, and they frequently talk about trying to achieve a rather vaguely defined "middle-power status" that, in effect, would enable them to do both. The American relationship is still most important to them, but they feel that the lustre has somehow gone out of it and that it needs

revitalizing. The Americans constantly reemphasize the interdependence of the two countries and the fact that they are the world's biggest trans-oceanic trading partners, saying that the relationship requires nothing more than a little "fine tuning." The Japanese are growing more skeptical, however, and speak more and more of a "perception gap." Some of them, particularly those in the opposition parties and the young, who continue to copy American ways but no longer regard the United States as the exemplar of progress and fount of democratic virtue, would still like to see the security treaty done away with, or at least severely modified, so that Japan could pursue a more genuinely neutral foreign policy. Others, who favor retaining the deterrent force of the treaty and broadening the dialogue with the United States, are worried that the United States will continue to withdraw from the Pacific and become more isolationist, and that in a time of world economic stresses and tensions this will force Japan to go its own way, which they fear might leave it more isolated than ever. There is the possibility that sooner or later the fifty thousand American troops still in Japan will be withdrawn or drastically reduced, or that the question will at least be discussed, and that Japan's military force will have to be increased to the extent that nuclear weapons will be seriously considered.

The establishment of more or less normal relations with China and the Soviet Union has been carefully, even timidly, carried out, with an effort to maintain an impartial attitude toward the conflicts between the two Communist powers—something that may prove difficult to do indefinitely. Trade relations with China, including discussion of deals allowing the Japanese to buy considerable Chinese oil, are progressing more rapidly than those with the Soviet Union, with which schemes for joint development of resources in Siberia are being laboriously negotiated. No peace treaties have yet been signed with either country, but one with China is now nearer to completion: the sole issue between the two countries is a clause that the Chinese want concerning a joint resolve to oppose the expanded "hegemony" of a third power—obviously the Soviet Union. The treaty with the Soviet Union is more complicated, because of Moscow's continuing refusal to resolve a territorial dispute involving four small islands in the north. Because of Sino-Soviet rivalry, both the Chinese and the Rus-



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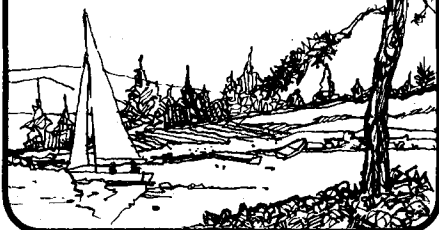


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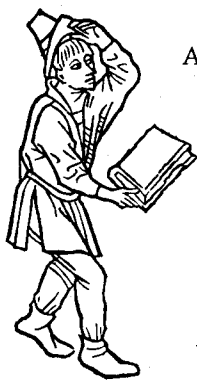
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sians have dropped their earlier strong opposition to the Japanese-American security relationship.

The Japanese are watching the evolution of the American policy of détente in order to gauge the possibilities of engaging in a more multidimensional foreign policy of their own, with regard not only to the three major powers but also to Europe. Their disinclination, or perhaps inability, to concentrate on long-range foreign-policy planning is the product not only of their long isolation and long overdependence on America but also of their lack of knowledge about most countries in the world and the structural rigidity of the bureaucratic and political system in Japan. While the Foreign Ministry (Gaimusho) is a highly able professional organization, it functions—as do the other ministries, notably the Ministry of International Trade and Industry—in its own bureaucratic void, and conflicts often result. Decisions are still made slowly and deliberately and are then passed on to the politicians in the Diet, who debate them more on the basis of emotions and party prejudice than of rational analysis. Japan's foreign policy, unlike that of the United States and other countries, is only occasionally formulated and executed by political leaders, and both bureaucrats and businessmen play a more consistently active role in it. Businessmen, for example, frequently travel to China and the Soviet Union and end up acting as quasi-diplomats. In economically oriented Japan, this is not considered strange.

ONE of the most admirable qualities of the Japanese is their capacity to recognize and admit their own shortcomings, at least to themselves. But while taking pride in this they never fail to imply, in dealing with *gaijin*, or foreigners, that they know how to surmount their difficulties better than other countries. Right now, though they have been passing through a period almost of self-flagellation, they are hoping to prove this. Having declared, in the words of an Economic White Paper issued in August, 1974, by the Economic Planning Agency, that the nation's economy "is at one of the most critical turning points in its history," they have persistently fought the rampant inflation and brought down the curve of rising wholesale and consumer prices to a level that is regarded in today's inflated world economy as "stabilization." At present, the consumer price index, for example, is rising at the rate of fourteen per cent,

A.C. BANG

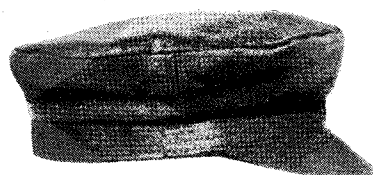
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whereas last November it was soaring at almost twice that rate. The demand for goods remains momentarily low, and people are still putting whatever money they can spare into banks.

The government of former Prime Minister Tanaka came under heavy criticism for failing to restrict the demand for goods, which far exceeded supply during the first half of 1974. Once steps were taken to create price stability through various controls, including credit curbs, industrial production began to decline sharply, as did the profits of the nation's two hundred largest corporations.

The number of bankruptcies among small and medium-sized concerns soared to more than a thousand per month. As production cuts were instituted by both large and small companies, inventories rose sharply, and many firms announced wide layoffs, eliminated overtime, and forced some employees into early retirement. Production is still twenty per cent lower than it was a year and a half ago, while unemployment has reached two per cent, or one million workers. This is the equivalent of four per cent in America, because the Japanese list as employed those who are temporarily laid off. In a country as imbued with the work ethic as Japan, the fact that for every seven jobs there are now ten applicants is considered serious. Some improvement is expected as more money from the banks becomes available and the government starts allocating funds for housing and public works, but even if fresh investment is spurred and production curves start rising, most experts are predicting a slow pattern of advance. Deputy Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda says, "The economy is now stepping on tiptoe on the path to recovery," but it is generally agreed that the ground beneath remains slippery and dangerous.

Though the Japanese have the advantage of being able to control their economy far more systematically than can be done in the United States and other more truly laissez-faire societies, they are also, as an overseas trading nation wholly dependent on the outside world for oil and other natural resources, more at the mercy of events in the rest of the world than other countries. Their balance-of-payments position, which was the worst of any major industrial nation two years ago, has recently improved, and the yen has become stronger vis-à-vis the dollar, though somewhat weaker in relation to the Deutsche mark, but Jap-



anese exports have become more expensive at the same time that imports have been cut. The balance between the two remains tenuous, and the continuing high price of oil places a steady burden on the already strained financial structure. What industrial growth does take place must be pollution-free, the ministries concerned keep insisting. The government continues to stress the need for more of a social-welfare society, emphasizing housing and recreational facilities especially, but whether a country so long accustomed to high growth rates can readily adjust itself to a more modest formula remains debatable. The days of cheap and abundant labor

are over, and the technological advantages the nation has enjoyed for so many years are now more limited. The opportunities for heavy capital investment are far fewer than they used to be, and lower profits may further reduce the corporate incentive to invest. Under these circumstances, and given the uncertain over-all economic outlook, the growth rate for the fiscal year 1975 is not expected to exceed three or four per cent, and many outside experts are predicting less than that, or even another year of minus growth. In 1974, the rate of growth was minus one and eight-tenths per cent compared to 1970—which the Japanese arbitrarily set as their official base year in order to make the picture look better. It was minus nearly four per cent compared to 1965, the theretofore used base year.

Growing social tensions and instability, and what is likely to be an era of political confrontation and perhaps diminishing consensus, are likely to make it harder for the traditional relationship among business leaders, bureaucrats, and politicians to be maintained. The future of the Liberal Democratic Party is freely admitted to be more uncertain than at any time in the past two decades. The so-called reform administration of Prime Minister Miki, established after the overthrow of Tanaka late last fall, is surviving so far—despite the fact that Miki's base of support in the Party is relatively weak—primarily because the more powerful conservative leaders of the Party realize that he is indispensable as a corrective influence after Tanaka's departure in something like disgrace, and because he is personally popular. Tanaka was ousted for a combination of reasons, including his personal and political spending habits and his failure to come to grips sooner than he did



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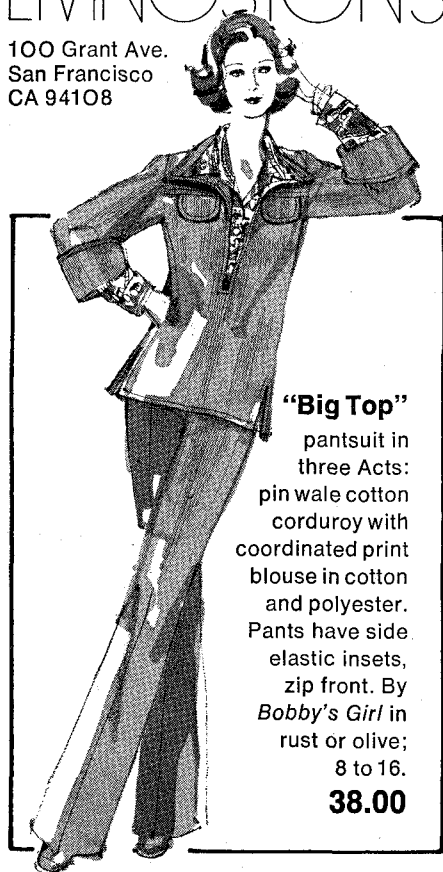
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with the economic crisis. The "mini-Watergate," as it has been called, that finally shoved him out of power was a strange affair with ironic overtones. It began when a highly respected Japanese monthly, *Bungei Shunju*, last October published a fifty-one-page article detailing Tanaka's complex financial operations and his personal involvements with several women. When the story appeared, the rest of the Japanese press, typically, paid no attention; it was only after *Newsweek's* Tokyo correspondent, Bernard Krisher, broke the story and two other American publications, the *Baltimore Sun* and the *Washington Post*, picked it up that the Japanese papers, led by the daily *Yomiuri* (which translated the *Washington Post* article), made the scandal public knowledge in Japan. A week or so later, Tanaka lost his temper during a question period following a speech at the Foreign Correspondents Club in Tokyo, and he was all but finished. He went off on a trip to Australia, New Zealand, and Burma, hoping the scandal would subside, but it didn't, and other Party leaders privately agreed among themselves that he would be allowed to remain in office only long enough to greet President Ford when Ford visited Japan at the end of November. He was then forced to resign. A Party elder, Etsusaburo Shiina, was appointed to pick a successor, and, to the surprise of most political leaders as well as the public, Miki was chosen, mainly because other candidates failed to establish firm positions. This choice also averted a serious confrontation between Takeo Fukuda and Masayoshi Ohira, the leaders of the L.D.P.'s two main factions. To keep the consensus system going, Fukuda then agreed to stay on as Miki's deputy and, in effect, as the chief economic strategist of the new Cabinet; Ohira continued as Finance Minister.

In a long talk I had with Miki shortly before he became Prime Minister, he made clear his intention of devoting himself to the "self-rectification and reform" of the Liberal Democratic Party, which he said had been in power so long that it had become "stagnant and inert." He thus put himself squarely behind many of the younger leaders who want to replace the older ones on a nonfactional and less contentious basis. Miki expressed the belief that "we should say farewell to slogans and slogan-ridden politics, because people want concrete improvements in their lives—better schools and hospitals and public services

as well as housing." Political parties in Japan have been "too ideologically oriented," Miki added, and he said, "Basic structural changes are needed in government and politics to deal with the problems we are facing. All the parties will have to become more realistic and specific in their views, and less extreme." In talks I had with other Party leaders, both young and old, they agreed with Miki that reform is necessary and emphasized that, as one of the veterans put it, "the gravitational center of the Party, which has always shifted over the years, must no longer be based on the stronger and richer elements of the society but on the average person." By that,

he meant the amorphous middle class, especially in the cities, to which most Japanese now feel they belong.

One of Miki's main domestic aims—to push through a new anti-trust law—was blocked in the Diet this spring, but a bill to curb the political spending of big business and the powerful Party factions, which he also favored, was finally passed in modified form. In April, Japan held important local elections for seventeen prefectural governorships, three mayoralities, and hundreds of prefectural-assembly posts. The Liberal Democrats, who had won eight special elections earlier this year, did reasonably well in the voting, winning twelve of the governorships and a majority of the prefectural-assembly seats. Despite L.D.P. defeats in contests for the governorships of Tokyo and Osaka, the results were encouraging for Miki.

If the Prime Minister can maintain his reformist stance in the face of right-wing threats—such as that represented by Shintaro Ishihara, who was defeated in the Tokyo election—and hold his own in the elections for the Lower House of the Diet sometime next year, he is likely to remain in power for the next three years. Miki's problem is to stay one jump ahead of his rivals in his own party. Both Fukuda and Ohira still aspire to the Prime Ministership, though both are getting old. Fukuda has continued to support Miki, though Ohira seems to be wavering. Tanaka is still leading a faction of his own, which has gained strength lately, and he seems to be putting his chips on Ohira, with the idea, presumably, of one day playing a big behind-the-scenes role. Yasuhiro Nakasone, a right-wing leader of another major faction, has been adroitly neutralized by Miki, who made him secretary-general of the L.D.P., but Nakasone is younger and

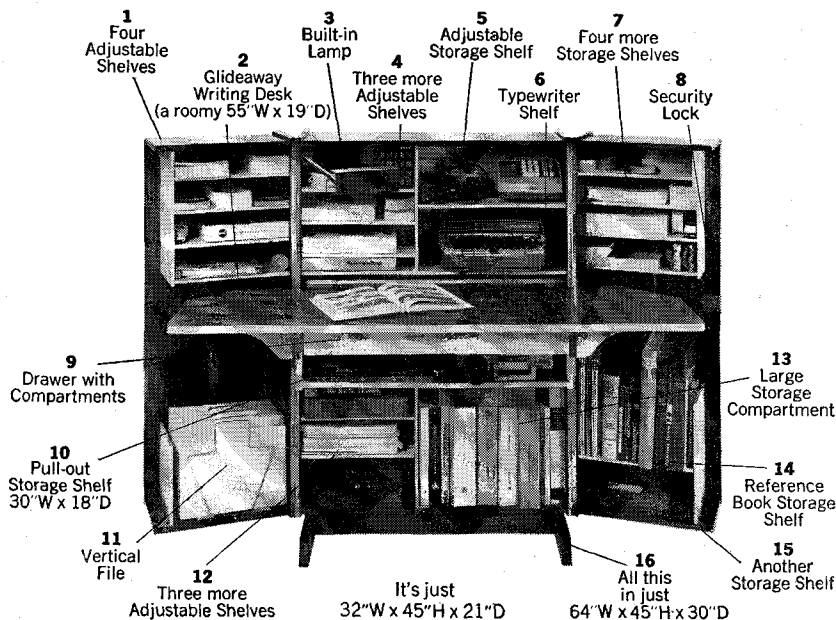
is content to let Miki stay in office for three, or even six, years, so he can be the leading candidate after that, when Fukuda and Ohira pass from the active political scene. Still younger elements, notably the dynamic, liberal-minded Yohei Kono, in his late thirties, are bidding their time but definitely loom on the more distant horizon as likely Prime Ministerial candidates.

In his peculiar role, Miki has had to tread carefully. Aware of his own lack of factional strength, and of the unpopularity of his domestic-reform ideas among ultra-conservative Liberal Democrats, he has stressed foreign-policy issues—one of which, the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, will be taken up in a special session of the Diet in September, along with government-revenue measures. Miki is visiting the United States this month, in advance of a historic trip by Emperor Hirohito and his wife in the first two weeks of October. If he can arrive in the role of a statesman and negotiator, his political position at home will be effectively strengthened. It is a role Miki relishes, having had considerable experience as a diplomat before he became Prime Minister. He is known to have told political intimates that he envisages himself as a possible mediator in the Arab-Israeli conflict and as a global figure pursuing peace. In fact, if he succeeds in this area he may be content to let Fukuda eventually be Prime Minister while he becomes Foreign Minister—he has made some private allusions to Lord Home, the British peer who became Foreign Secretary after having been Prime Minister.

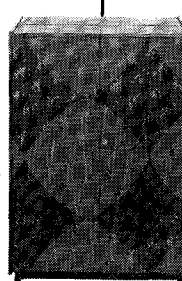
While it is still unlikely that the Liberal Democrats will lose out to the opposition in the next elections for the Lower and Upper Houses—they are weaker in the Upper House, but the next election there is not scheduled until the summer of 1977—the Party is obviously in a difficult transitional stage that could become a real crisis. Its chief strength is the continuing weakness of the opposition parties, which remain deeply divided among themselves, as the recent local elections demonstrated. Some realignment is bound to take place, probably between the Liberal Democrats and some of the less radical opposition elements—such as the small but still influential Democratic Socialist Party—that are willing to bargain for Cabinet posts and other perquisites of power. Miki emphasizes “dialogue and coöperation,” in the conviction that a conservative reformist coalition is as inevitable as it is desirable, not only for the salvation of the L.D.P. but

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for the welfare of the country. But even if such a coalition arrangement emerges, it remains uncertain whether it would last. On the other hand, if the economic situation does not improve, and real efforts to improve the people's social welfare are not undertaken, the political pendulum is bound to swing beyond the purview of the Liberal Democratic Party as it is now constituted. An increasing number of observers foresee a permanent split in the Party between its right wing and its reformist factions. Certainly the right-wingers will not easily surrender the power they have held for such a long time, but if Miki and his reformist elements can hang on, they are likely to initiate a fundamental shakeup in the Party. On the left, the Communists, though they have fewer seats in the Diet than the divided Socialists, are united in their platform and purpose and are shrewdly playing a waiting game. While they could not rule alone, they might, in the unlikely event that the Liberal Democrats fell from power, dominate a coalition embracing perhaps more than half of the Socialists and some members of Komeito.

It has become apparent to me, after many months in Japan, that not only is popular discontent with the old-line politicians rising but general social unrest could trigger serious outbreaks of protest. If some degree of prosperity is restored within a relatively short time, the potentially dangerous mood may be subdued, and people may adapt themselves to a less frenetic way of life, with economic growth no longer the sole driving concern. In any event, the almost uninterrupted success saga of the last twenty years is coming to an end, and the Japanese society seems certain to undergo some significant transformation. How much it will change, and how drastically, will depend on how satisfactorily and how soon new and convincing national goals can be found. The computers cannot produce those goals, and it remains to be seen whether the Japanese can derive fresh motivation and inspiration from their unique historic experience and ultimately restore some of the old tranquillity to their crowded islands.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

(This is the second in a series of three articles.)

She looked at him for a moment without expression, then her lips formed into a warm, seductive smile above eyes that remained coldly direct.—*"The Chameleon File,"* by Leigh James.

O.K., so she *likes* to stand on her head.

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DANCING

Sweet Love Remembered

ANTHONY TUDOR is so often spoken of as the modern master of dance pantomime that other values in his work tend to be overlooked. When he gives us, as he has this season, a modest yet substantial lyrical work with no story interest, it is taken for a departure, and in some respects it is a departure. Yet "The Leaves Are Fading" is much more a return to the enduring strengths of the classic Tudor ballets. What it requires of its dancers—subtle musicality, sustained line, clarity of nuance within a phrase—are also required by "Jardin aux Lilas" and "Pillar of Fire" and "Romeo and Juliet." The difference is that in the new work these qualities are rendered for their own interest as pure dance qualities; they're not intended to support dramatic meanings. Judging by the ballet's reception at the second performance—the ovation at the première was largely obligatory—Tudor has handed the American Ballet Theatre audience something of a jolt. The ballet is a suite of classical dances based on the theme of the pas de deux. The boy-girl relationships are flatly stated in the beginning, and they never change; the dance reveals more or less depth in some of these relationships than one might expect at first, but it develops no interest from that, and the fact that some of the girls are without partners isn't dramatically stressed. Nor is there much to be gained from the conventions of the genre the piece falls into—the "sweet love remembered" genre. Though this is a link to the classic "Proustian" Tudor, it is the weakest link of all, and in recent years, in the hands of other choreographers, it has become a cliché. Tudor has set the ballet in a forest grove and opened it with a woman's solitary walk across the stage. The woman (Kim High-ton) wears a filmy pale-green gown and sniffs a rose. When she exits, dancers in dappled shades of rose and orange wander on from the same direction. After about a half hour of dancing, the same music is played again and the opening is, in effect, repeated in reverse, with the dancers and then the solitary woman vanishing the way they came. Still young, she has autumn-tinged memories, but this little fortune-cookie sentiment doesn't affect the way we see the piece. Like the sentiment of the piece as a whole, it's only a handle on the action—a handle without much grip to it. Tudor

isn't so much concerned with nostalgia for idyllic young lovers as he is with formal tests he contrives for himself and his dancers. Some of those tests are met and some aren't.

The strongest link the piece has to Tudor's great work is its musical construction. The score consists of some unfamiliar Dvořák written for string orchestra; it never gets very emphatic or very loud, and it exerts almost no independent force. The dances closely parallel the music, but they are not carried by it. They are musically transparent and free of the music at the same time. If the floor opened and swallowed the orchestra, the dance could keep going on its own breath. Yet it is the ambience created by the interrelation of dance and music that is meant to be absorbing—and it isn't absorbing for so long a stretch of time. It's not the absence of a story that causes the trouble, although with no dramatic pressure to anchor one's attention the piece slips back into the complacency of its genre. It's just that

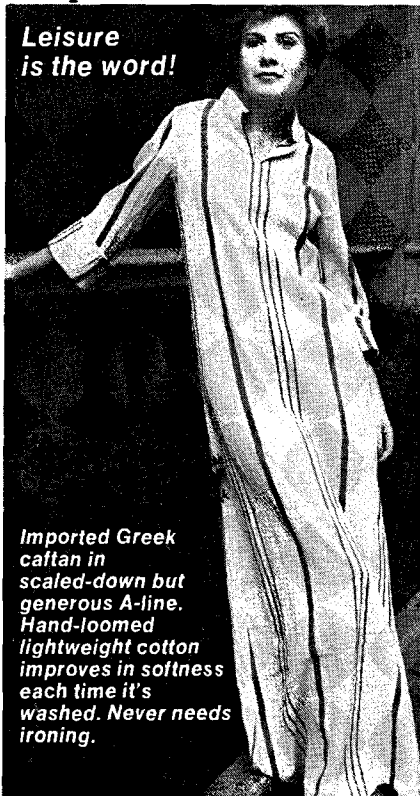
both in composition and in performance the piece is uneven. Its sensibility is wonderfully fresh and striking from the start, with an opening group dance that doesn't quite pattern. This is a Tudoresque statement, and so is another dance that soon follows, for two girls circling two couples. But the piece doesn't rise to a *major* statement until the entrance of Gelsey Kirkland, about halfway through. Kirkland and her partner, Jonas Kage, have the second of four pas de deux; they also have a solo apiece, and later another pas de deux—an adagio. It's because of these passages that the ballet will be seen and remembered—it has been more than a quarter of a century since Tudor composed like this—but the other dances, which are distinguished without being nearly so exciting, run far too long. Tudor surely knows this, and, as he hasn't cut the piece, he must be hoping it will lift in performance. Much of the material is too difficult for dancers unused to such delicacy and intricacy. Some of it—especially a waltz for four men—looks awkward rather than intricate. I hear that at the next performance the audience response was warmer. The ballet



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should stay in repertory for as long as it takes the dancers to master it or Tudor to decide that it's hopeless. It isn't a masterpiece, but in the variety of its classical dance shapes and dance sequences and in its curious musical refinement it challenges the company to a new and modern standard of expression. A.B.T. dancers have nothing else like it.

WHEN the story interest in a dramatic Tudor ballet dries up, you can usually watch the choreography for the oddity and elegance of its musical line—it can be looked at abstractly, so to speak. "Pillar of Fire" years ago went dead on me as a drama of cogency and power, but its beauty of design remained provocative until very recently. (Until this season, in fact, when it seemed to have fallen apart completely.) A large share of the credit for that must go to Sallie Wilson, an unusually musical dancer who succeeded Nora Kaye in the central role. Sallie Wilson could keep the ballet alive by a kind of musical faith. Natalia Makarova, when she took the part, dragged me back unwillingly to the drama—unwillingly because, although she revived the life of that drama, she could not persuade me that it was a part of *her* life. Makarova's Hagar was cosmically tormented; she could never have found a solacing love with the dull gentleman caller. Most dancers in Tudor ballets seem to work into their roles backward—from dramatic motivation to dance impetus to musical cue. The musical cues in a Tudor work are often diffuse, lapped over with complex harmonies of composers like Schoenberg, Delius, Mahler. One can't predict where the dance impetus will spring from, but that is what makes the dance interesting. It's what makes "Romeo and Juliet," which we never see anymore, more interesting than "Undertow," which we see all the time. In "Romeo and Juliet," the shifting accents in the Delius score were troublesome to the dancers, which may be the reason it is out of repertory. In "Undertow," set to a commissioned score by William Schuman, the orchestra keeps up a steady, page-turning parade of motifs for the drama to attach itself to, and all the drama can do is develop some meagre psychological insights, largely by way of pantomime. The pantomime is not without images of brilliance, but thirty years after the ballet was created one can still sense in it strain and fatigue, as if Tudor were struggling to redirect the energies that

had produced the miasmic "Romeo and Juliet." "Undertow" and "Dim Lustre" are comparatively simple pieces, and they look as if they were made for critics to write about. If "Dim Lustre" was "Proustian" (Tudor had been called Proustian as early as "Jardin aux Lilas," which remains his masterpiece), "Undertow," with its cross-section of a city slum and its characters with names from Greek mythology, was "Joycean;" but the critics got more wrapped up in its subject matter, which deals with the history of a sex murderer, than in literary precedents.

Tudor's eclipse since the forties has not been much written about. He remained active but worked in out-of-the-way places. In 1963, he was welcomed back to glory with a piece created for the Royal Swedish Ballet—"Echoing of Trumpets." A few years later, he did "Shadowplay" for the Royal Ballet, and it, too, was clamorously well received. The weakening of dance impetus in respect to story had occurred in Tudor's work long before. The sixties pieces showed also a collapse in respect to music. With that went the keynote of Tudor's style. "Echoing of Trumpets" and "Shadowplay" look like anybody's ballets. The anonymity of these works shocked me the first time I saw them, and when Ballet Theatre revived "Shadowplay" the week after the premiere of "The Leaves Are Fading," it shocked me again as the work of Tudor. There has always lurked within Tudor a furtiveness that could be mistaken for sensitivity; "Shadowplay" exploits that aspect to clownish lengths. It's like something done by one of his imitators. An enigma supposedly lies at the center of the ballet's events, but the events are manufactured with such coarse efficiency that long before you know you're not going to guess the secret you don't care what it is. This rusting hunk of junk jewelry was acquired for Mikhail Baryshnikov, with Fernando Bujones scheduled for two performances. Although the Boy with Matted Hair suggests Bujones more than Baryshnikov, it's really a beauty role with little dancing, and it doesn't suit either of them. Gelsey Kirkland, as the Celestial, is as poorly used as she is gratefully used in "The Leaves Are Fading." The new work is a world removed from "Shadowplay." Kirkland is more than a leading dancer in it—she's a resource. After twenty-five years, Tudor is composing again for Ballet Theatre, and to see him doing it with confidence and absorption and in such a straight-

forward manner is as much a pleasure as it is a surprise.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET and American Ballet Theatre have developed specialty acts by which to dramatize their prevailing strengths and their need of money. New York City Ballet flashes its world-championship certificates in choreography by putting on Ravel festivals; Ballet Theatre flaunts its unparalleled roster of stars in gala performances. Last week's A.B.T. gala was like an all-star version of a Moscow or Varna international competition, and for those who couldn't get in two recently available films of the Moscow (1969) and Varna (1966) competitions may provide partial consolation. There is really not much more substance to Baryshnikov's celebrated solo "Vestris" than there is in the fragment we get of it in the Moscow film, "The World's Young Ballet," and it's so much a mime solo that it might better have been called "Garrick." What's thrilling about it is Baryshnikov's ability to switch in the flash of a second from absolute frenzy to absolute calm, or from states of hilarity to states of gloom, or from buoyant youth to doddering old age. It's a kind of mime equivalent to the invisible preparations in his dancing. Martine van Hamel's dancing in Kenneth MacMillan's "Solitaire" won her a gold medal at Varna, and portions of her performance in this ballet can be seen on CBS's "Camera Three" on August 24th. The solo is about a girl who imagines her friendships. At the gala it was done against a black backcloth that opened into portières. Using no other visual aid, van Hamel populated the stage. Both in imaginative projection and in the fullness of the dancing (there are two superb sweeps through rond de jambe into a high penchée arabesque on a flat foot) it is a remarkable performance.

Kirkland in "Le Corsaire" is not on any film I know of; but she's as much an exemplar of this role in the seventies as Alla Sizova was in the sixties. In her solo, Kirkland several times swings from high développé in second into a double pirouette en dedans into arabesque into another double en dedans. It's all from one preparation and it's only the beginning. Her partner on this night was guest artist Rudolf Nureyev, at his grandest and most gracious. Nureyev was the world's greatest "Corsaire" hero in the sixties, and he is the greatest today. He may lurch a bit going into a turning jump, but the role

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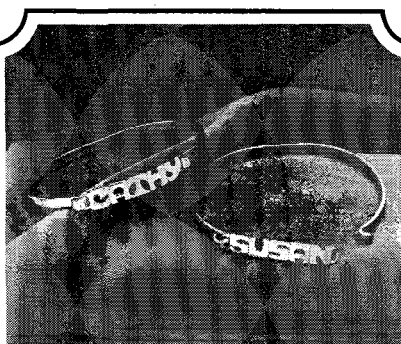
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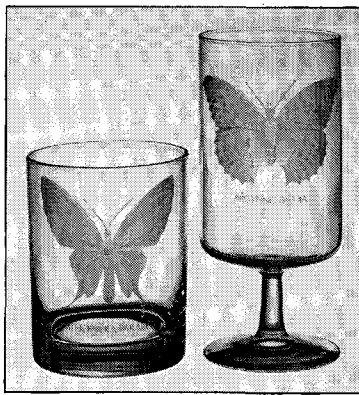
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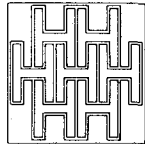
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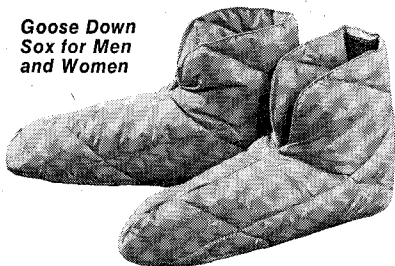


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draws from him the animal intensity that his own sappy choreography in "Raymonda" and "The Sleeping Beauty" obscures. At the end of the ballet, he slams himself to the floor at the ballerina's feet and yearns upward from the small of his back. No one else does it so well.

A gala program like this takes in a quota of formless stunts along with the fine dancing, and someone should have put an embargo on fouettés. Still, it was needlessly self-critical of the management to open with the first scene of Tudor's "Gala Performance," a savage satire on the backstage manners of three hypothetical divas of the eighteen-nineties, and it was especially hard on Noella Pontois, who was making her American debut, to be introduced as one of these silly monsters minutes before having to perform the "Don Quixote" pas de deux with Baryshnikov. If I were a ballerina, I would avoid this grimly exhibitionistic number like the plague. Little Miss Pontois is a seasoned professional but not a ballerina of class, and she can't pump iron as if it were crystal. On the next evening, she had a fine role in "La Bayadère," but her weak insteps deprived her of spring and balance.

Other novelties of interest on the gala program included "A Promise," a romantic pas de deux choreographed for Kirkland by a New York City Ballet colleague, Robert Weiss. The material is pretty enough and hard enough, nothing more; but Kirkland, partnered by Ivan Nagy, made it look like gala material. New to me was a Bournonville trio from "La Ventana," staged by Erik Bruhn, it gave Cynthia Gregory a chance to show how well she can dance Bournonville and Nureyev a chance to show how well he can't. The evening closed on a grand sentimental note with the return of Alicia Alonso to her former company after fifteen years. Now in her high fifties, Alonso has legs and feet that would be a credit to a ballerina thirty years younger. Tenderly assisted by her partner, Jorge Esquivel, she went through the white adagio from "Swan Lake," and then through an amazing series of choreographed bows while the crowd paid her a queen's homage.

—ARLENE CROCE

William E. Simon, the Treasury secretary, indicated at Washington he was considering the end of this year.

—Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Gazette.

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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga As Usual

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The old-timers still sigh for the Flash Stakes, which opened the meeting for so many years, but the Schuylerville for two-year-old fillies, which has taken its place, put on a good show last Monday for the more than seventeen thousand who watched the Cragwood Stable's Nijana win it by a couple of lengths. For over half a century, the Test Stakes, for three-year-old fillies at seven furlongs, has been the prep for the Alabama Stakes, which will have its ninety-fifth running this weekend. There were so many entries for the Test last week that it was run off in two divisions. Oddly, neither Dan Lasater's Hot N Nasty, who dominated the running of the first and won by nearly three lengths, nor George Weasel's My Juliet, who led all the way in the second, is in the Alabama. Neither was nominated when the race closed a fortnight before. So whaddayalike? The jumpers are out at the Spa. Life's Illusion, a filly owned by Miss Virginia Guest, carried off the honors in the Lovely Night Handicap on National Steeplechase Day.

The best race of the week—indeed, the best performance I've seen since Forego's in the Brooklyn and the Suburban—was Ancient Title's in the Whitney, now a handicap. One of the big horses at Santa Anita last winter and at Hollywood Park this summer,

he carried 128 pounds and, giving Group Plan thirteen, raced with him for most of the mile and a furlong to win by a neck. Arbees Boy was third, three lengths away. Interviewed on TV before the race, Hawley, riding Ancient Title in place of Pincay, who had fractured a collarbone at Arlington Park a week before, said that his mount might not like the Saratoga track, since it was not as fast as those in California. Perhaps. But although Group Plan headed him several times, Ancient Title was in front at every pole. Now he'll rest up for a meeting with Forego at Belmont.

Forceten has come East for a go at Foolish Pleasure in the Travers Stakes on August 16th. Forceten is the newest Star of the West, winner of the \$200,000 Swaps Stakes. By Forli out of She's Beautiful, he was bred by Mrs. Mary Jones Bradley, who owns Cougar II, and Charlie Whittingham, who also trained him; they sold him to Saron Stable. He's handled by Neil Drysdale, a young Englishman who was Whittingham's chief assistant for four years. Drysdale's father, a former brigadier in the Royal Marines, has been developing show horses since he retired.

FRED HOOPER's Susan's Girl is still going strong, racing down Aunt Jin in the Matchmaker Stakes, which wound up things at Atlantic City; Pink Tights was third. Owners of the first three in the Matchmaker get services to their mares from either Secretariat, Shecky Greene, or Mr. Prospector. Mr. Hooper chose Secretariat.

AS expected, Wajima won the \$100,000 Monmouth Invitational, but he was all out to beat Intrepid Hero, who doesn't run as well on dirt tracks as on grass, by a neck. For the record, My Friend Gus was third.

AND Wrong Horse Harry complains that he can't find the Red Spring at the Spa. —AUDAX MINOR

Although time has blurred the thrust of the event as one of the leading news stories of an era, the first words between the two still live on:

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—Levittown (Pa.) Bucks County Courier Times.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

THE book "Sondheim & Co.," by Craig Zadan (Macmillan), while more gossipy than searching, is unusual in that it concerns the work not of a dead or retired popular songwriter of esteem but of one in mid-career, and reading it has prompted me to run through the more recent recordings of Stephen Sondheim's efforts; namely, "Sondheim: A Musical Tribute" (Warner Brothers), "A Little Night Music" (Columbia), "Candide" (Columbia), and "Stavisky" (RCA). Though the book provides a few insights into the craft of commercial songwriting, it is mainly a discussion of the theatre works with which Sondheim has been associated, taken in chronological order, and it consists largely of comments by Sondheim and others involved in the various productions. The relatively short text is broken up by photographs, but even so it tells us more than we really want to know, since the comments, particularly those about failed shows, are often marked by backbiting, and one puts the volume down with something of an unpleasant, or at least uncertain, aftertaste.

Although Sondheim's dazzling accomplishments as a rhymester appear to be uncontested, it is sometimes said that his composing doesn't measure up to his lyric writing. (Sondheim, incidentally, places great store in a rhyming dictionary—a habit he mentioned in an informal address at the Dramatists Guild, part of which is quoted by Mr. Zadan; the full text can be found in "Playwrights/Lyricists/Composers on Theater," by Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., published by Dodd, Mead. This is, of course, a venerable practice—one that has been indulged in by, among others, Cole Porter, and perhaps even Hugo von Hofmannsthal.) For my part, I find Sondheim as resourceful a composer as he is a lyricist. As a writer of sophisticated show tunes, he was schooled in a theatrical tradition that reached a peak with Rodgers and Hammerstein, and he has sought to advance that tradition in the face of its seeming decline. In "Company," he experimented with the genre in many provocative ways; in "Follies," he openly imitated earlier songwriters; in "A Little Night Music" (which contains his most successful song, "Send in the Clowns"), he attempted

to impose stylistic unity on the score by using only three-quarter time and several of its variants. We have in Sondheim the classic figure of the innovative musician working within familiar forms, but he is all the freer to experiment because the commercial value of the songs is not the factor it would have been, say, fifteen or twenty years ago, when the sophisticated show tune—"On the Street Where You Live" and "I Could Have Danced All Night" come to mind—represented the pinnacle of popular songwriting. Such songs possess a quality—seductiveness—almost altogether absent in contemporary pop. But in Sondheim's songs—and this may contribute to the alienation some listeners feel from them—a causticity frequently undercuts the gaiety in the more bubbly numbers, while his sentimental exercises can become pretentious, as in the long-winded "Follies" duet "Too Many Mornings," which, with its ever-shifting key and time signatures, I find self-conscious.

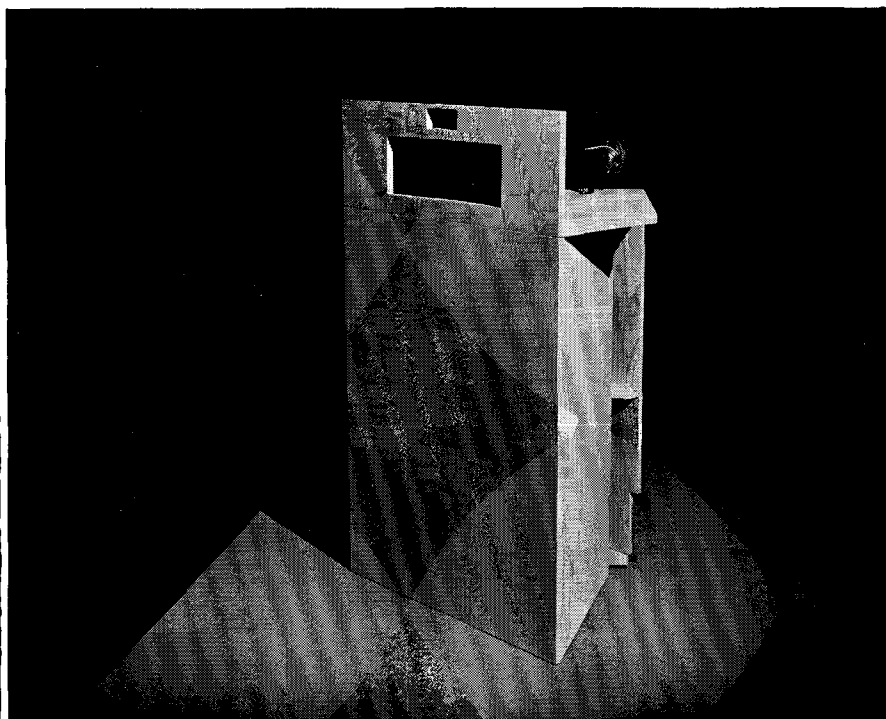
The recording of "A Little Night Music" also seems to me precious, although the set pieces are very well played and sung. As for "Candide" (the music from the recent production, in a two-record set), it represents Sondheim only as a lyricist. He has taken some Leonard Bernstein tunes, mostly material left over from the original show, of 1956, and fitted words to them, most impressively in the piece "Life Is Happiness Indeed," which uses the Gavotte, originally just an instrumental, as its underpinning. Sondheim has also added some lines to the sprightly "Auto Da Fé (What a Day)," a number omitted from the 1956 recording. (A few of the 1956 songs are missing *here*, by the way.) The "Stavisky" album is taken from the sound track of the French-Italian movie of that name and consists of little background pieces, a couple of dozen in all, some of them mere snippets. Two stand out: "Operetta," a cantering piece that might have come from the pen of the late Leroy Anderson, and "Salon at the Claridge '2,'" a curling, sentimental song without words, given a slightly sickly cast in Jonathan Tunick's melting string arrangement (Tunick, of course, is a brilliant orchestrator who has done ex-



cellently by Sondheim's music ever since "Company").

"Sondheim: A Musical Tribute" is a two-record set perpetuating a Sunday evening at the Shubert Theatre a couple of years back which celebrated Sondheim's achievements and enlisted the services of many performers who had been involved in Sondheim shows. Audience laughter and applause can be heard, but the recording is only intermittently enlivening, since it contains a plethora of unfamiliar pieces—songs dropped from shows, songs from a television musical, and one from an early, unproduced musical called "Saturday Night"—that are not especially striking in themselves, and that in the case of the television show, which was called "Evening Primrose," are simply cloying. The nadir is reached with Sondheim himself singing, to his own piano accompaniment, the unmemorable title song from "Anyone Can Whistle," a flop musical of 1964. Angela Lansbury, who starred in it, offers two other numbers from it: "A Parade in Town," an attractive march that was unfortunately eclipsed by a couple of other "parade" show tunes of the same period (especially "Don't Rain on My Parade," sung by Barbra Streisand in "Funny Girl"), and "Me and My Town." Partly as a result of such indulgence, some of the more telling selections in the album are songs for which Sondheim furnished only the words—"Do I Hear a Waltz?" and "We're Gonna Be All Right," both from "Do I Hear a Waltz?" for which Richard Rodgers composed the music; "America," from "West Side Story," with its Leonard Bernstein score; and "If Mama Was Married," from "Gypsy," whose tunes were provided by Jule Styne. There are fine things from "Company" (the delightful female trio "You Could Drive a Person Crazy," to name just one) and from "Follies" (though Nancy Walker turns in a surprisingly weak "I'm Still Here"), and the singers—who include such well-known people as Alexis Smith, Dorothy Collins, Chita Rivera, the late Larry Blyden, Ethel Shutta, John McMartin, Jack Cassidy, and Mary McCarty, and many others less familiar but no less effective—are an engaging lot. The orchestra is under the direction of Paul Gemignani, and the arrangements, most of them from the original shows, are by several experts in the field, including Mr. Tunick, who also served as musical coordinator.

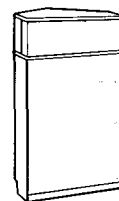
In his entertaining book "Broadway" (Macmillan), Brooks Atkinson



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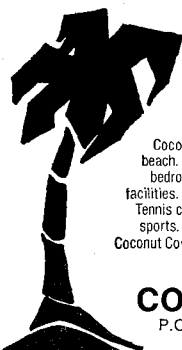
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distinguishes between musicians and songwriters, suggesting that with the fading of operetta and the burgeoning of musical comedy the theatre sacrificed the thoroughgoing musician-ship represented by such men as Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml, Sigmund Romberg, and the important transitional figure Jerome Kern ("They wrote melody; they thought in terms of melody; melody was their vernacular") in favor of less schooled writers. But this is only partly so, of course, for the mere tunesmiths (among whom was George M. Cohan) were counterbalanced by writers—Cole Porter, Kurt Weill, and others—with impressive musical backgrounds, and Sondheim may be included in this lot. However one responds to his songs, he is the most arresting Broadway songwriter practicing today.

"A CHORUS LINE" (Columbia) is a generally spirited recital, by the cast and orchestra, of the musical numbers of the ecstatically received show. It has a sense of immediacy, of urgency, which is characteristic of all the best musical-show recordings, and which probably reflects the performers' own confidence in the material. The songs, with interesting, nicely turned, and often clever lyrics by Edward Kleban and well-shaped tunes by Marvin Hamlisch, have been smartly arranged by Bill Byers, Hershy Kay, and Jonathan Tunick for a small orchestra with electronic components. The lyrics, though, are more impressive than the music, which, however serviceable, lacks any distinct personality. But aside from two numbers that are much too long ("The Music and the Mirror" and "One"—both song-and-dance pieces, which without the dancing to watch grow tiresome), "A Chorus Line" is a bright affair, with many welcome varied singing performances, high among them that of Priscilla Lopez, the only performer favored with two songs.

—DOUGLAS WATT

MRS. CARLSEN
 INCORRECTLY
 IDENTIFIED

A photo of Mrs. Dagmar Carlsen of the Edmonton Gym Club was inadvertently included with a group of photos of women terrorists in editions of *The Herald* on Wednesday, May 28.

The *Herald* regrets the error, and apologizes to Mrs. Carlsen for any inconvenience or embarrassment this may have caused.—*Calgary (Alberta) Herald*.

Who knows? Her home life may become easier.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 30

THE nearest thing to good news that can be reported from Britain at the moment is that a vast, sensible majority of the country desperately wants success for the Government's pay-and-prices policy to beat inflation. This is an entirely new idea—the setting up of a maximum pay raise of six pounds a week, for which only those who earn up to eighty-five hundred pounds a year can qualify. Those who earn more than that will be able to get no raise at all—a blow to the professional and managerial classes. The great question “Will it work?” is everywhere being discussed by anxious citizens with hope, because most of the trade unions have backed the policy, which is a great victory, and with doubt, because of the problems and anomalies of administering it. At any rate, it seems to be suddenly realized by all, in a sort of painful mass conversion, that this may be the last chance before the arrival of the unbelievable day that they have become wearily conditioned to hearing about. Last week's frightening jump to more than a million unemployed certainly helped their belief. Until recently, because the Government did nothing but talk, Britons had some excuse for just basking obliviously in what sunburned Londoners call the splendid summer and what worried farmers and water-board officials call the calamitous drought. As the pound sterling continued to drop like a stone, there was an increasing conviction that the moment must soon arrive when Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Heath before him, would be forced to do what he said he would never do and reach for the old abhorred device of a pay-control policy to check the suicidal lemmings' stampede of union wage demands. Yet nothing happened. The Prime Minister's abrupt switch to a blood-toil-tears-and-sweat appeal to the nation to avert “a general economic catastrophe of incalculable proportions” came as a shock therefore, and not surprisingly. After all, it was only a short time ago that he gave what many of his listeners thought was a monstrously complacent television interview at Chequers, in which, sitting placidly puffing his pipe like a



rosy-cheeked squire gently denying to an inquisitive visitor that the old house was falling about his ears, he suggested that the panicky stories of Britain's acute economic plight were mostly circulated among the cocktail crowd in London and passed along by credulous American correspondents. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Denis Healey, has, of course, steadily uttered blunt and unvarnished warnings as to what would happen if the foreign creditors, finally alarmed by what they thought was going on in Britain, spirited their money out of London. Enough alarm bells must have been ringing in the Treasury to make the Government decide at last—and only as Parliament was on the verge of departing thankfully for its summer recess—to spell out

a remedy. In the early hours of Friday morning, the new bill was passed by the House of Commons, pushed through with an all-night sitting, much sound and fury, and considerable misgivings on all sides. Its critics claimed that it was a statutory policy in voluntary sheep's clothing—left purposely woolly by the Chancellor, who refused, among furious shouts from his own supporters as well as the Opposition, to do more than hint at the legal teeth with which a further secret emergency bill will apparently be furnished, to nip employers who might be tempted to dodge a strike (and bankruptcy) by paying more than six pounds on the quiet. (Only employers, it seems, can be penalized this time, seeing what happened when the Heath Government tried to bring striking workers into court.) The Labour benches as well as the Opposition erupted with Parliamentary outrage at the idea of the Commons' being denied any details of a major measure on which it was required to vote.

When the proposals were debated last week, the Conservatives abstained, after Margaret Thatcher had icily castigated Mr. Wilson's “half package” as being too late, not tough enough, and not including the hoped-for swipe at public spending. The decision to abstain disappointed many in the Party, who think that a little largeness of spirit would have been in order at such

a perilous national moment. The only speaker who supplied that, and who has made animated political talk ever since, was Edward Heath, breaking his silence for the second time since he lost the Party leadership to Mrs. Thatcher. On Tuesday, he galvanized the House (which cheered him from all sides) with a strong, thoughtful, and generous speech offering advice and “unequivocal” support to the little, weary-looking Prime Minister, who was now having to try a variation of the curb that brought down the Heath Government last year. After which, Mr. Heath dutifully followed the Conservative leadership's line and abstained from voting with the Government—correct conduct, of course, though doubtless mystifying to nonpolitical citizens. But his performance—so strikingly, immeasurably superior to anything else in the debate—has started people wondering about his future, which clearly is not going to cast him forever as a back-bencher. While he stood only a few paces from the Conservative front bench, seeming to spectators to be a new, easy, never-before-seen Edward Heath as he spoke his extemporaneous thoughts on England's chances of survival without descending to making Party points, the faces of his late colleagues were wonderful to see in their studious indifference.

LONDON is full to bursting of foreign visitors, and if they could not read the papers they might find it difficult to believe that they were in the capital of a country in dreadful financial crisis. Though the arts are going through hard times—the Royal Shakespeare Company's recent alarming disclosure of fiscal rockiness brought this home with a shock to the public—most places of entertainment appear to be booming healthily at the moment. One of the established theatre successes that are packing the tourists in to see London acting at its stylish best is Ivy Compton-Burnett's “A Family and a Fortune,” Julian Mitchell's excellent adaptation of the novel, at the Apollo. It is a very funny, gruesome play about money and the widening circles of greed, jealousy, and cruelty that can spread from the sudden pitching of a fat legacy into even the calmest family pond. Calm on the surface, that is. The impoverished Gavestons are true to the unchanging formula that occurs in all the Compton-Burnett novels. Their well-bred exteriors make startling contrast with the violent truthfulness of their conversation, which has the devastating candor and logic of terrible



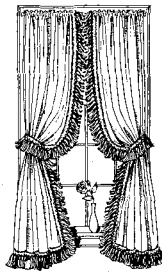
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children saying exactly what is in their heads. As Dudley, the brother who suddenly inherits delightful, disruptive wealth, Alec Guinness, transformed by a heavy mustache into the likeness of an Edwardian uncle in a chased-silver photograph frame, delivers the deadly lines with impassive urbanity. He will be generous in sharing his good luck with his relatives, someone remarks, for is not generosity his second nature? "It would be best to hide a first nature quickly, and I was very quick," he observes. By the end of the play, everybody's first natures are showing at the hem, with disconcerting results. Dudley has lost his fiancée and very nearly the love and companionship of his adored brother (Anthony Nicholls), while their Aunt Mattie, an appalling old lady, played by Margaret Leighton, reveals the Roman empress under the bombazine by turning her middle-aged companion-slave out into the snow. The acting of all the cast, and the direction, by Alan Strachan, have just the right elegance to put flesh on the undescribed characters who talk their endless way through the strange, claustrophobic Compton-Burnett world of ominous crosscurrents over the tea table.

THE future of the Covent Garden neighborhood, which has been marked down for large-scale development, has been discussed by every Government and its planners for nearly a decade, but it has not yet begun to take real shape, as far as can be seen. The market itself has moved to its new, less picturesque site in Battersea, and only occasional stacks of old nectarine boxes and the like remind passersby of the fruity and flowery smells, the bustle, and the risk of sudden death from vegetable lorries that used to enliven a stroll in the area. The residents and craftsmen who live and work in the shabby, historic streets and courts formed themselves into a community association a few years back to keep a sharp eye on plans to turn them into a smart new neighborhood of tower blocks, hotels, and boutiques. Many sites cleared of old buildings are still empty, waiting for the new flats or offices that are due sometime to go up on them. The community association has just scored a pleasant little civic victory by making a garden out of the most unlovesome material it is possible to imagine—one and three-quarter acres of dusty wasteland not far from the opera house, originally flattened by a bomb and then used as a car park. When the Greater London Council

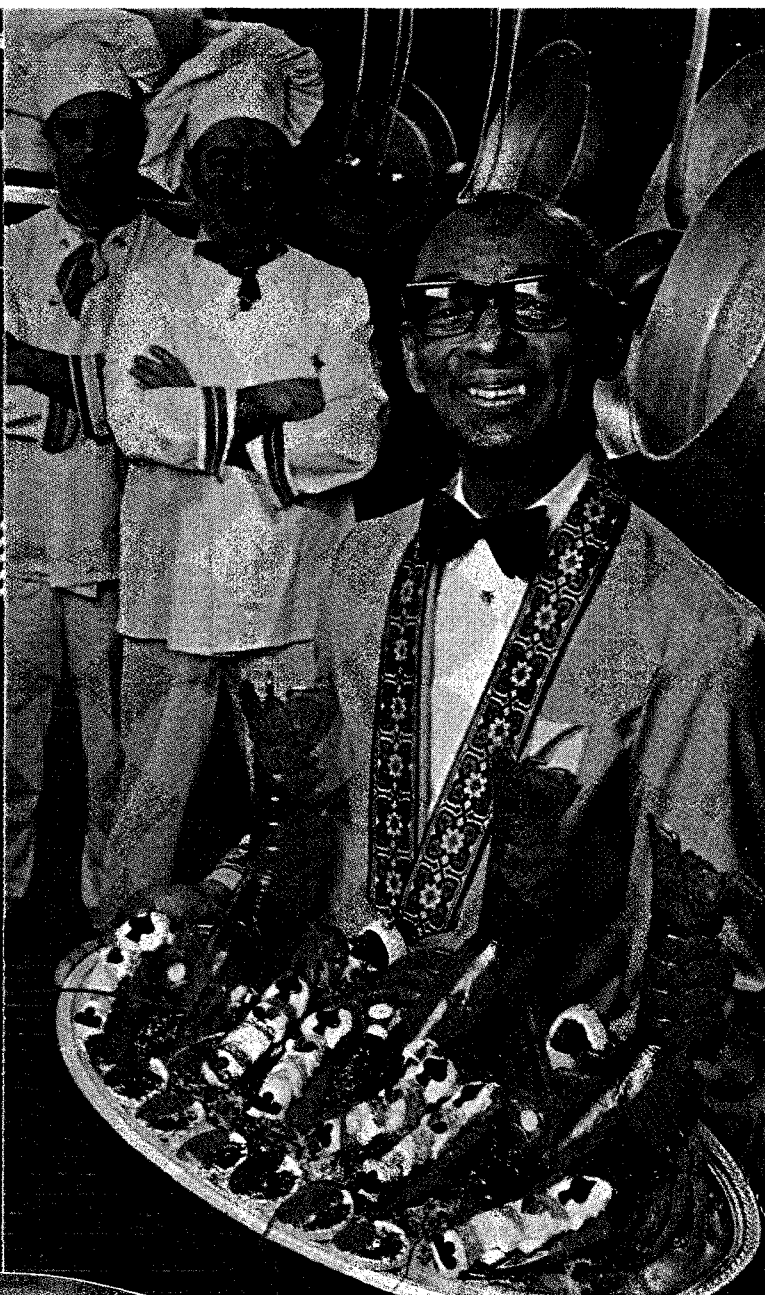
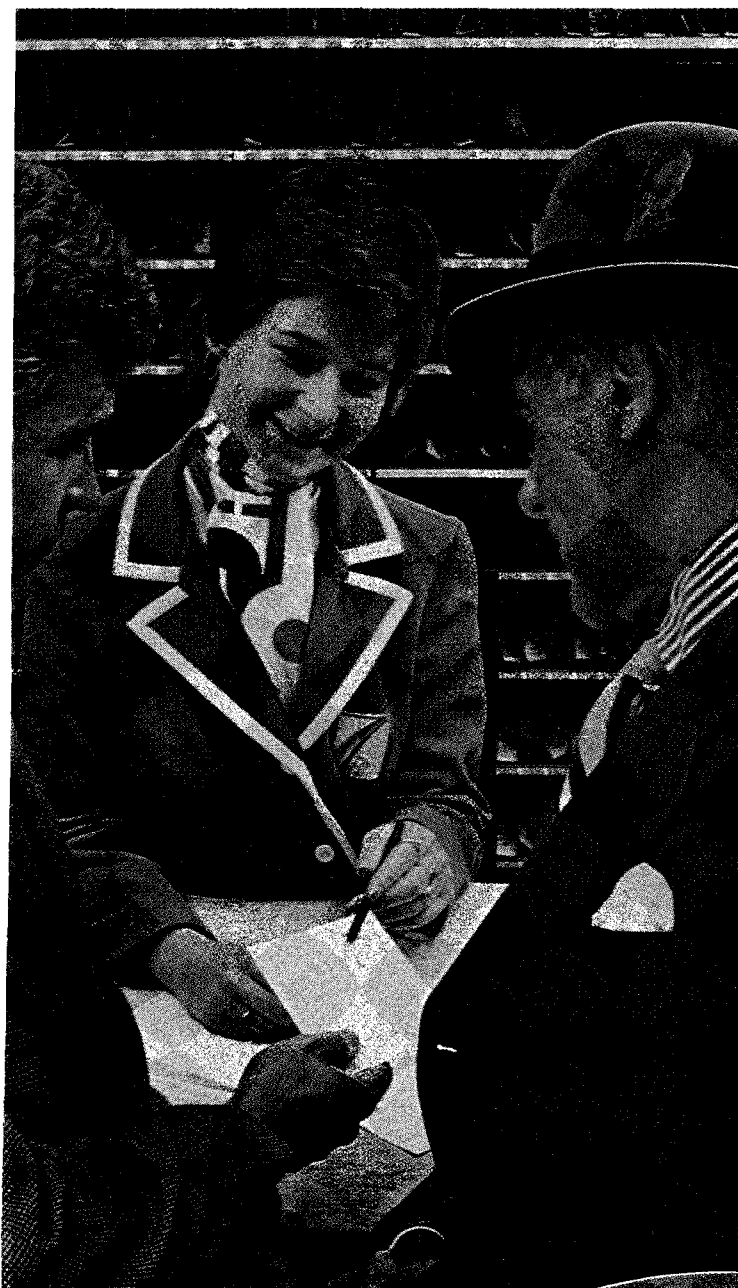
postponed building a block of flats on it, the locals got permission to try and turn it temporarily into an open space in which human beings, not cars, could sit and rest themselves. The work was started about fifteen months ago—all voluntary labor, given by the people who lived nearby and their friends. Interest in the area snowballed. The plan (by a young exhibition designer, Keith Cheng) was, ambitiously, for a Japanese-inspired garden, with a bit of water, a little humpbacked bridge, and paving stones leading one's steps up and down the miniature hillocks of a willow-pattern landscape. McAlpine, the huge building contractors, lent digging equipment and brought tons of clay excavated from the new Fleet Line Underground extension to line the toy lake gouged out of the old concrete. The Japanese Embassy helped with advice, and St. James's Park contributed four ducks who were tired of the attentions of the too large population of drakes on their lake and, it was hoped, would find Endell Street a nice, restful change. Everything worked out splendidly in time for the opening, in May. Now, during the lunch hour, several hundred appreciative office workers somehow fit themselves and their sandwich packages onto the grass. In the afternoons, the place is given over to neighborhood families and their children. None of the hopeful little groves of saplings that have been planted are tall enough to support the sudden landing of anything larger than a blackbird, but lovers stroll in and cast themselves beneath them as though they were in the Forest of Arden. It is a peaceful, touching place, and the Covent Garden community association points out proudly that the pessimists who predicted that it would be snowed under with rubbish and wrecked by vandals have so far been wrong. In a year or two, the site will have to be given back. But it has shown what can be done with little or no means except good will, and the Londoners who go along to admire it find it cheering.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Slive's academic field is in 17th Century Dutch art. Professor Slive has taught at Harvard since 1954 and chaired the Fine Arts Department from 1968 to 1970. His thorough knowledge of the Fogg along with his realization of its many responsibilities suggest a broad-minded but careful administration. Slive sees one duty of the Fogg as making students "virtually literate."—*The Harvard Independent*.

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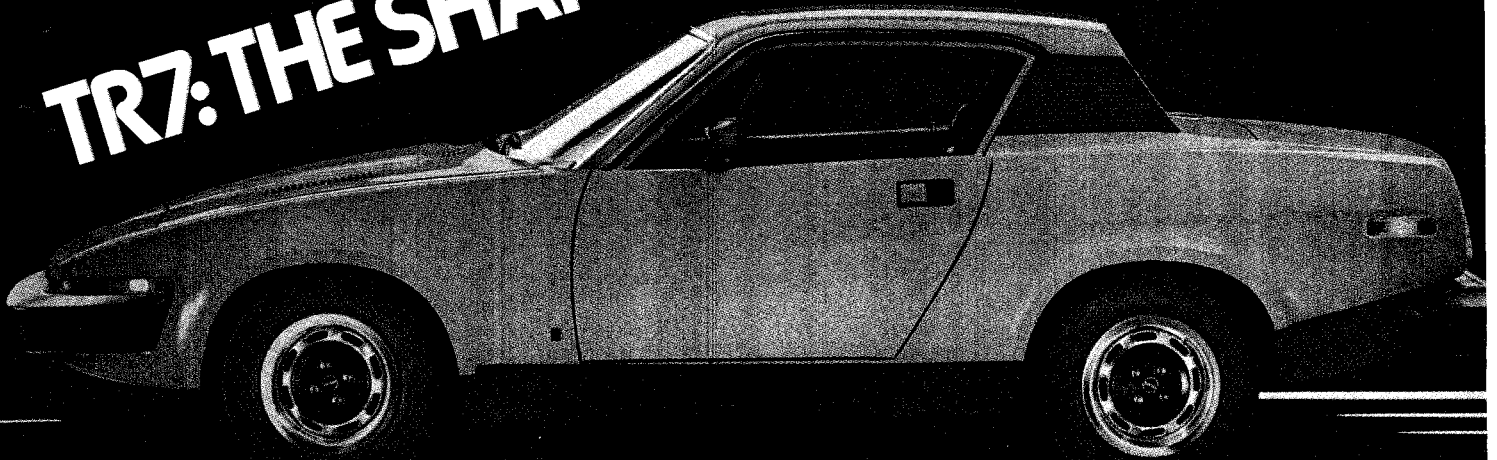


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BOOKS

A Case of Mistaken Identity

HISTORIANS who try to make sense of the Nixon Presidency, now or in the future, will have to deal with some large questions. How could a President and his associates commit so many crimes, and so nearly escape detection, in this most legalized of nations—the only one on earth to have boasted from the beginning of having a government of laws, not of men? In a country whose founders so feared power that they divided it and hemmed it in with safeguards of accountability, how could a President carry on secret wars and order bombings and invasions on his own motion? What does it say of loyalties, of respect for law and the Constitution, that with few exceptions officials served such a government without a murmur until its last hours? Perhaps most puzzling, why did the public elect, and by an enormous margin reelect, as President a man who over a long career had displayed such meanness of spirit? In short, to understand that Presidency—just a year gone now, but already fading beyond our limited attention span—it will be necessary to explore not only the character of Richard Nixon but the state of American ideals and institutions in the Nixon years.

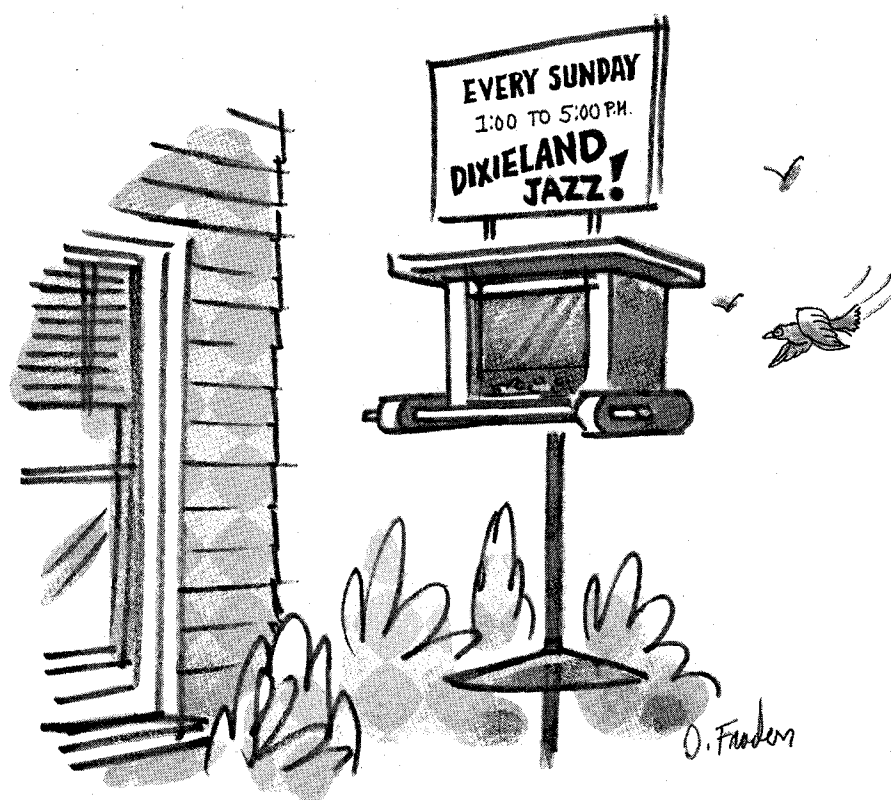
Theodore H. White, our preëminent political chronicler, spent the final months of the Nixon Presidency dogging its undoing. His talent, his diligence, and his exceptional access to the great raised expectations that his Watergate book would provide much raw material for history, as did his four books on "The Making of the President" (1960-72). But "Breach of Faith: The Fall of Richard Nixon" (Atheneum and Reader's Digest Press) is a disappointing, even a disturbing book. The techniques developed by White to give insight into political campaigns—the glimpses into back rooms and the quick cutting between political theory and the detail of practice—do not work on Watergate. They reduce the natural drama of those extraordinary events, and confuse the chronology of what was done and said between June 17, 1972, and August 9, 1974, where much of the drama lies. That the fall of Richard Nixon eludes the techniques of instant history, as practiced even by a master, is not surprising. The more troubling aspect of the book is its political and philosophical premises. White treats Watergate and its roots of illegality early in the Nixon Administration es-

entially as aberrations in a farsighted leader. "He understood the politics of the times; he understood the changes going on both at home and in the world abroad; he was a man of the present with a gift for seeing ahead to the future. What he did not understand was the past—or the reasons why Americans so long ago had originally put so much potential power in the office he held." White sees no connection between the Nixon of Watergate and the Nixon of Vietnam and Cambodia. He describes the Indo-China policy of 1969-74 as a great success and is highly critical of those who protested against the policy; indeed, White suggests that their activities unbalanced Nixon and helped drive him to his excesses. Thus White describes Nixon's strange behavior on the night of May 8-9, 1970, when he made forty-nine telephone calls between 10:30 P.M. and 4 A.M. (seven to Henry Kissinger, seven to H. R. Haldeman, others to such persons as Nelson Rockefeller, Thomas E. Dewey, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan), then went to the Lincoln Memorial and talked with protesting students camped there. White quotes a later comment by Kissinger on the protesters: "They'd driven one President from office, they'd broken Johnson's will. Were they going to break another President? They had him on the edge of nervous breakdown." Then White himself observes,

"There was no doubt that the events of May had disturbed the President—as well they should have. Commanding a successful military offensive [the Cambodian incursion], unable to reap its diplomatic harvest abroad because of near-insurrection at home, perplexed by a street madness which seemed beyond the control of either his staff, his own efforts, or the F.B.I., he groped for solutions."

Finally, among his major premises, White accepts as correct and patriotic the performance of those on the White House staff who fought to keep Nixon in office for months after the essential truth about him was inescapable. He portrays as heroes Alexander Haig, the chief of staff, and J. Fred Buzhardt, the White House counsel deputized by Nixon to listen to the tapes. He quotes without comment Raymond Price, a Nixon speechwriter, about how he felt when the "smoking gun" tape of June 23, 1972, showed that he had been deceived by Nixon: "The President had done me a favor by deceiving me. It meant that I'd been able to write for him honestly." Is that the direction in which the loyalty of American public servants should run? Is that what we have learned from the years of Vietnam and Watergate?

Where Nixon went wrong, White feels, was in breaking with "the faith that had glued Americans to each other in the beginning to make a republic"—



faith in the Presidency, in the goodness of the President, "the crowning myth" of our political system. "Take away that faith, and America would be a sad geographical expression where whites killed blacks, blacks killed whites; where Protestants, Catholics, Jews made of their cities a constellation of Belfasts." To put that kind of responsibility on the Presidency is astounding as political theory in view of the abuses of Presidential power in recent years, and not only by Richard Nixon; and it is a travesty to ascribe any such idea to the framers of the Constitution, who thought they were constructing a government of limited powers. From there White goes on to speak of a "derivative myth" that held true "for almost two centuries": that the Presidency would ennoble anyone who held the office. That idea is in our consciousness, but White takes it to an extreme. He says that Washington, Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt were turned from dross to gold by the Presidency—Washington "transformed, almost magically," from "a man of limited experience" into "one of the great creative architects of politics." But the Americans who created the United States in the seventeen-seventies and seventeen-eighties, and who were in some ways the most remarkable group of politicians ever assembled in one place, regarded Washington as the natural, the inevitable leader. Of course he changed in the Presidency, as did Lincoln and Roosevelt. But in each case there was a basis of character on which to build, a basis that had been demonstrated in adversity.

One of the great questions about the American political system today is whether, given the ordeal one must go through to reach the Presidency, it is likely any longer to attract sensitive persons with interior values. One of the most interesting recent political books—James David Barber's "The Presidential Character" (Prentice-Hall, 1972)—argued that in choosing a President we must learn again to look not at programs or promises but at demonstrated character. Barber made Nixon one of the main subjects of his book, which was finished before Watergate, and he analyzed Nixon's character in terms that now seem prescient. Nixon's main effort all through his career, Barber says, was to "convey a public impression." He "constantly feels the whole world is watching him;" he "uses rhetoric as a way to release aggression;" he thinks of himself as "suffering," of the world as "a dangerous place," of people as "weak

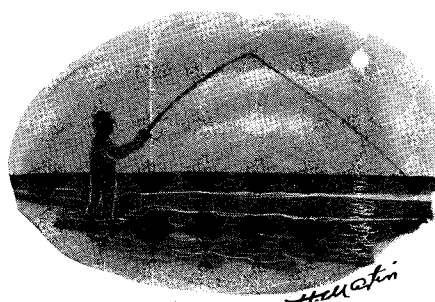
or grasping," of society as fluctuating between "conspiracy and chaos." He is concerned with the "how" of events, not with the "what" of principle. Barber warned that the "frustrations of power" in Nixon could build up in a dangerous process of "rigidification."

White does not mention the Barber book, and of course he need not. But it is surprising how little he says about the character of Richard Nixon as it was shaped and as the world saw it before he became President: a few pages on his difficult childhood, less than a page on his vicious political campaigns against Jerry Voorhis, Helen Gahagan Douglas, and Dean Acheson, nothing on the known illegalities of his 1962 California gubernatorial campaign. White raises the possibility that Nixon may have come "close to nervous breakdown" in May of 1970, and says flatly that he was "an unstable personality" in the days before he resigned, but adduces little evidence for these psychological conclusions aside from Nixon's observed behavior at the end, which does not really go beyond the way anyone might react to the destruction of his status as a consequence of his own acts. There is nothing on one of the most revealing characteristics of the man—his overwhelming worry about the self, his self-pity. (In his Watergate speech of April 30, 1973, announcing the resignation of Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, he spoke of his feelings the previous Christmas Eve, "during my terrible personal ordeal of the renewed bombing of North Vietnam.") White gives a revealing account of the brutal way that Secretary of Commerce Peter G. Peterson was dropped from the Cabinet because he had friends on the Washington Post and at CBS, but one wishes for more understanding of what this signifies—an understanding, for instance, that Senators Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson may have been motivated not by partisanship alone when they turned down places in the Nixon Administration, as White suggests, but by their knowledge of Richard Nixon. One fascinating disclosure is that in January of 1973 Ehrlichman called a trustee of

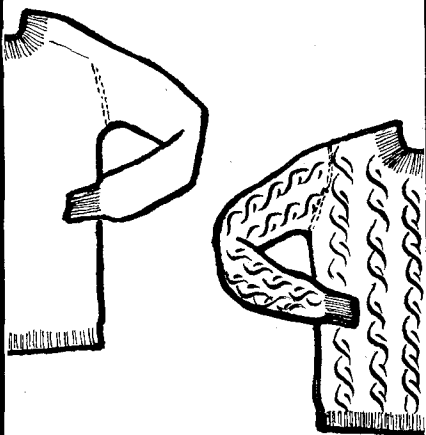
the Nixon Foundation and said that after retirement Nixon would rent his papers to the foundation for two hundred thousand dollars a year. What does that—and the whole tax episode—tell us about the man's character and his attitude toward the Presidency?

At times, one senses an effort in this book to find nice things to say about Nixon. He is credited, as Vice-President, with acquiring "a powerful body of learning" in foreign affairs and with daring to oppose "theologian John Foster Dulles," but there is no mention of the fact that Nixon, along with Dulles, urged direct military intervention in the Indo-China war in 1954. He is described as having dealt with George Wallace in the 1968 campaign without "having mobilized majority white prejudice," but there is no discussion of the code significance of that year's slogan—"law and order." White speaks of Nixon as "one of the most absorbing and impressive of conversationalists," but he does not explain how a man who could talk so impressively with someone like himself could say, in a recorded conversation with Haldeman on June 23, 1972: "The arts, you know—they're Jews, they're left-wing—in other words, stay away." And White accepts, or at least repeats without challenge, some of the Nixon Administration's paranoid perceptions of the outside world. The Watergate break-in "was technically criminal but of no uglier morality than the spying at Barry Goldwater's headquarters which Howard Hunt of the C.I.A. had supervised for Lyndon Johnson in 1964." White tells that tale twice, but the public record is to the contrary: all Hunt is known to have done was to send a secretary for press releases, speeches, and other material issued to the public by Goldwater headquarters.

Explaining Nixon's disturbed mood in the spring of 1970, White says that the President had been "humiliated" by the Senate's rejection of two Supreme Court nominees, and quotes a White House aide's remarking, apropos of the nomination battles, "It was a question of whether anybody could govern the country." White does not mention the basis of the opposition to the nominees, the second of whom, G. Harrold Carswell, was widely regarded as the least qualified man proposed for the Court in many years. White claims that Daniel Ellsberg "stole" the Pentagon Papers "in violation of both civil laws and laws of national security." There are no laws that in plain words forbid what Ellsberg did. In prosecuting him, the government



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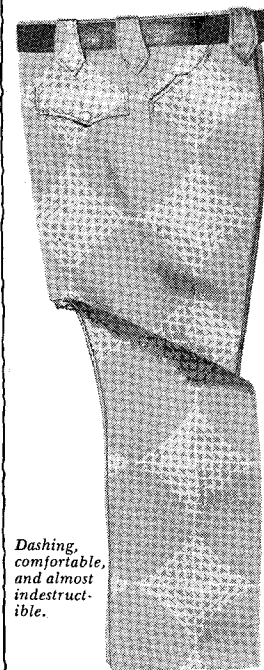
offered up sophisticated theories in its effort to stretch statutes so that they would cover the situation, but all of that was left unresolved when the case was dismissed. The book speaks of "the august Brookings Institution, whose staff not only hated Nixon, but infuriated the Administration because of the massive intellectual resources it could train on him as target." Can anyone outside the Nixon Administration really believe that Brookings devoted itself to the defeat of that government? That every single member of the staff "hated" Nixon?

One of the most significant passages in the book attributes the "ferocity of behavior" in the Nixon White House to "the change of culture" taking place in America in the nineteen-sixties: the rise of, as White calls them, the "beardies," "the bikini-clad," "the street demonstrators," "the sex revolutionaries." White writes, "The Nixon men were men of the embattled old culture." No, they were not. They were hollow men, drifters, men with no roots in any culture. The failure to perceive that—and then to ask how such people came to run a country—is as fundamental a misjudgment as one could make about Watergate. Most of the top people "were devout patriots," White says, who "sought nothing for themselves." Nothing, that is, but power. They came uncomfortably close to perverting the electoral system and the Constitutional balance and achieving an unchallengeable power. Throughout history, the chief motive for anti-democratic conspiracy has been not financial gain but power, and it was this danger that most concerned the framers of the American Constitution.

On Indo-China, White's perspective is indicated by his description of the 1970 Cambodian invasion as "the most successful American offensive of the entire Vietnam War." He uses "successful" three times. Considering that the invasion led to massive American involvement in the Cambodian civil war, wholesale destruction in Cambodia, and the nurture and eventual triumph of a zealous revolutionary movement, it would be interesting to know how he would define failure. About the 1972 campaign, White writes, "Nixon had promised peace [in Vietnam] and was delivering it." Then, after Hanoi "frustrat[ed] his design for peace"—the general view now is that President Thieu, not Hanoi, balked at the draft agreement—peace was saved by "sharp bombing and precision technology." Even in Nixon's pathetic last excursions abroad,

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in June of 1974, when he was paraded through Egypt and the Soviet Union, White says that he "proved himself once again a master as chief-of-state." Legitimate claims can be made for certain aspects of the Nixon foreign policy, but it is hard to argue that Vietnam and Cambodia are among them. Was the Nixon who talked to his advisers about Indo-China essentially different in character from the teenage tough, trying to talk locker-room language, whom we know from the published tape transcripts? We do have one brief taped passage on Vietnam—part of a transcript that Nixon's lawyers presented to the House Judiciary Committee for other reasons. On April 4, 1972, Nixon said to Haldeman

and John Mitchell, "The bastards have never been bombed like they're going to be bombed this time." The techniques of concealment and lying now so familiar in Watergate were certainly applied in the case of Vietnam. A recently discovered example is the secret promise made by Nixon to Thieu that we would "respond with full force" should Hanoi violate the peace terms of 1973. That concealed commitment was further covered up when Kissinger assured Senator Edward Kennedy on March 25, 1974, that "the U.S. has no bilateral written commitment" to Saigon. Kissinger has spoken of the link between Watergate and Vietnam, saying, in explanation of the swift collapse over there this year, that "in January '73 we did not foresee that Watergate would sap the Executive authority of the United States to such a degree that flexibility of Executive action inherently would be circumscribed." So, except for Watergate, the United States might have bombed again this year. Hugh Sidey, of *Time*, had this to say: "Richard Nixon brooded on his mountaintop at Camp David [in 1972] and ordered the bombing of North Vietnam. One man in a few words unleashed the greatest destructive strikes in all of history. The decision came from within him. His life rested to an alarming degree on distrust, hate, and a belief in being 'tough.' He was ready to bomb again that [1973] spring. Only the threat of Watergate and his own political death stopped him." In exploring the Nixon years and what they say of him and us, it is not possible to separate Watergate from Vietnam.

The tape of June 23, 1972, proving that the President had indeed tried to use the C.I.A. to limit investigation of the Watergate break-in, was forced into the open by the Supreme Court's

decision in *United States v. Nixon*, on July 24, 1974. On July 30th, Alexander Haig was told what was on the tape. According to White, he said he was "shocked, just shocked," and a colleague said he was "sick, plain sick." The next day, Haig "knew he must act." The day after that, White says admiringly, Haig "became acting President of the United States"—and began maneuvering Richard Nixon into resigning his office. But to be shocked or sick about that tape, Haig would have to have been an extraordinarily uninformed or innocent man, and he was neither. He was intimately familiar with the transcripts released by Nixon himself the previous April 30th. They showed Nixon



on, in the fatal conversation of March 21, 1973, observing that there was "no choice but to come up with the hundred and twenty thousand dollars, or whatever it is," he understood Howard Hunt was demanding for his silence about the break-in—and then directing John Dean to "get it." In the same conversation, he remarked that "maybe it takes a gang" to launder money, and that to avoid perjury a grand-jury witness can say, "I don't remember. . . I can't recall." Joseph Alsop, an observer not always antagonistic to Nixon, described the tone of the official transcripts as that of "the back room of a second-rate advertising agency in a suburb of hell." And Haig well knew that highly relevant material had been omitted from these transcripts, despite the assurance in the submission accompanying them that the transcripts represented "the best efforts accurately to transcribe . . . the recording tapes." To take one of many examples, the White House transcript omitted a lengthy portion of a tape of March 22, 1973; the House Judiciary Committee then published the omitted matter, which included this statement by Nixon to Mitchell and Dean: "I don't give a shit what happens. I want you all to stonewall it, let them plead the Fifth Amendment, coverup, or anything else, if it'll save it—save the plan." Haig knew all that, and also knew something suspicious about the tape of June 23, 1972. When Leon Jaworski, the Special Prosecutor, subpoenaed sixty-four tapes, Haig tried to negotiate a compromise, in order to avoid the risk of a Supreme Court decision, and at a meeting with Haig, on May 5, 1974, Jaworski said he would be content with seventeen tapes, including the one of June 23, 1972. Jaworski thought agreement was so likely that

he moved in court to postpone the return date of the subpoena. But on May 5th Nixon, after listening to some of the tapes, instructed Haig to reject the compromise. White says that Nixon gave as a reason the lack of time to hear them all, but the correct inference is not very hard to draw.

And there is a more important reason to reject the image of Alexander Haig as a Constitutionalist shocked into action by what he heard on July 30, 1974. That is that, since joining the White House staff in May of 1973, he had been a principal agent in Nixon's effort to delay, obstruct, and suppress the investigations of his conduct as President. On a tape of June 4, 1973, just a month after Haig's appointment, he discusses with the President how to counter the testimony of John Dean, whom Haig twice calls a "son of a bitch." On July 23, 1973, the day Archibald Cox issued the first subpoena for the tapes, Haig telephoned Attorney General Elliot Richardson to say that the President was "uptight" about Cox's activities as Special Prosecutor and wanted "a tight line drawn. . . . If Cox does not agree, we will get rid of Cox." Haig was involved in the attempt to finesse the subpoena by suggesting that Senator John Stennis authenticate a summary of the requested tapes. When Cox refused to go along with that and Richardson resigned rather than fire him, Haig telephoned Acting Attorney General William French Smith and, after he also declined to dismiss Cox, told him, "Your Commander-in-Chief has given you an order." And it was Haig who showed the Senate Republican leader, Hugh Scott, a laundered transcript of the tape of March 21, 1973, which led Scott to insist that the President was innocent—until the full transcript was published.

Disagreement or disappointment with a book is not ordinarily ground for concern. But it is when Theodore White tells his public that Alexander Haig was a hero in the fall of President Nixon, that the invasion of Cambodia was a success and the protests against it a "street madness" threatening the political system, and that Richard Nixon was a farsighted if flawed political leader.

In a recent lecture, Hannah Arendt spoke of "the very uncomfortable fact that there were large numbers of men around Nixon who did not belong to the inner circle of his cronies . . . but who nevertheless stuck with him, some to the bitter end, even though they knew enough about the 'horror stories'

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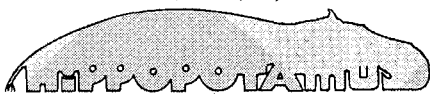


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in the White House to preclude their mere manipulation." Dr. Arendt wondered how they could trust a man who through a long public career had proved "that he could not be trusted." Some will find it just as disturbing that a political writer with Theodore White's reputation—and with his audience—should first accept the good faith of Richard Nixon and then, after the fall, publish a book treating his crimes as an exception in a statesman's life and glorifying those who worked until nearly the end to keep the criminal in office. —ANTHONY LEWIS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FATHER'S LOVE, by Jacques Chessex, translated from the French by Martin Sokolinsky (Bobbs-Merrill). Jean Calmet, the timorous, defeated Swiss schoolteacher who is the central figure of this lucid, eccentric, admirably translated book, is permanently stuck in the shadow of his recently deceased father. In his late thirties, he is still lost in boyhood. The father, a much-respected country doctor of awesome vitality and casually cruel, old-fashioned domineering ways, still obsesses him totally. His father's ashes in their urn at the columbarium mock him; the memory of his father's "implacable gaze" as he sat at the family dinner table—"thick, massive, impenetrable in his strength"—can, and does, render him impotent; and all figures of authority terrify and immobilize him. The father dominates the book like a black, reproachful presence, around which the rest of Calmet's life (his love for a young girl, his sympathy for his students, his love of nature) glimmers only intermittently. The writing is pure, powerful, and, except for some descriptive excesses and the author's unfortunate nickname for the young girl (the Cat Girl), deeply disturbing. The book won the 1973 Prix Goncourt; no Swiss writer before M. Chessex had ever won the prize.

GENERAL

THE FIGHT, by Norman Mailer (Little, Brown). Last October 30th, Muhammad Ali knocked out George Foreman in Kinshasa, Zaïre, to regain the heavyweight championship of the world, a title he had been shorn of for his refusal to serve in the Vietnam war. His astonishing (and long-delayed) comeback seems to have worked like adrenalin on

Norman Mailer, who has not only produced a boast-by-boast and blow-by-blow record of the whole event but has infused his account with all the bold speculation and wit that he is capable of at his best. No doubt much of his zest came from the pleasure of witnessing the triumph of his long-standing hero and cause Muhammad Ali. Out of fairness, or perhaps out of a taste for drama, Mr. Mailer also succeeds in endowing Foreman—that debunked instant legend—with an air of baleful mystery. At points during the bout itself, the book succumbs to something like reviewer's hyperbole, and the reader can get the impression that Ali's strategy was the greatest feat of intellect since Hegel's "The Phenomenology of Mind." The book demonstrates the power of literature to re-create an event in vastly more magnified detail than it can be experienced at first hand.

SANYA: MY LIFE WITH ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN, by Natalya Reshetovskaya, translated from the Russian by Elena Ivanoff (Bobbs-Merrill). The author was Solzhenitsyn's first wife; they met as schoolmates in Rostov-on-Don and were married shortly before he went off to war in 1941. Reshetovskaya, as she is known in Russia, where she is a teacher and lecturer in chemistry as well as a concert pianist, stuck by her husband after his arrest for anti-Stalinist writings (in letters to a friend) and his condemnation to eight years in the camps. She did try to rebuild her life with another man, but when he was released from the Gulag she came back to him; from then until their final separation, in 1970, she was his wife, secretary, partner, and acknowledged (by him) inspiration. This memoir is critical of Solzhenitsyn as a man and as a writer, but it is in no way bitter or whimpering. Reshetovskaya tells us fully about her life with Solzhenitsyn—his single-minded industry in researching and writing his novels and stories, her pursuit of proficiency (and higher pay) in her profession, their friendships and fallings-out with friends, their travels and pleasures, and (very gingerly here, for she is still in Russia) the constant strain of coping with a mindlessly brutal bureaucracy. She believes that the world has a false picture of Solzhenitsyn: he is not the widely pictured hero, martyr, and champion of democracy, she says, in effect; he is more complicated

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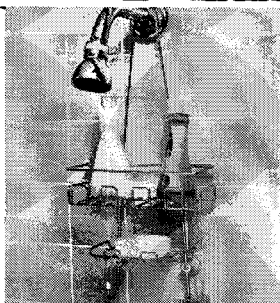
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than that—more human, more egotistical, meaner-minded, perhaps a genius.

LIBERAL PARENTS, RADICAL CHILDREN, by Midge Decter (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Ms. Decter discusses this phenomenon: smart, middle-class youngsters who have received lavish amounts of love, objects, liberty, opportunity, and so on have been unable to use these advantages for their own or others' benefit. They have become dropouts and addicts. They have failed impersonal tests (getting a job) and personal ones (getting along in a group or with a sexual partner). The author writes as a parent, and speaks of a widespread bewilderment on the part of parents, accompanied by a willingness to assume all the blame, as well as the kids' debts. Then she offers four invented case histories of such young people and their parents. She is, in fact, describing a collection of disastrously spoiled brats. She does not guess whether they are permanently disabled or whether their incapacities represent a loss to society, and they are so thoroughly dislikable that it is hard to care.

THE RISE AND FALL OF BLACK SLAVERY, by C. Duncan Rice (Harper & Row). A compact, inclusive, knowing, and readable book that handsomely fills a niche that the author, as a teacher, perceived to be empty—a one-volume account of slavery in the New World. Professor Rice (history, Yale) approaches a painful subject with sophistication as well as sympathy, and he is a serious myth-killer. His statistics demolish the thesis that Caribbean slavery produced the capital for the English industrial revolution, and his research shows how nonsensical is the notion that Latin-American slavery was kinder than North American. The peculiar institution was benevolent nowhere. And Professor Rice repeatedly calls our attention to the steady abolitionist efforts of freedmen throughout the Atlantic world, for he thinks that most historians have not fully recognized the important role blacks played in emancipating blacks.

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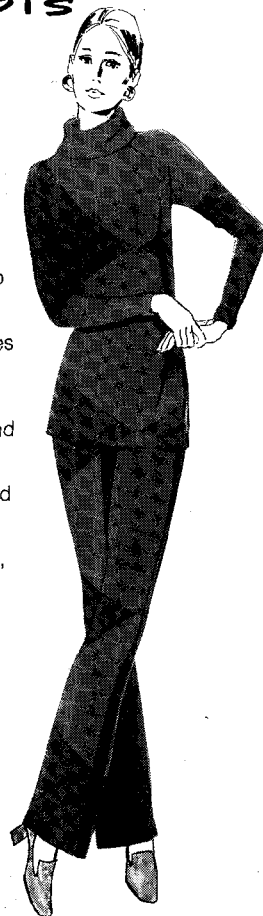
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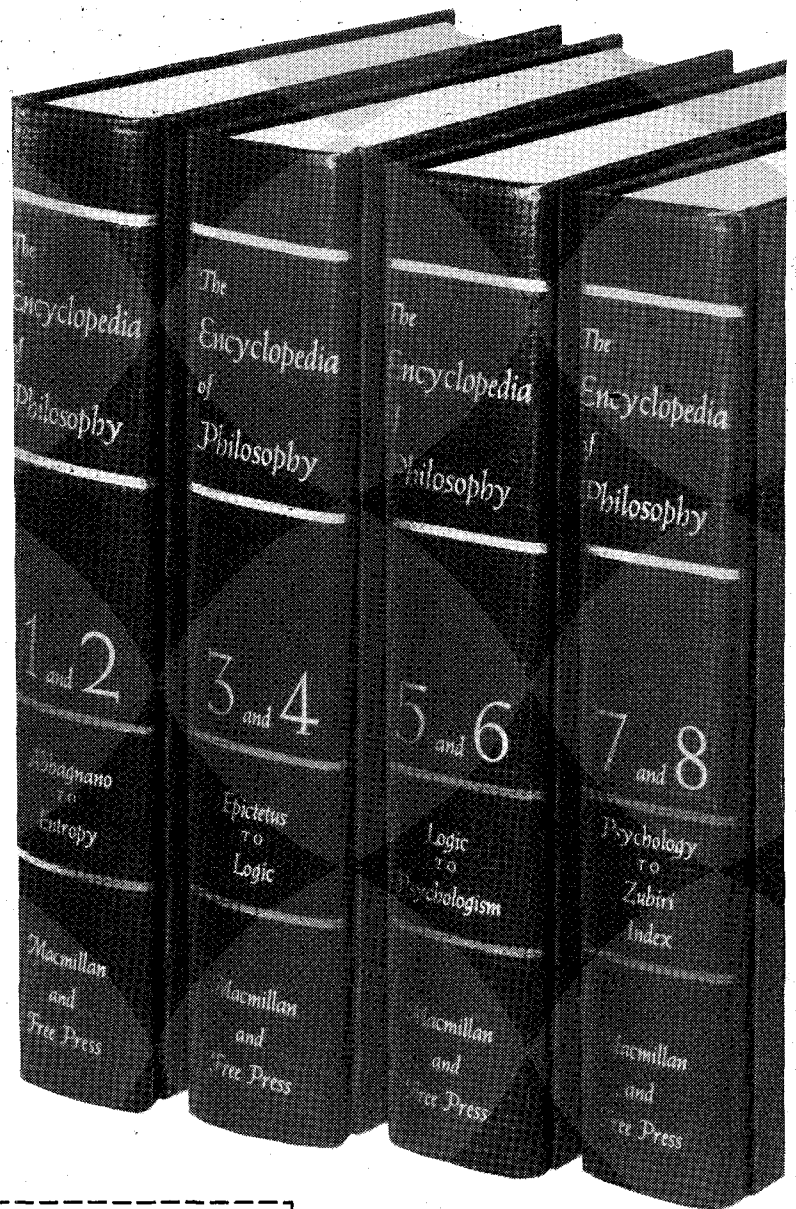
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